CANTVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE

AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

IGHT VVorshipfull and renoumed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit some of my labours to the presse. VVhich, (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perswades mee, (though they seeme not absolute) that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them against sharp tongues & vnfriendly censures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accomplishments to be such: as may iustly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it shall please you to Patronize. If perchance they shall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, and honour I owe to all other your most singuler vertues; and especially also for your excellent skill in Musicke, and your great loue and fauour of Musicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with protestation of all dutye, and seruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Augustine Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your VVorships: euer most bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn VVilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away, thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
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O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
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I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
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I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue mee faireſt flowers. XXII.

Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
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Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
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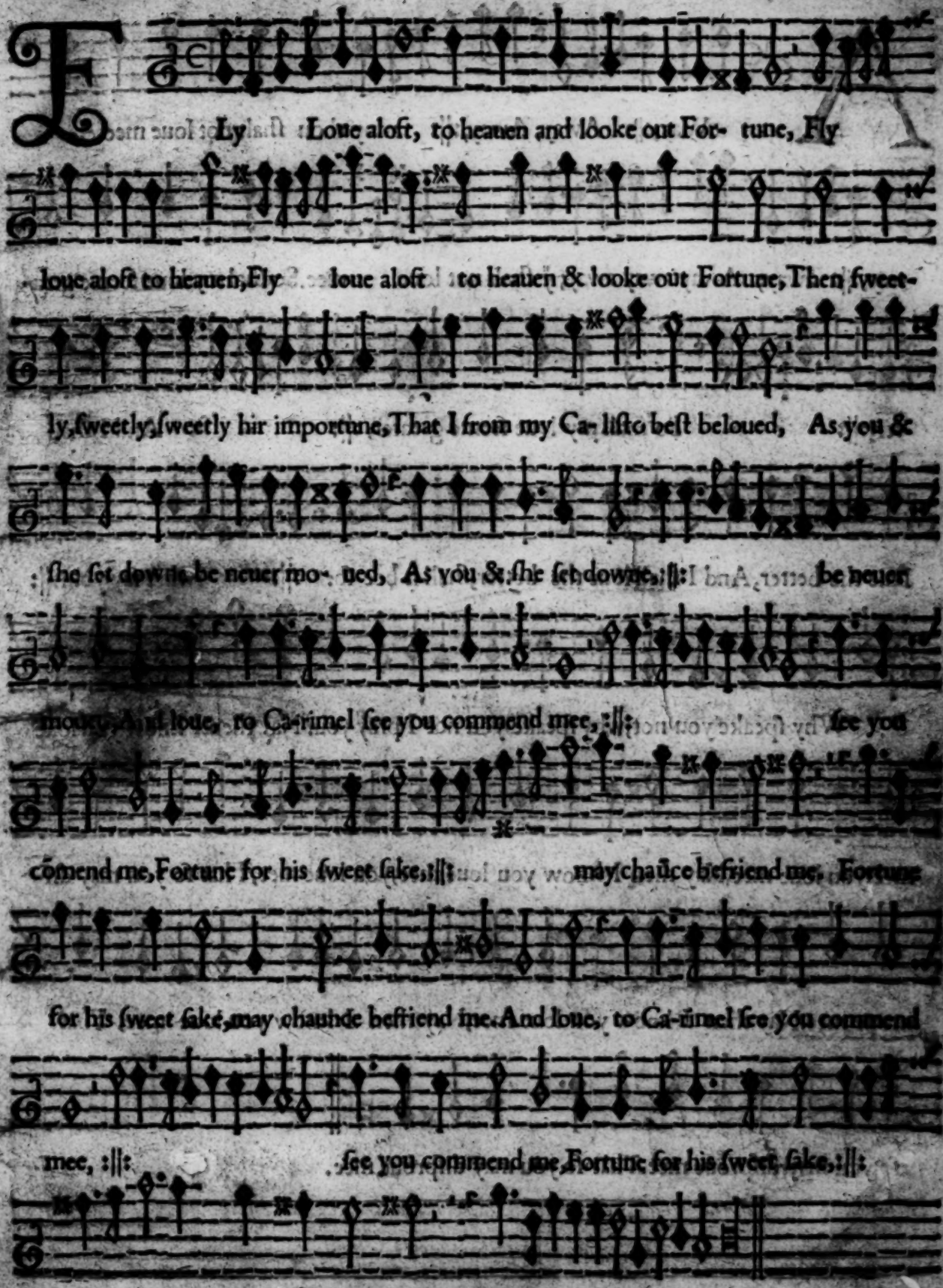
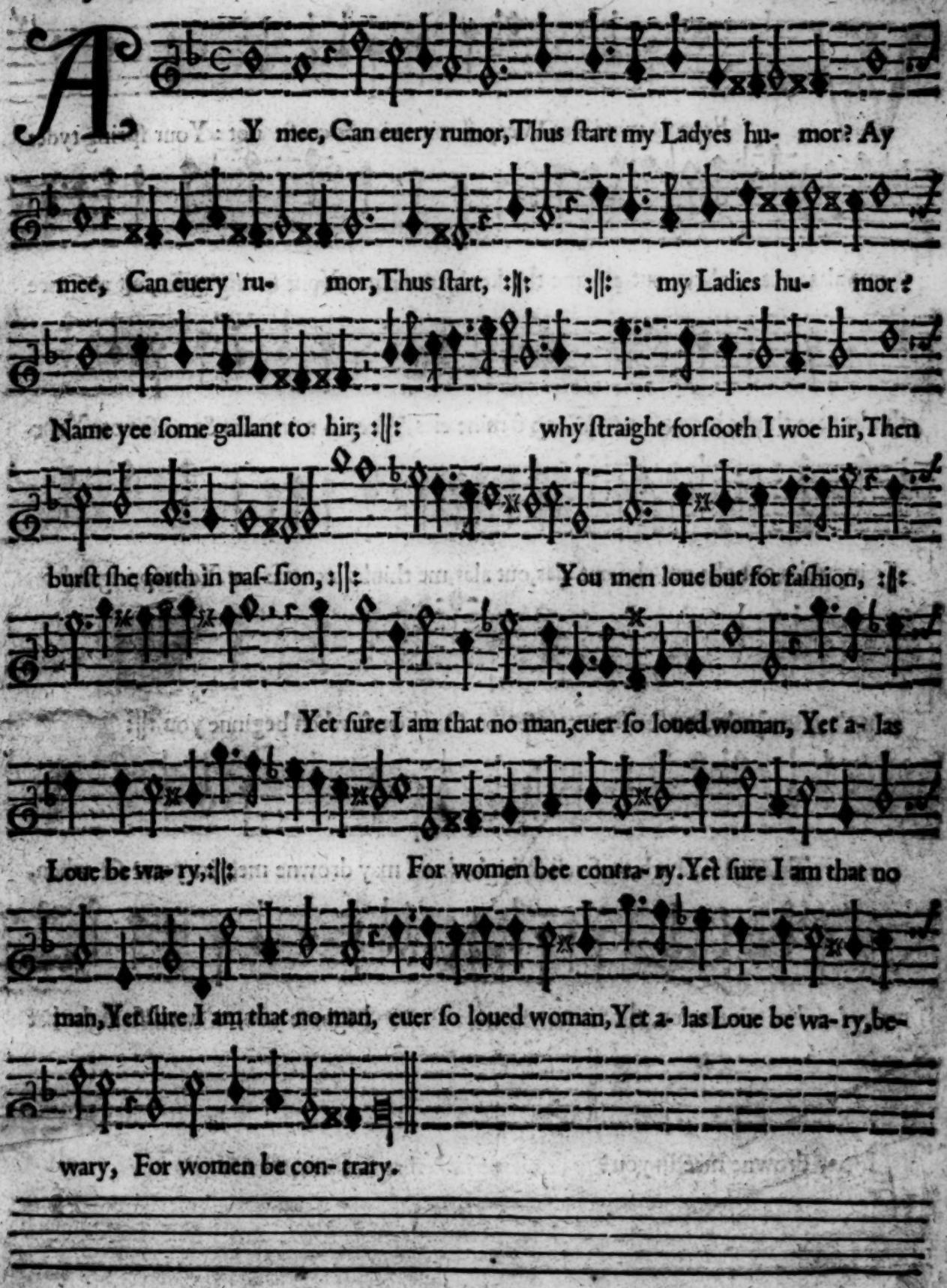
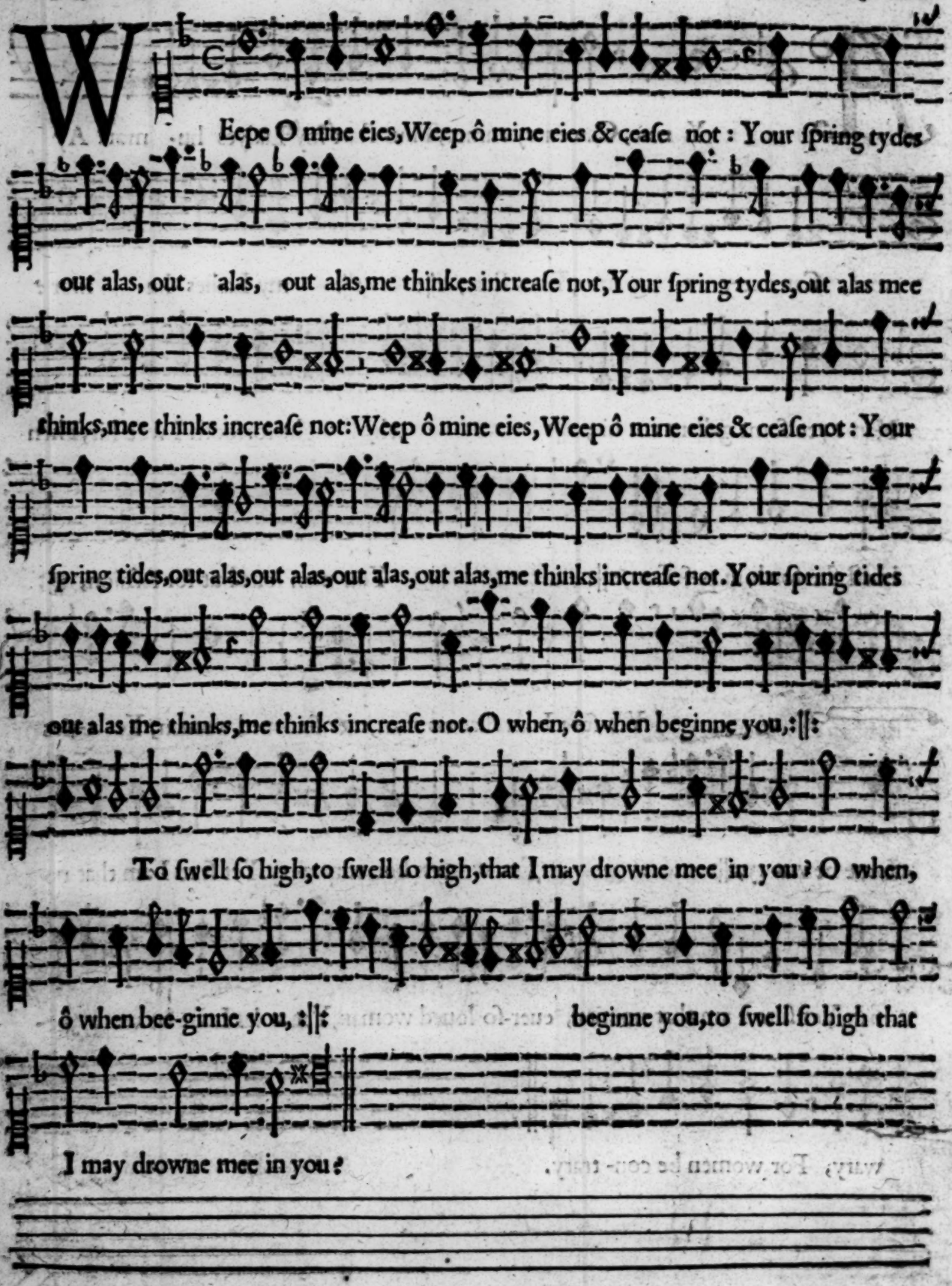
Why doeſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee. XXX.

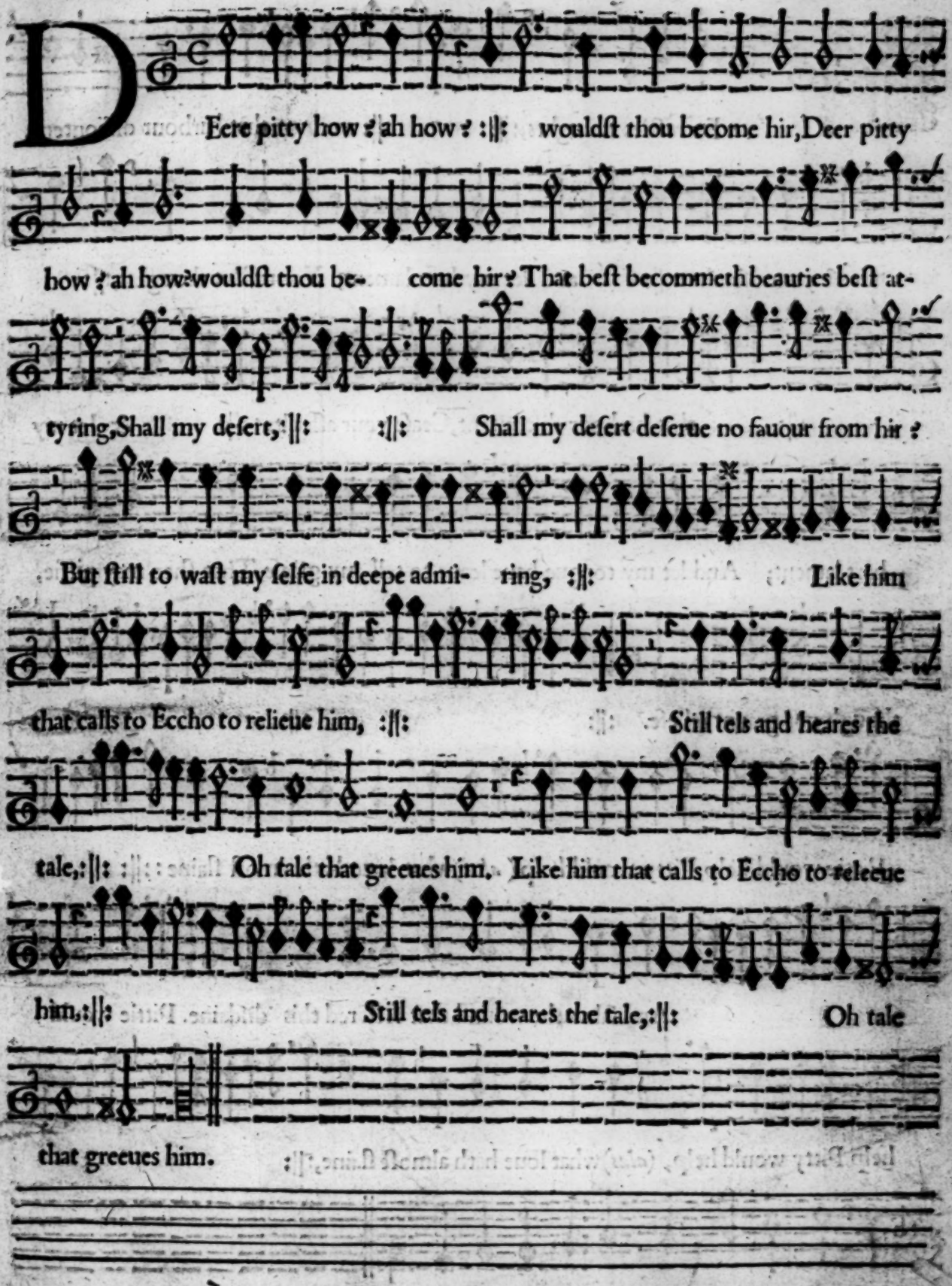
FINIS.

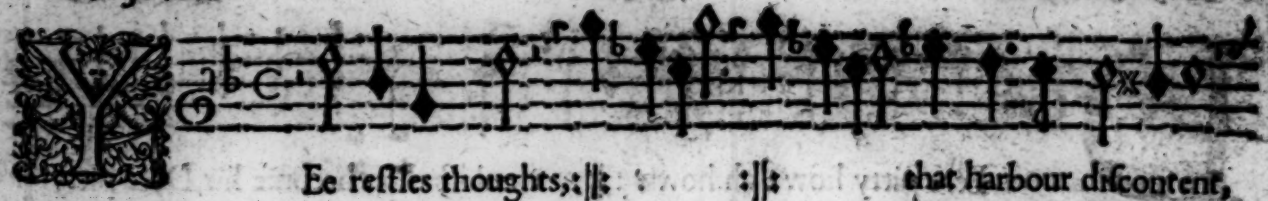

Fly Loue aloft, to heauen and looke out For- tune, Fly
loue aloft to heauen, Fly loue aloft to heauen & looke out Fortune, Then sweet-
ly, sweetly, sweetly hir importune, That I from my Ca- listo best beloued, As you &
she set downe be neuer mo- ued, As you & she set downe. :||: be neuer
moued, And loue, to Ca-rimel see you commend mee, :||: see you
cōmend me, Fortune for his sweet sake, :||: may chaūce befriend me. Fortune
for his sweet sake, may chaunce befriend me. And loue, to Ca-rimel see you commend
mee, :||: see you commend me, Fortune for his sweet sake, :||:
may chaunce befriend mee. :||: Fortune. &c.

Away, :||: Away, Away, :||: away thou ſhalt not loue mee. A-
way, :||: away, Away away away, y ſhalt not loue mee. So ſhal my loue ſeeme grea-
ter, :||: So ſhall my loue ſeeme greater, :||: And I ſhall
loue the better, And I ſhall loue the better, ſhall it bee ſo? :||: what ſay you? :||:
Why ſpeake you not, why ſpeake you not I pray you? Nay then I
mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, That ſo you may diſ-
proue mee. Nay then I know you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, That
ſo you may diſproue mee. That ſo you may diſproue mee. :||:


AY mee, Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart my Ladyes hu- mor? Ay
mee, Can euery ru- mor, Thus ſtart, my Ladies hu- mor?
Name yee ſome gallant to hir; why ſtraight forſooth I woe hir, Then
burſt ſhe forth in paſ- ſion, You men loue but for faſhion,
Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet a- las
Loue be wa- ry, For women bee contra- ry. Yet ſure I am that no
man, Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet a- las Loue be wa- ry, be-
wary, For women be con- trary.

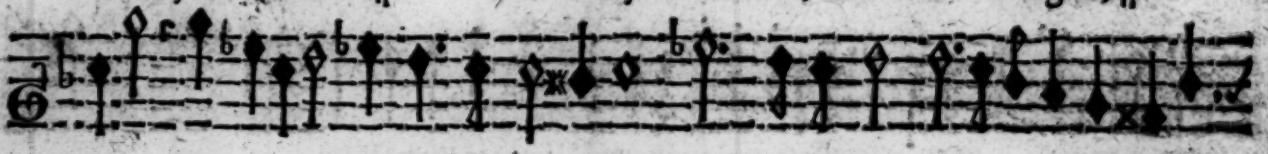

Weepe O mine eies, Weep ô mine eies & ceaſe not: Your ſpring tydes
out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinkes increaſe not, Your ſpring tydes, out alas mee
thinks, mee thinks increaſe not: Weep ô mine eies, Weep ô mine eies & ceaſe not: Your
ſpring tides, out alas, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinks increaſe not. Your ſpring tides
out alas me thinks, me thinks increaſe not. O when, ô when beginne you, :||:
To ſwell ſo high, to ſwell ſo high, that I may drowne mee in you? O when,
ô when bee-ginne you, :||: beginne you, to ſwell ſo high that
I may drowne mee in you?


Deere pitty how? ah how? :||: wouldst thou become hir, Deer pitty
how? ah how? wouldst thou be- come hir? That best becommeth beauties best at-
tyring, Shall my desert, :||: :||: Shall my desert deserue no fauour from hir?
But still to wast my selfe in deepe admi- ring, :||: Like him
that calls to Eccho to relieue him, :||: Still tels and heares the
tale, :||: Oh tale that greeues him. Like him that calls to Eccho to releeue
him, :||: Still tels and heares the tale, :||: Oh tale
that greeues him. :||

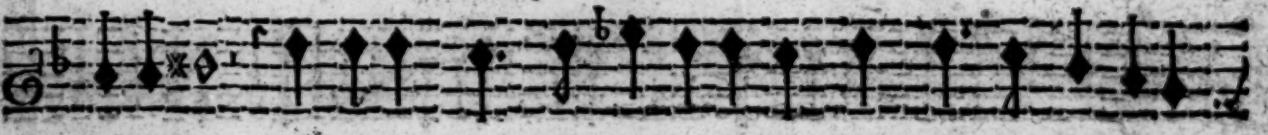


Yee reſtles thoughts, :||: :||: that harbour diſcontent,

Ceaſe your aſſaults : :||: and let my hart lament, Yee reſtles thoughts, :||:

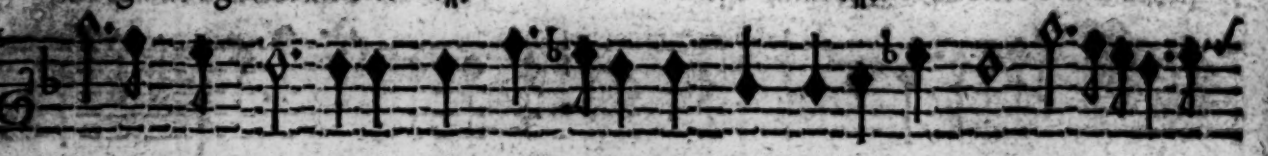


:||: that harbour diſcontent, Ceaſe your aſſaults : :||: & let my

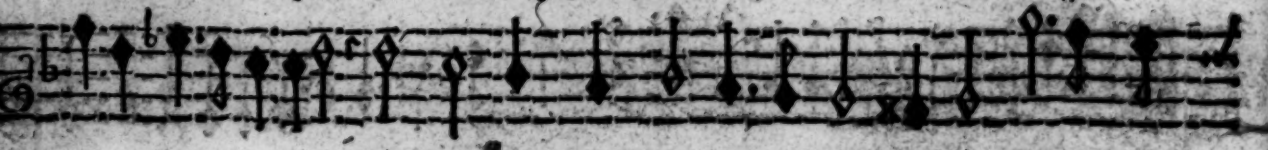


hart lament; And let my tongue haue leaue to tell my griefe, That ſhee may pittie,

though not graunt reliefe. :||: :||:



Pittie would help, Pitty would help (*alas*) what loue hath almoſt ſlaine : :||:

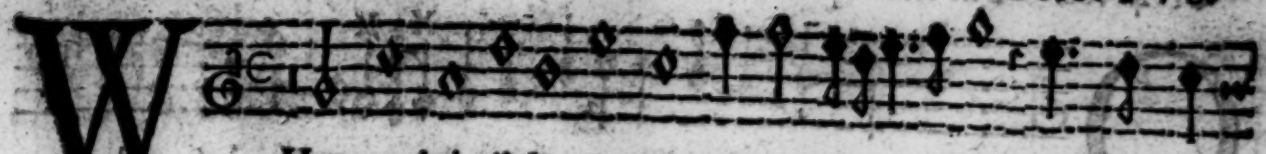


And ſalue the wound, that feſtered this diſdaine. Pittie would

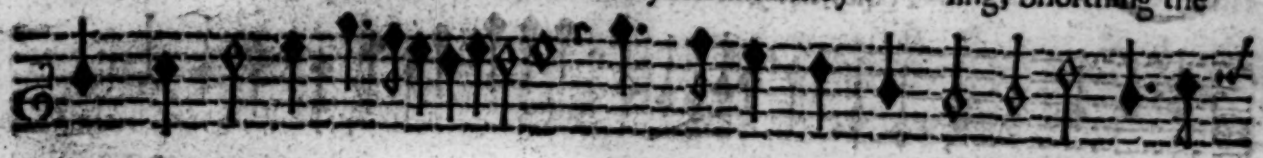
help, Pitty would help, (*alas*) what loue hath almoſt ſlaine, :||:

And ſalue the wound that feſtered this diſdaine.

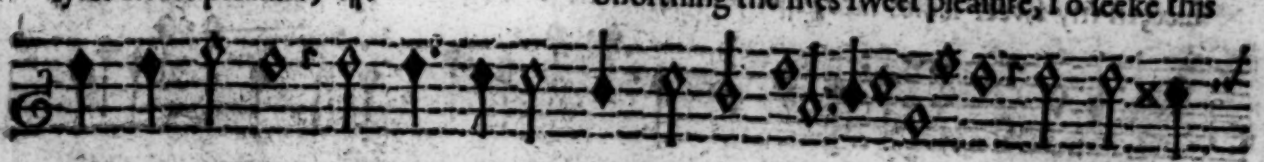
Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.



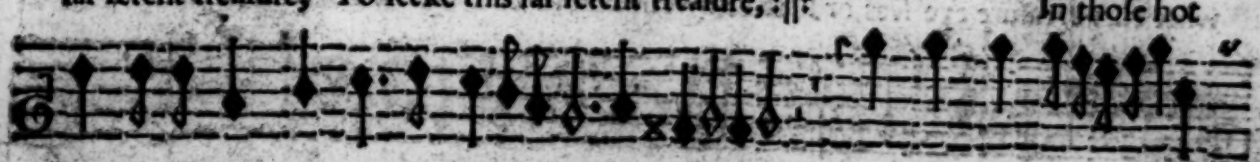
WHat needeth all this trauayle and turmoy- ling, Shortning the



lyfes sweet pleasure, :||: Shortning the lifes sweet pleasure, To seeke this

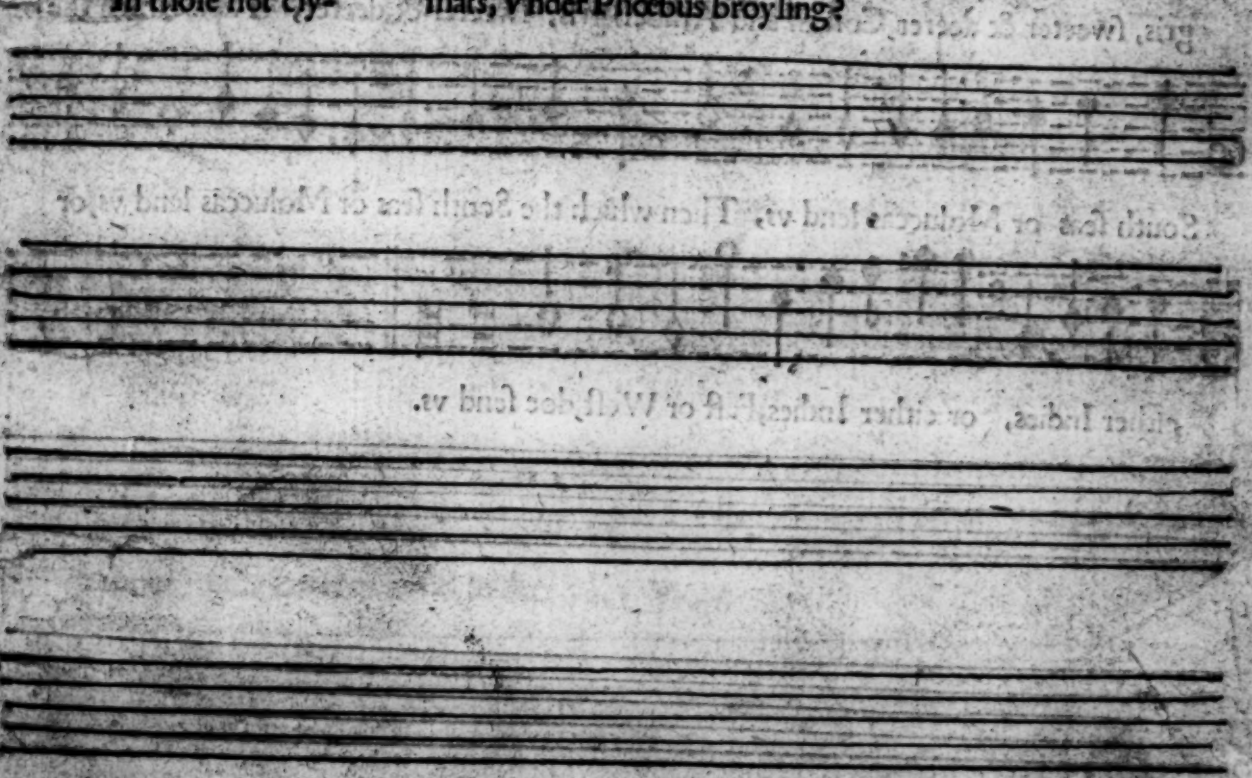


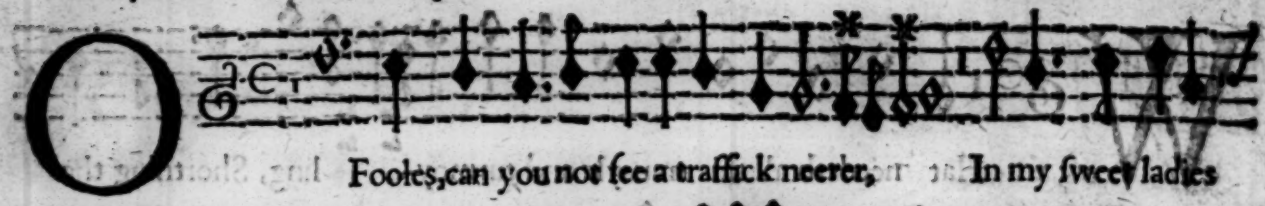
far fetcht treasure, To seeke this far fetcht treasure, :||: In those hot



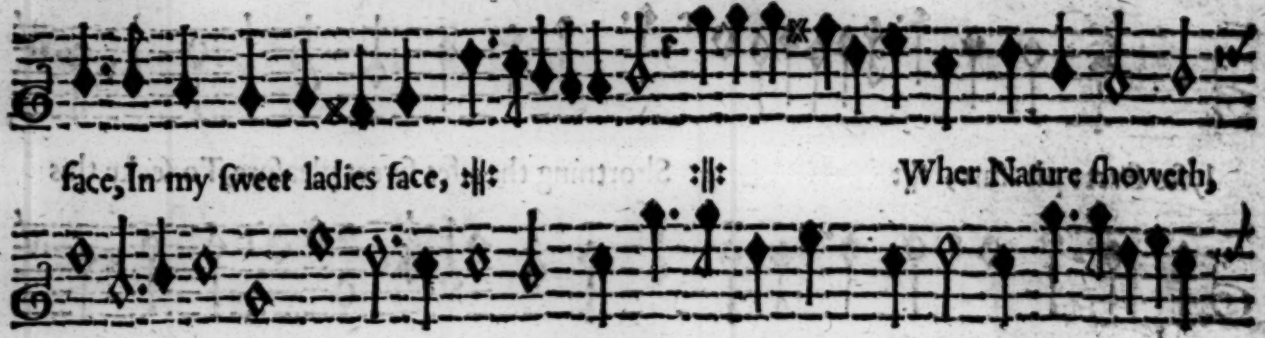
clymats, in those hot clymats, Vnder Phœbus broyling? In those hot cly- mats,

In those hot cly- mats, Vnder Phœbus broyling?

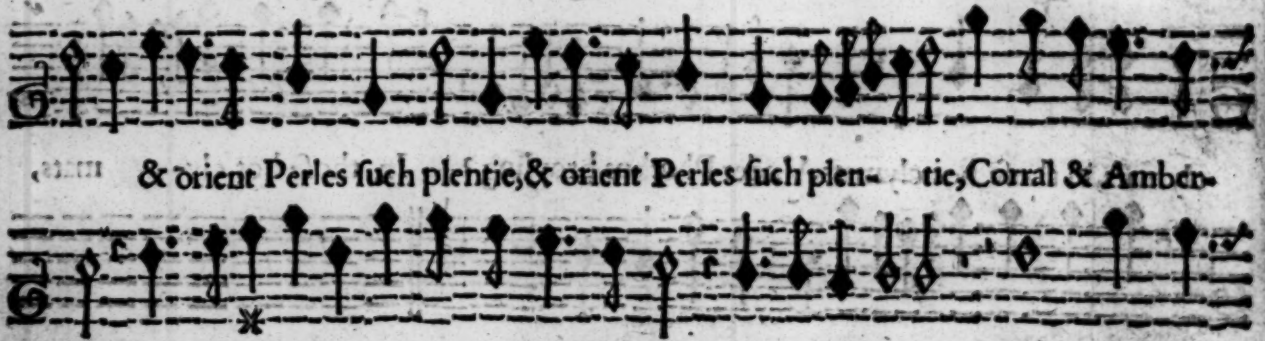




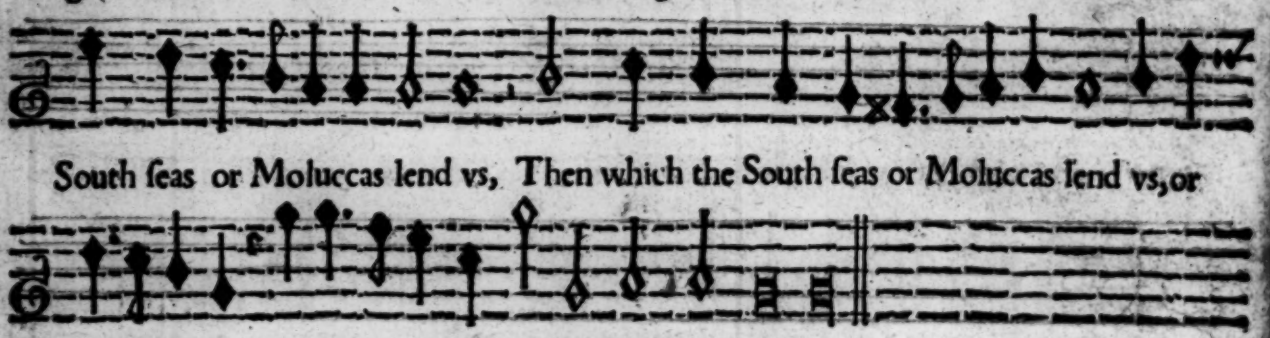
O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet ladies face, In my ſweet ladies face, :||: :||: Wher Nature ſhoweth,



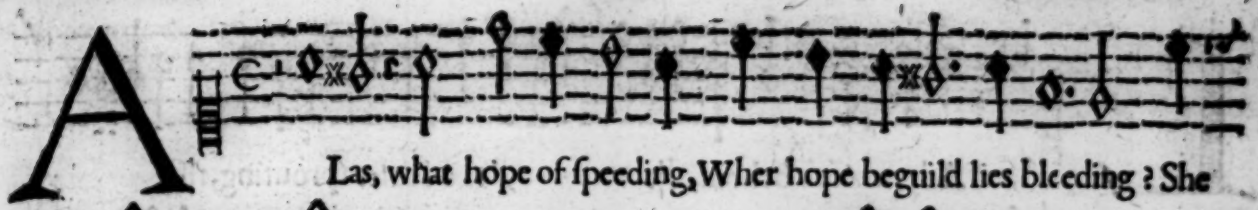
what euer treaſure eye ſees, or hart knoweth? Rubies & Diamonds daintie, :||: & orient Perles ſuch plentie, & orient Perles ſuch plen- tie, Corral & Amber-



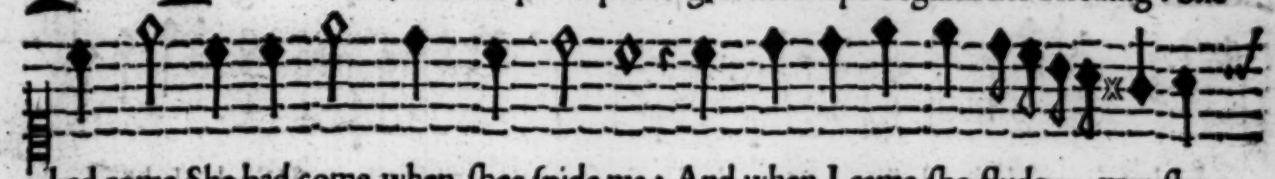
gris, ſweeter & deerer, Corrall and Amber-gris, ſweeter & deerer, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, or



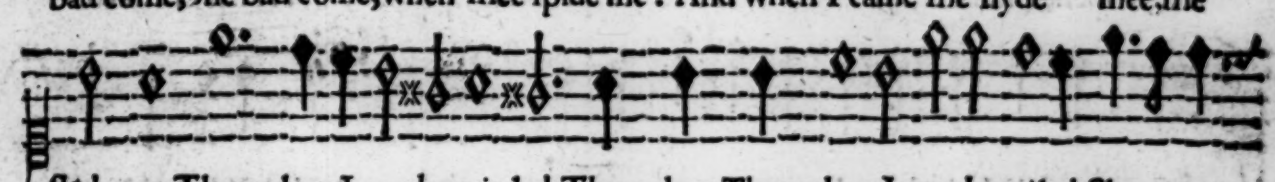
either Indies, or either Indies, Eaſt or Weſt, doe ſend vs.



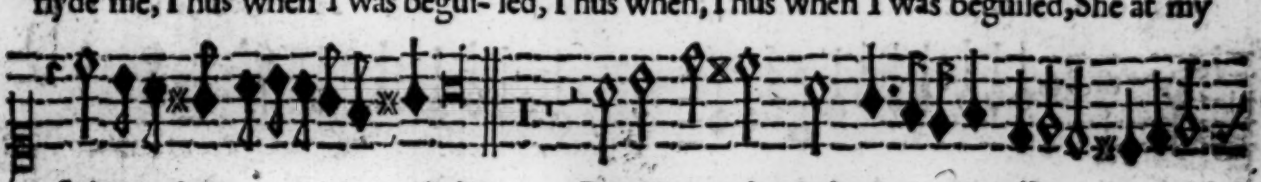
ALas, what hope of ſpeeding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding? She



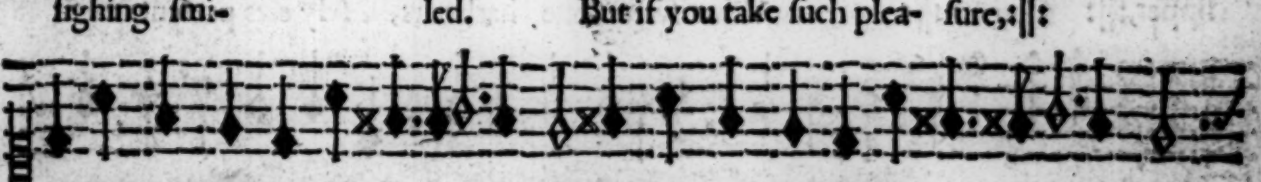
bad come, She bad come, when ſhee ſpide me: And when I came ſhe flyde mee, ſhe



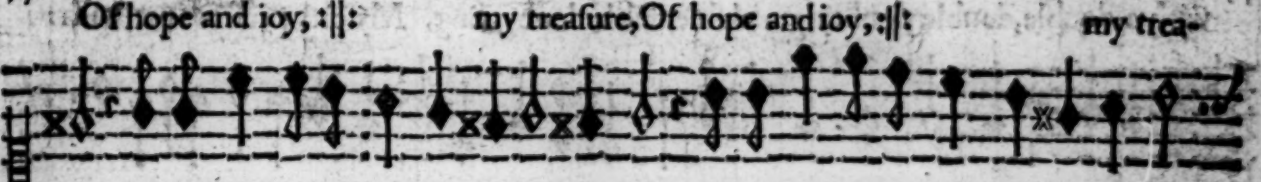
flyde me, Thus when I was begui- led, Thus when, Thus when I was beguiled, She at my



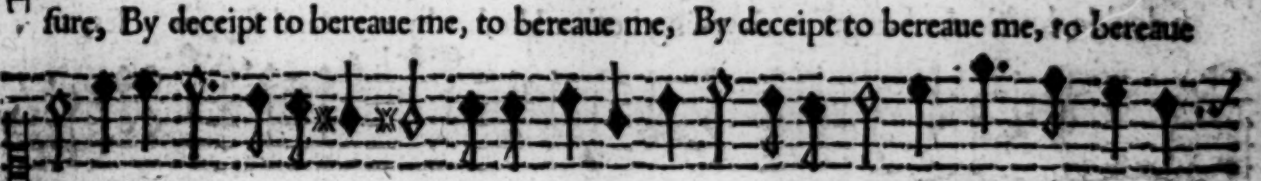
ſighing ſmi- led. But if you take ſuch plea- ſure, :||:



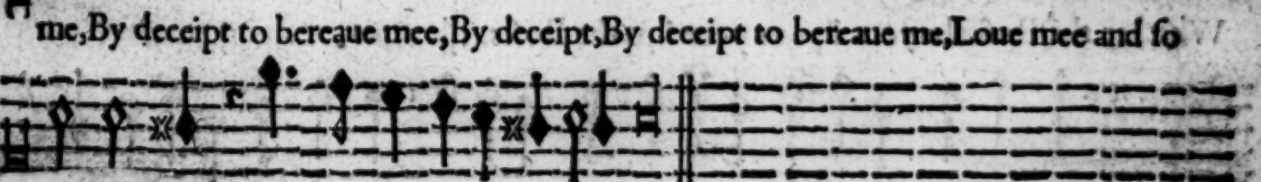
Of hope and ioy, :||: my treaſure, Of hope and ioy, :||: my trea-



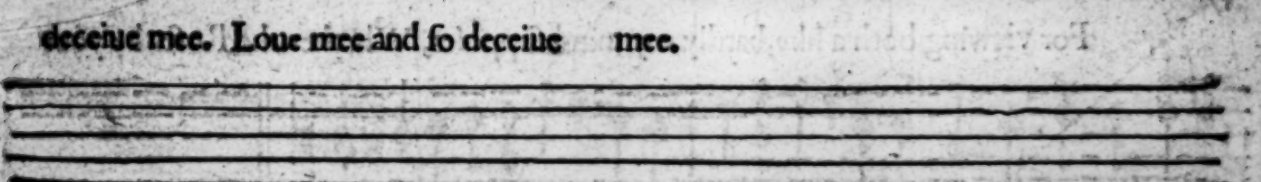
ſure, By deceipt to bereaue me, to bereaue me, By deceipt to bereaue me, to bereaue

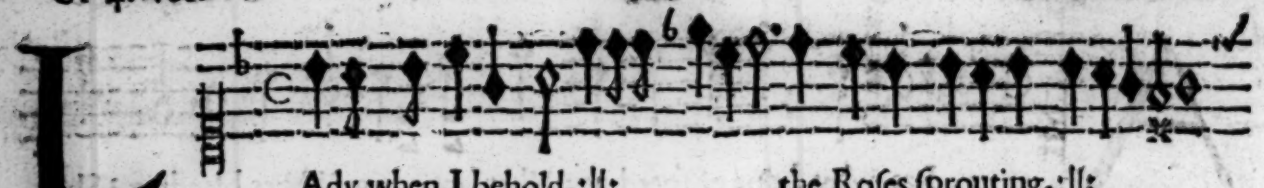


me, By deceipt to bereaue mee, By deceipt, By deceipt to bereaue me, Loue mee and ſo

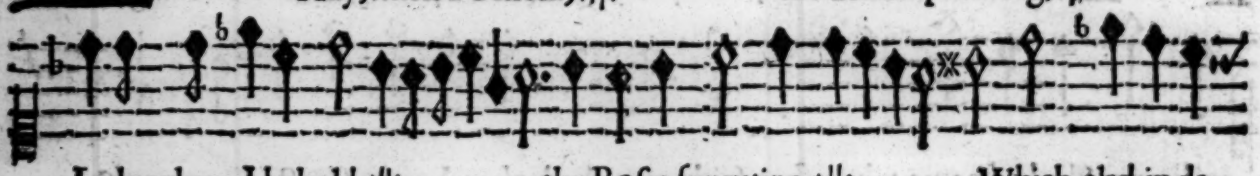


deceiue mee. Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee.

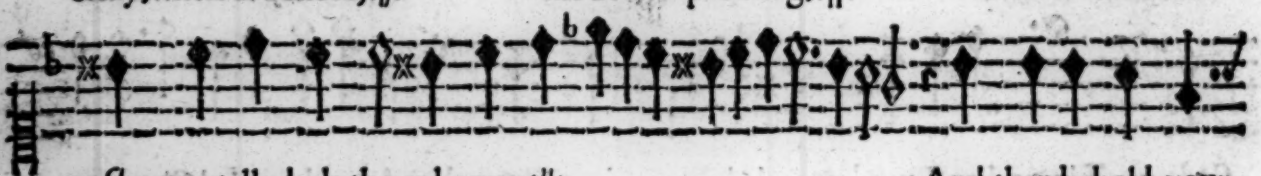




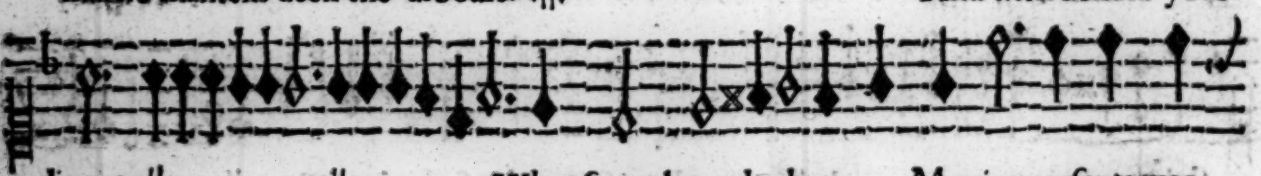
LAdy,when I behold,:||: the Roſes ſprouting,:||:



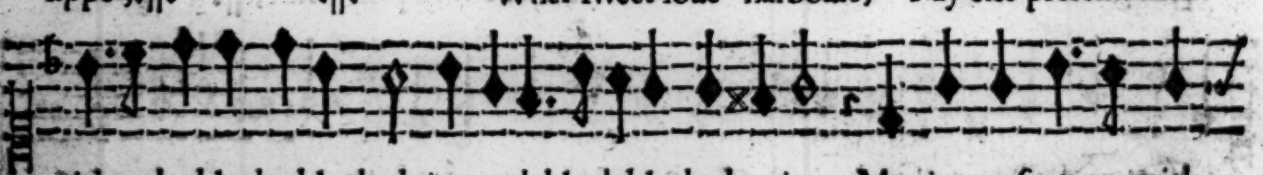
Lady,when I behold,:||: the Roſes ſprouting,:||: Which clad in da-



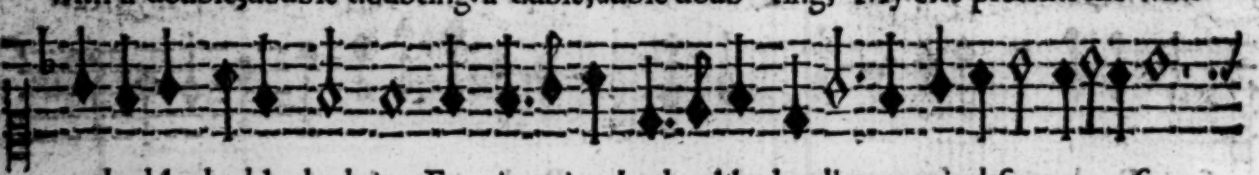
maſke mantells deck the arbours: :||: And then behold your



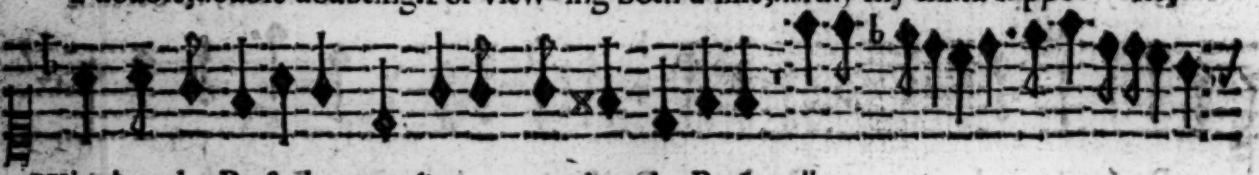
lippes,:||: :||: Wher ſweet loue harbours, My eies preſents mee



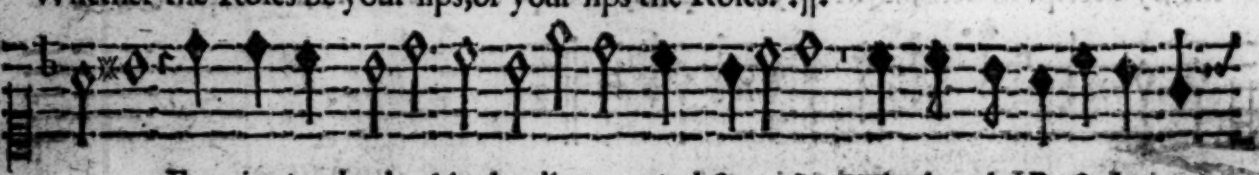
with a double,double doubting: a duble,duble doub- ting, My eies preſents me with



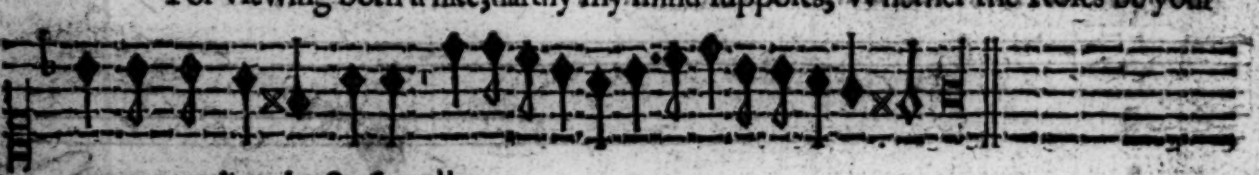
a double,double doubting: For view- ing both a like,hardly my mind ſuppo- ſes,



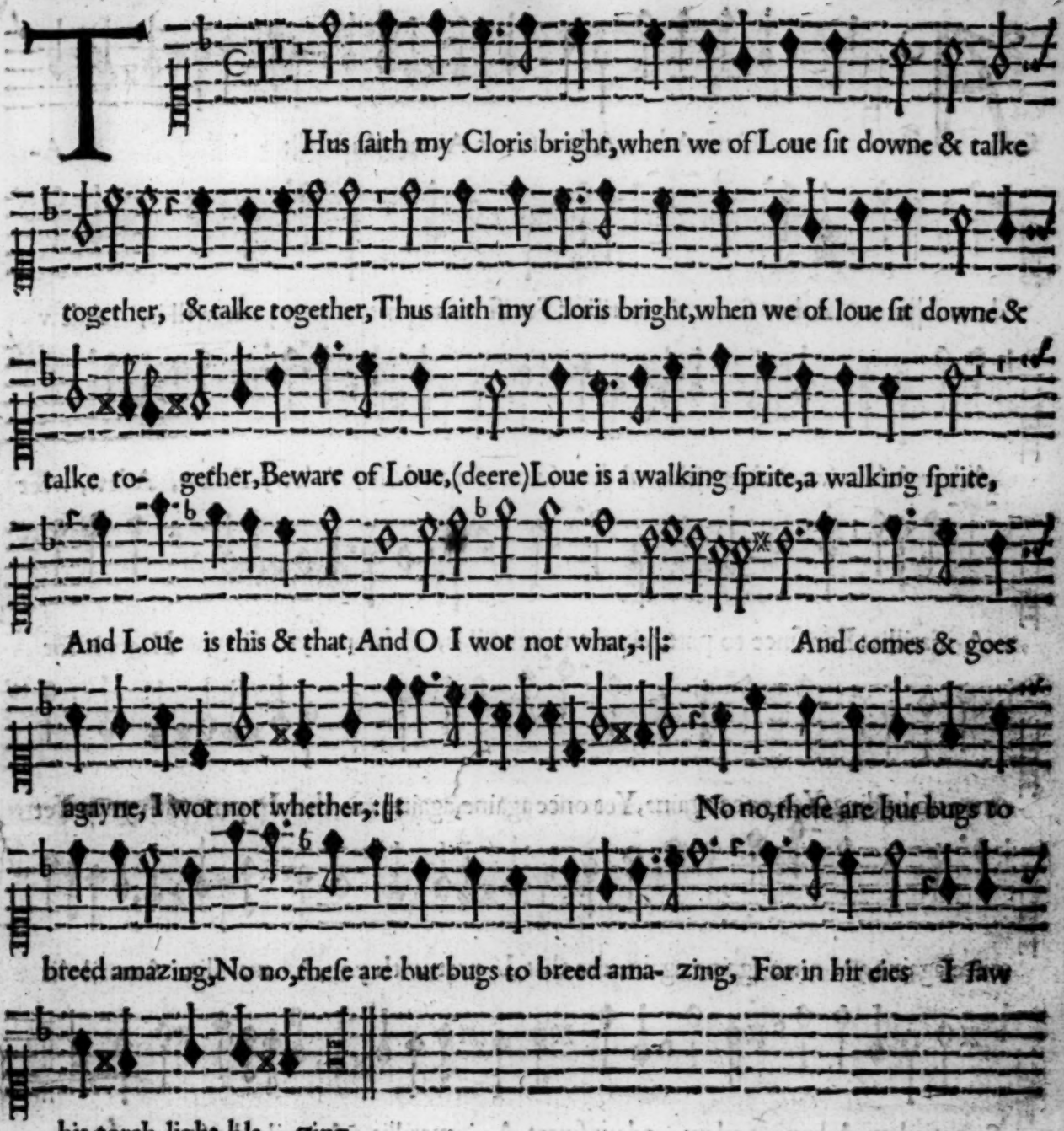
Whether the Roſes be your lips,or your lips the Roſes. :||:

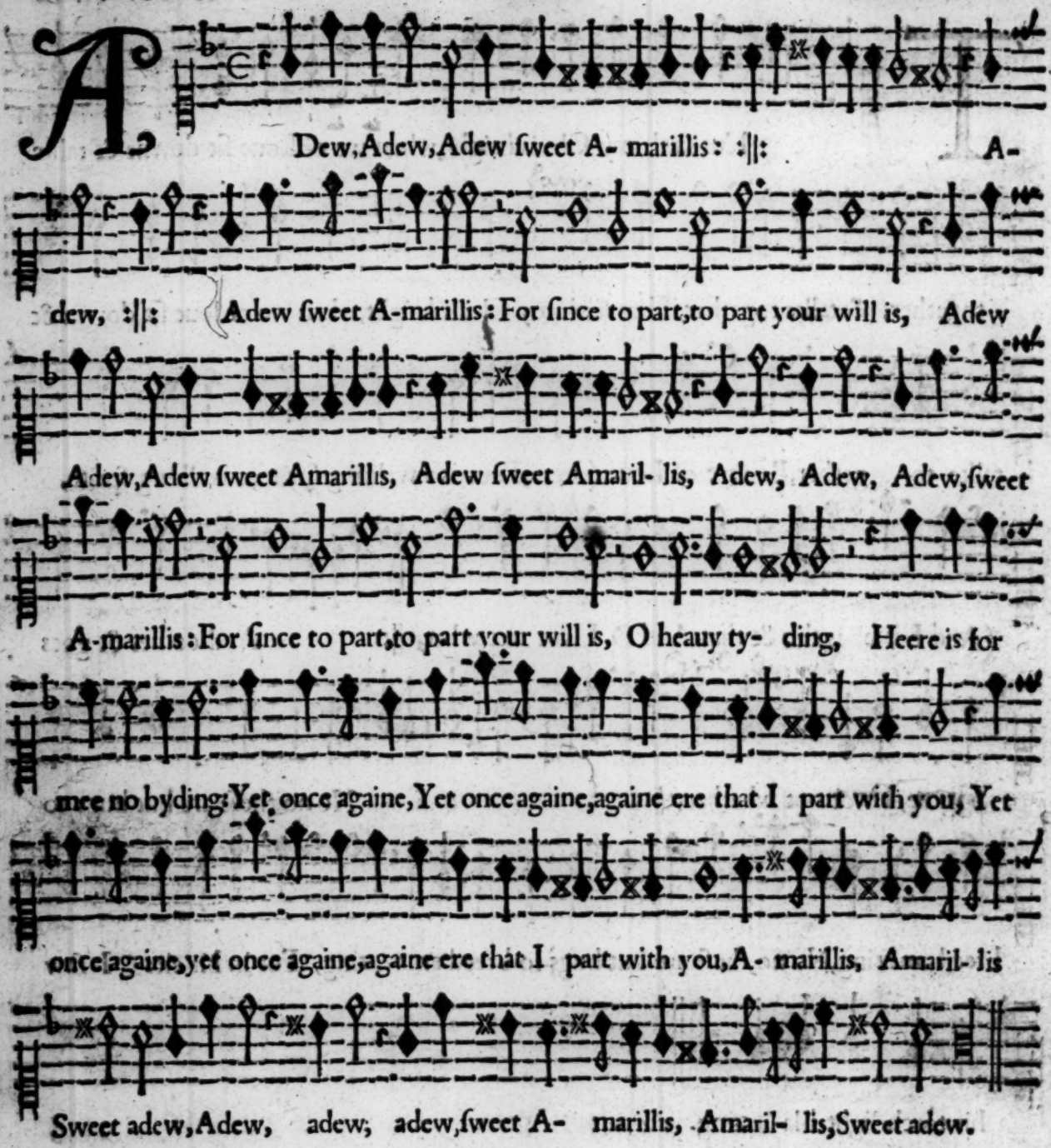


For viewing both a like,hardly my mind ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes be your

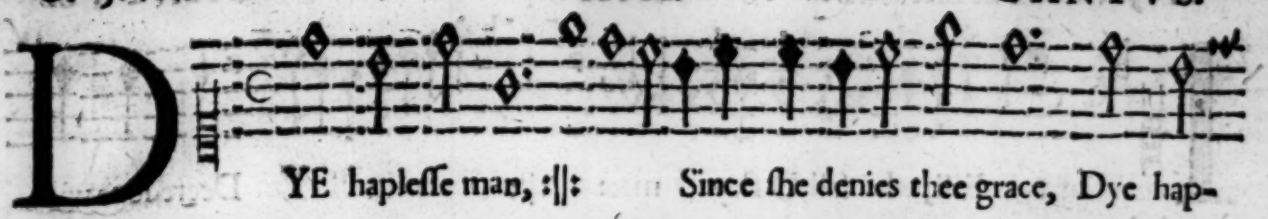


lips,or your lips the Roſes. :||:

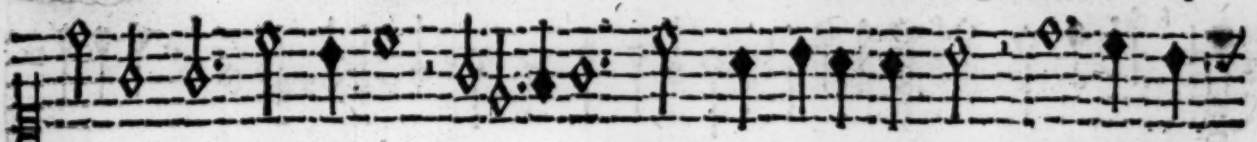

THus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe & talke
together, & talke together, Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of loue sit downe &
talke to- gether, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprite, a walking sprite,
And Loue is this & that, And O I wot not what, :||: And comes & goes
agayne, I wot not whether, :||: No no, these are but bugs to
breed amazing, No no, these are but bugs to breed ama- zing, For in hir eies I saw
his torch light bla- zing.



Heere endeth the Songs of 4. parts.



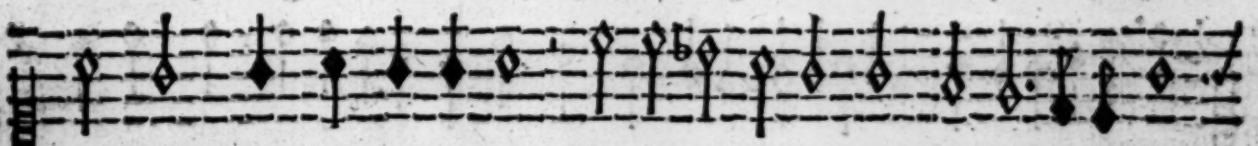
DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace, Dye hap-



leſſe man, Dye hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhee denies the grace, Dye and diſ-

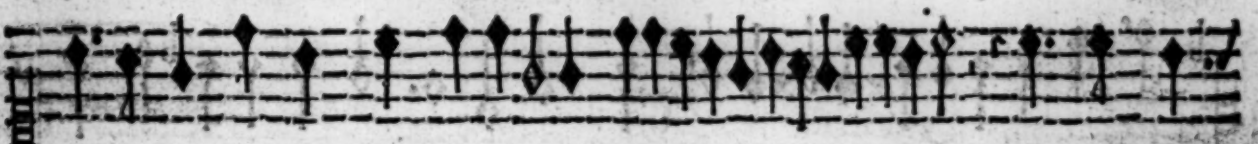
paire, ſith ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer de-

face, Farewell moſt fayer (Farewell) though ÿ doſt fayer deface, Farewell moſt fayer (Fare-



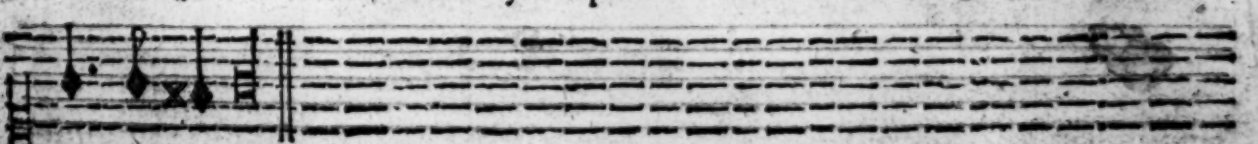
well) though thou doſt fayer deface, Sith for my duteous loue, thou doſt re- proue

mee: Sith for my duteous loue, thou doſt reproue mee: :||: Thoſe

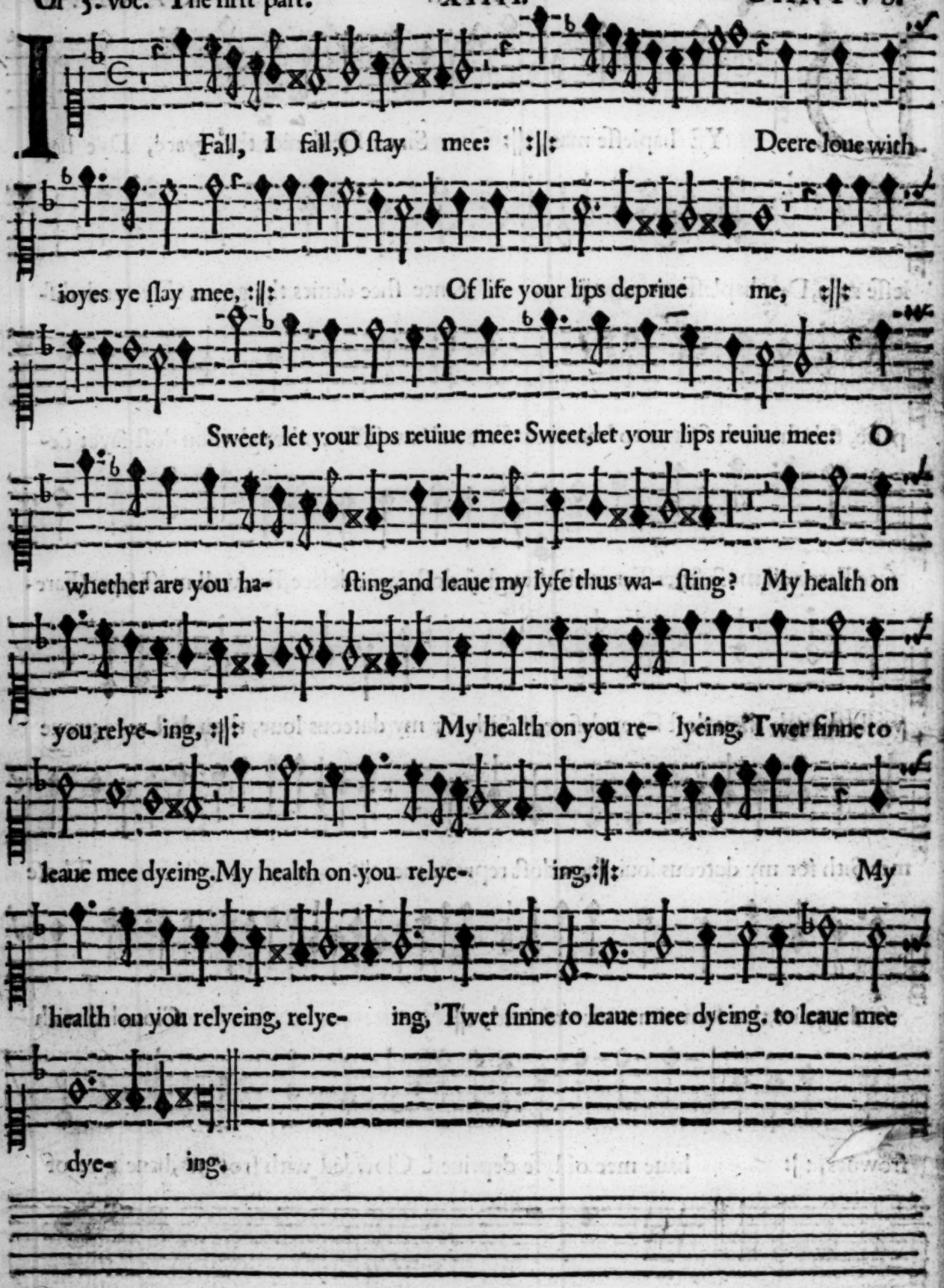


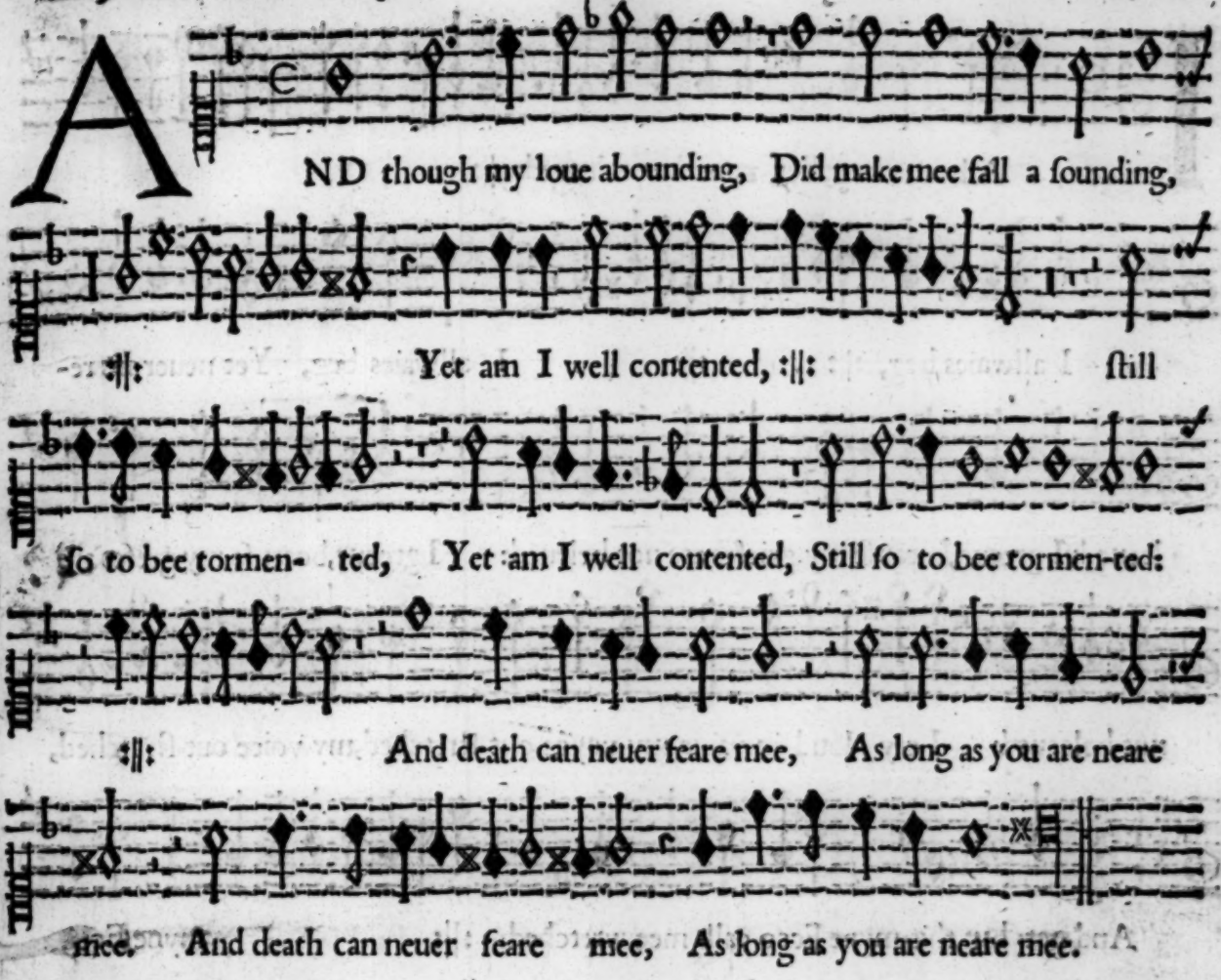
ſmiling eies, that ſometimes mee reuiued, :||: Clowded with

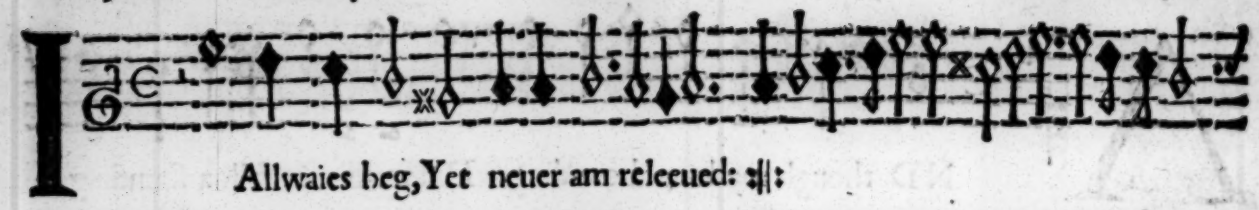
frownes, :||: haue mee of lyfe depriued. Clowded with frownes, haue mee of



lyfe de- priued.

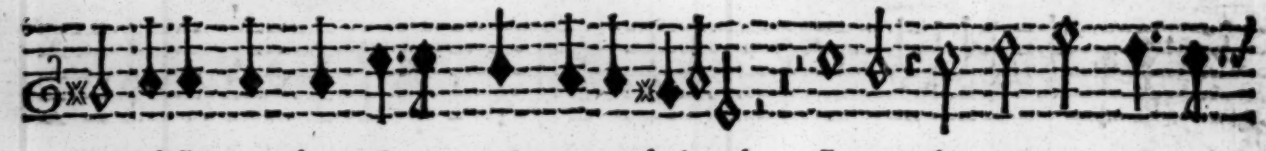

I Fall, I fall, O stay mee: :||: Deere loue with-
ioyes ye slay mee, :||: Of life your lips depriue me, :||:
Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee: Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee: O
whether are you ha- sting, and leaue my lyfe thus wa- sting? My health on
: you relye- ing, :||: My health on you re- lyeing, 'Twer sinne to
leaue mee dyeing. My health on you relye- ing, :||: My
health on you relyeing, relye- ing, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dyeing. to leaue mee
dye- ing.


AND though my loue abounding, Did make mee fall a ſounding,
Yet am I well contented, still
ſo to bee tormen- ted, Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to bee tormen-ted:
And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare
mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee.

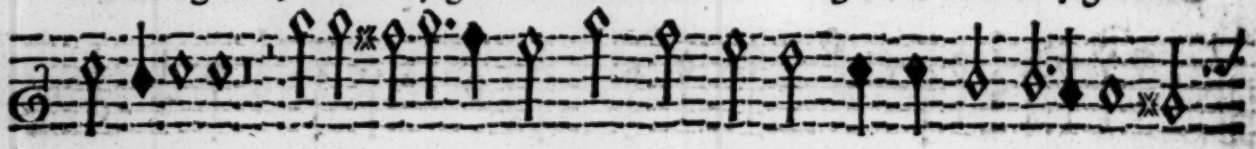


I Allwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued: :||:

I allwaies beg, :||: :||: I allwaies beg, Yet neuer am re-



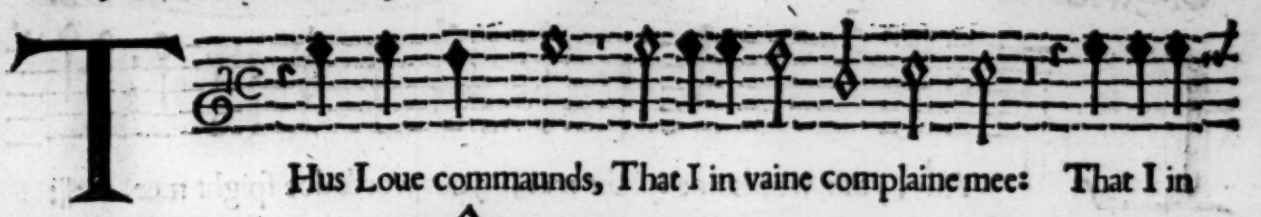
leeued: I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleued: I greeue, becauſe my grefes are



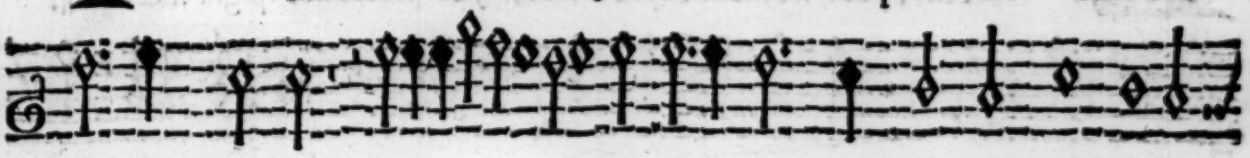
not beleeued: I cry aloud in vaine, my voyce out ſtretched, my voice out ſtretched,

And get but this, myne Ecco calls mee wretched. :||: myne Ecco

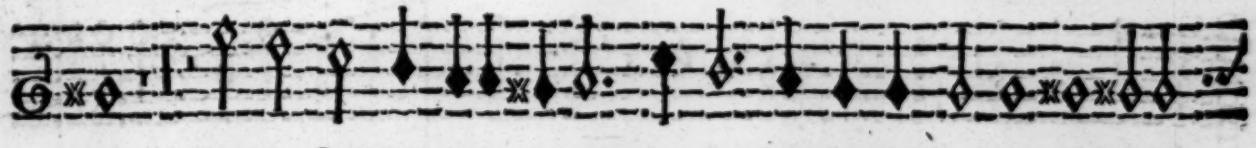
calls mee wretched. myne Ecco calls mee wretched.



THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in



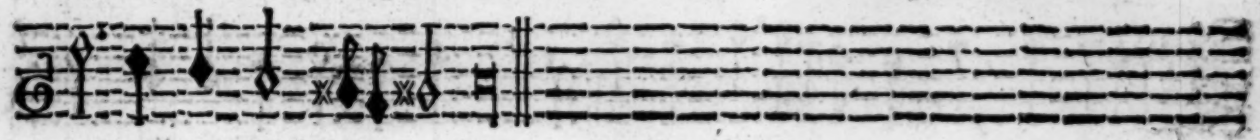
vaine complaine mee: :||: That I in vaine complaine mee: And ſorrow



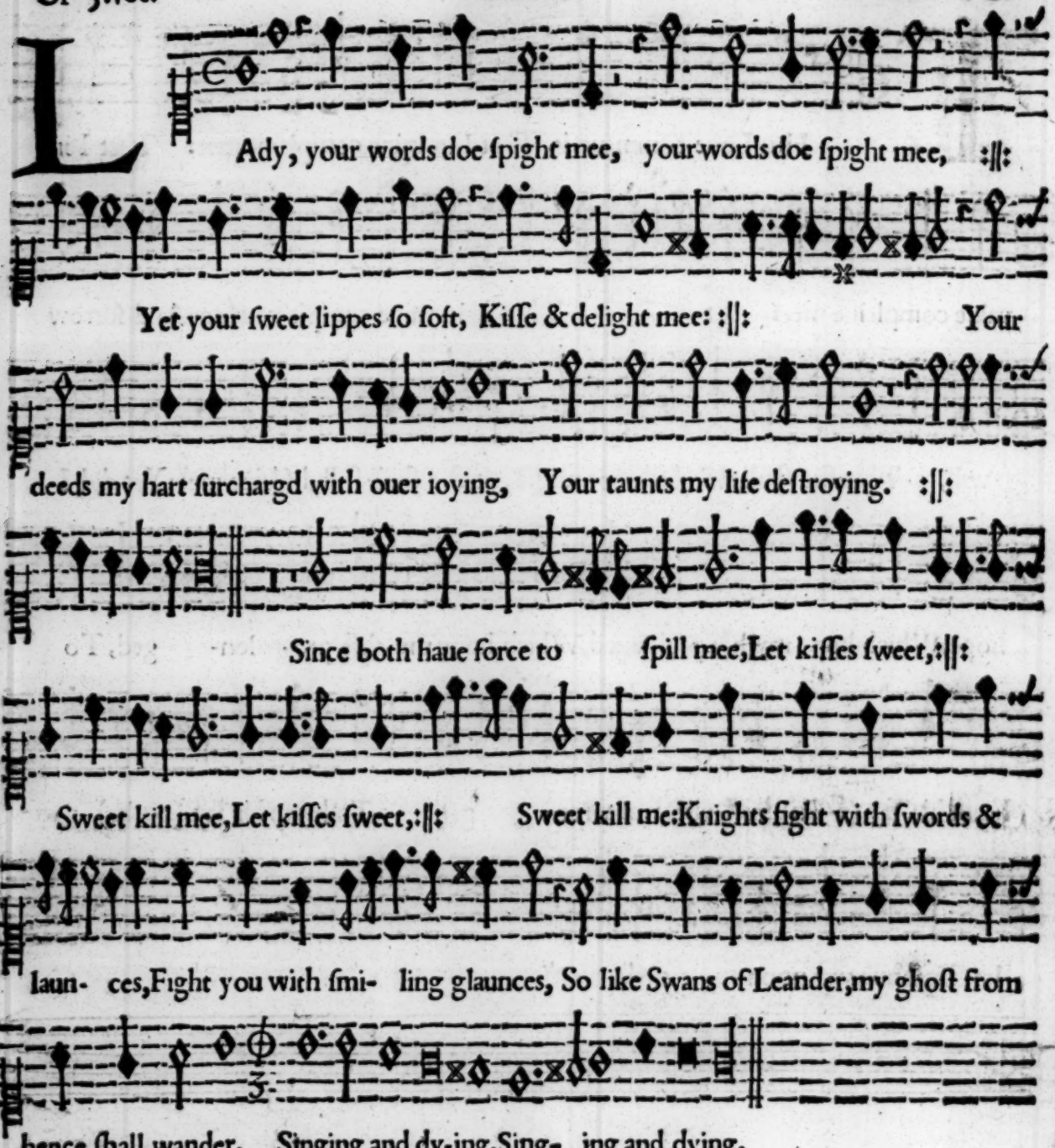
will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: Yet did I

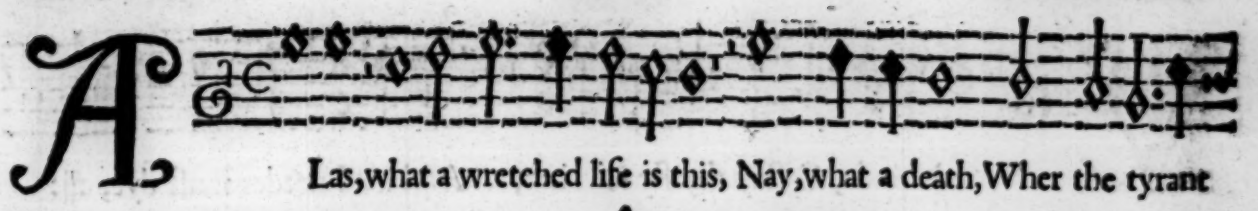
hope, Which hope my life prolonged, Which hope my life pro- lon- ged, To

heare hir ſay (a- las) his Loue was wron- ged. To heare hir ſay (a- las) a-



las his Loue was wron- ged.

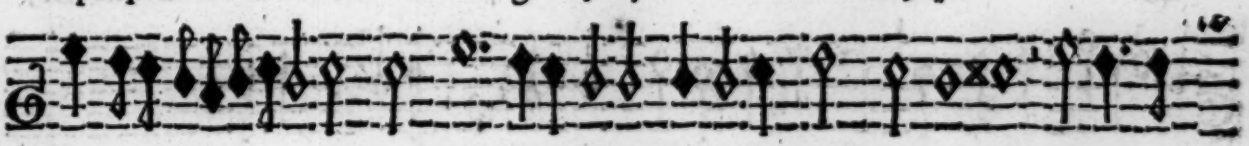

Lady, your words doe ſpight mee, your words doe ſpight mee, :||:
Yet your ſweet lippes ſo ſoft, Kiſſe & delight mee: :||: Your
deeds my hart ſurchargd with ouer ioying, Your taunts my life deſtroying. :||:
Since both haue force to ſpill mee, Let kiſſes ſweet, :||:
Sweet kill mee, Let kiſſes ſweet, :||: Sweet kill me: Knights fight with ſwords &
laun- ces, Fight you with ſmi- ling glaunces, So like Swans of Leander, my ghoſt from
hence ſhall wander, Singing and dy-ing, Sing- ing and dying.



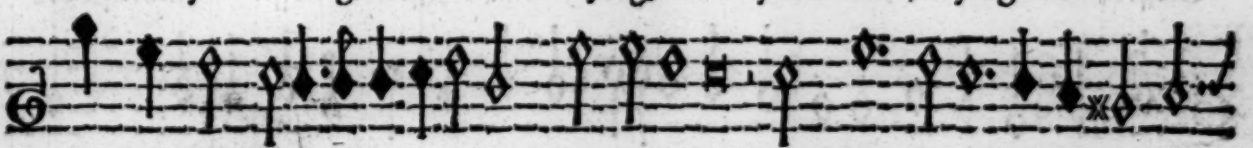
A Las, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant

Loue commaundeth? My flouring daies are in their prime declining, All my proud

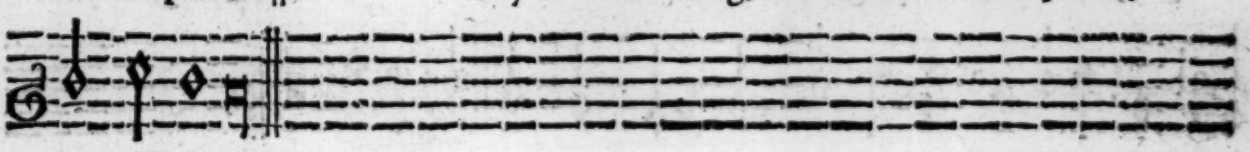
hope, quite falne, and life vntwining: My ioyes each after other, :‖: In



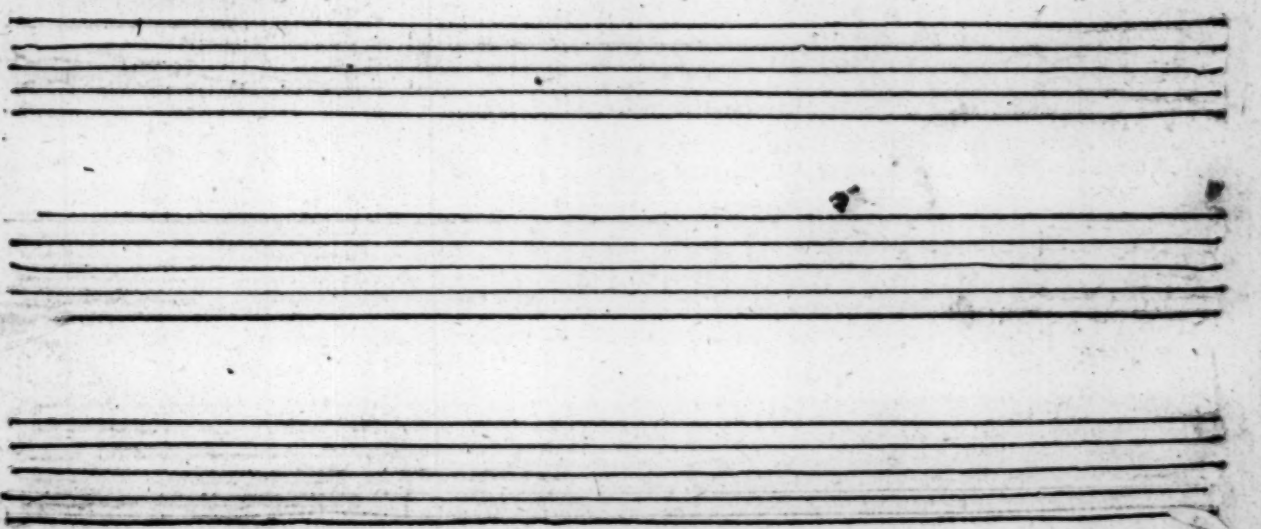
haſt are fly- ing, And leaue mee dying, For hir ỹ ſkorns my crying: O ſhe from

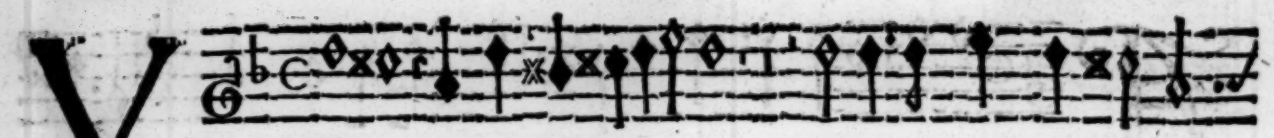


hence departs, :‖: My Loue refraining, For whom all hartles, A- las, I

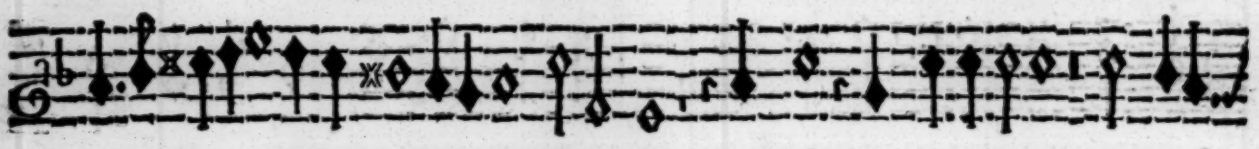


dye complaining.





VNkinde, O ſtay thy fly- ing, And if I needes muſt dye, :||:

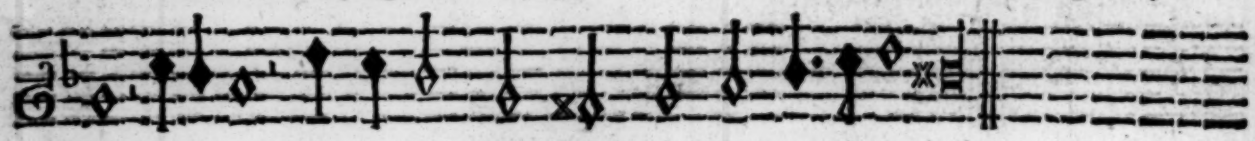


pitty mee dy- ing:But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And no

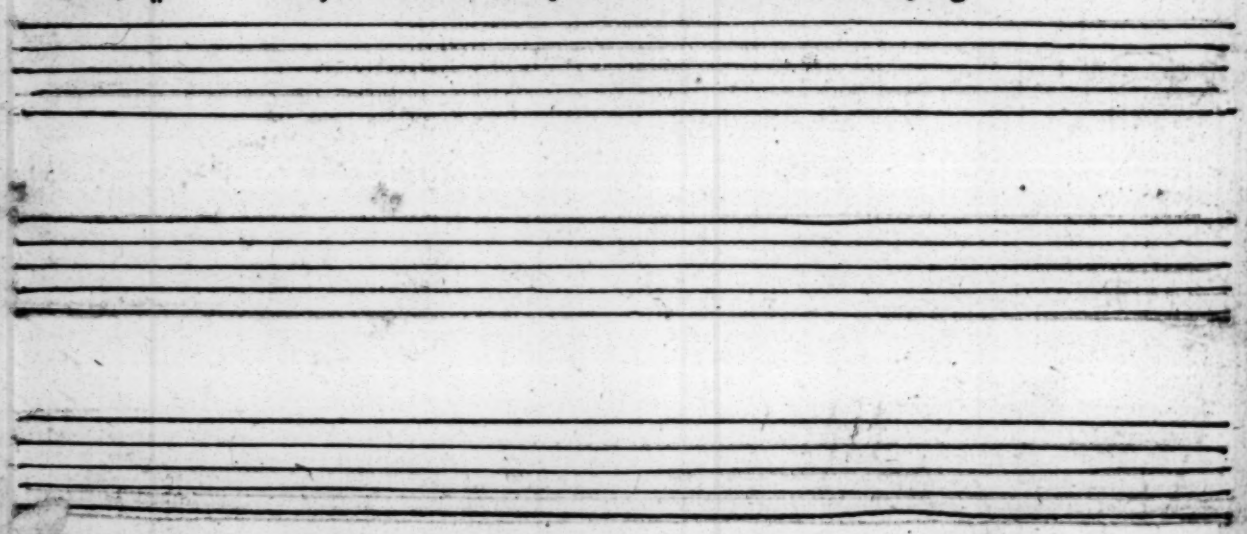
death,can aſ- ſaile mee,Alas,till life doth faile thee, :|| O therfore,

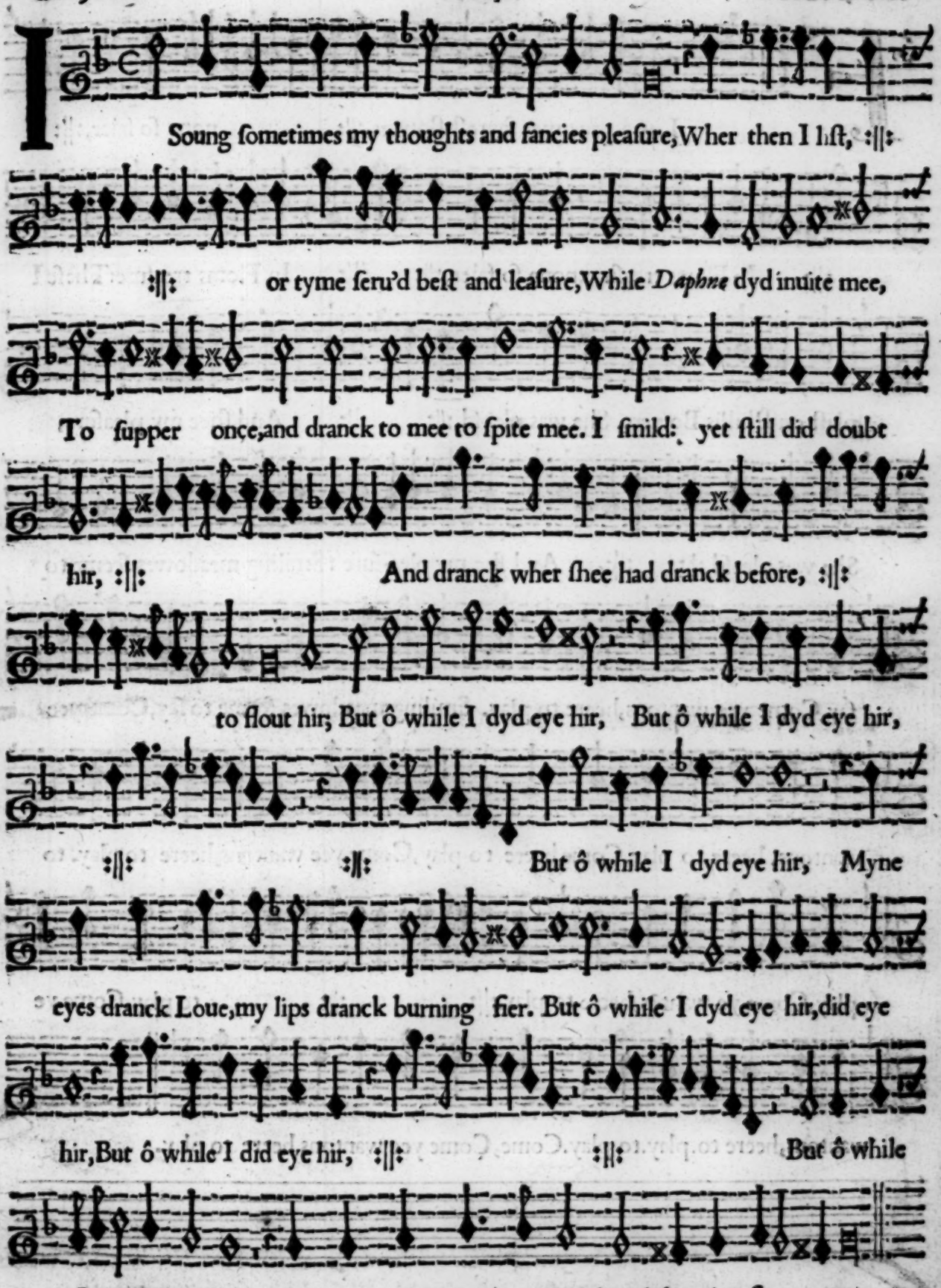
:||: If the fates,bid thee be fleeting,Stay for mee,:||: :||: whoſe poore

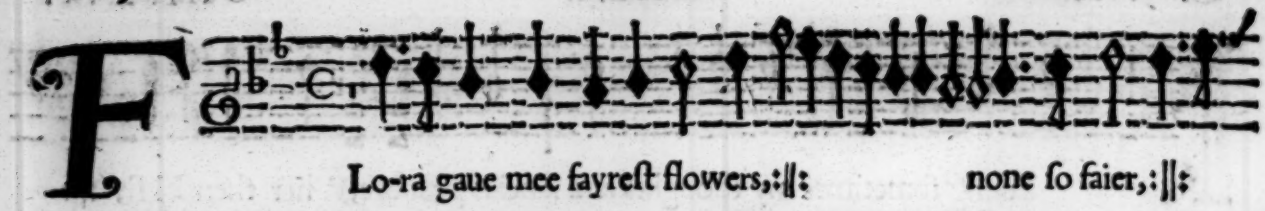
hart,thou haſt in keeping.O therfore,:|| If the fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for



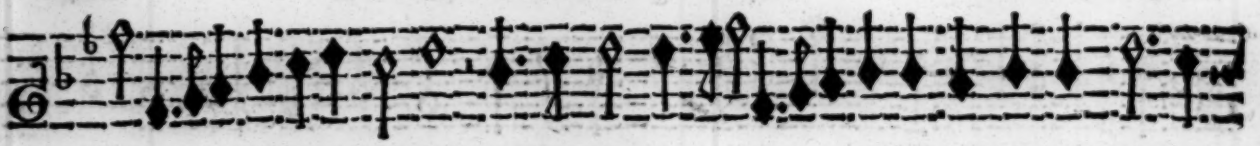
mee, :|| Stay for mee,whoſe poore hart thou haſt in keeping.



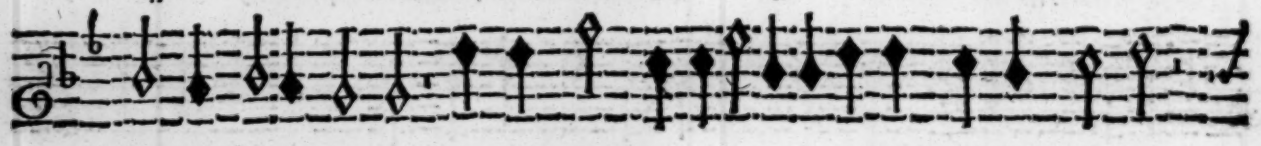

I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure, Wher then I liſt, :||:
:||: or tyme ſeru'd beſt and leaſure, While *Daphne* dyd inuite mee,
To ſupper once, and dranck to mee to ſpite mee. I ſmild: yet ſtill did doubt
hir, :||: And dranck wher ſhee had dranck before, :||:
to flout hir; But ô while I dyd eye hir, But ô while I dyd eye hir,
:||: :||: But ô while I dyd eye hir, Myne
eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fier. But ô while I dyd eye hir, did eye
hir, But ô while I did eye hir, :||: :||: But ô while
I did eye hir, Mine eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fi- er.



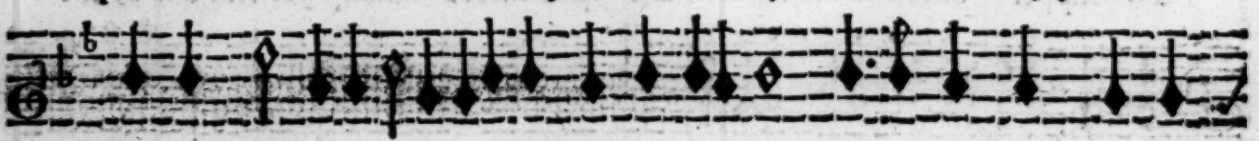
Fa Lo-ra gaue mee fayreſt flowers,:‖: none ſo faier,:‖:



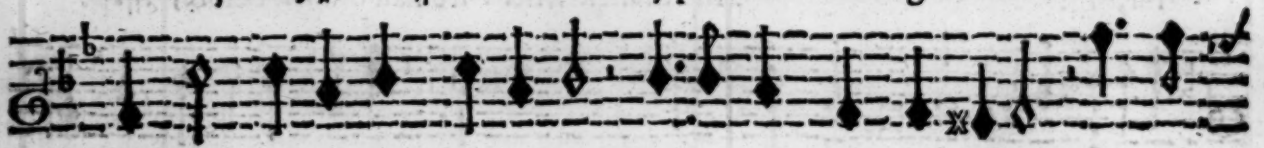
:‖: In Floras treaſure:none ſo faier,:‖: :‖: In Floras treaſure:Theſe I



plaſt on Phillis Bowers, She was pleaſd,:‖: :‖: And ſhee my pleaſure,

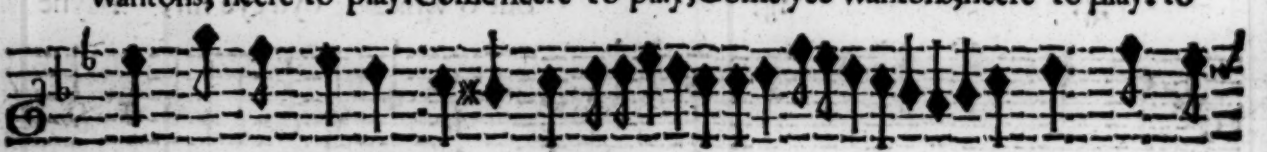


She was pleaſd,:‖: :‖: And ſhe my plea-ſure : Smiling meadowes ſeeme to

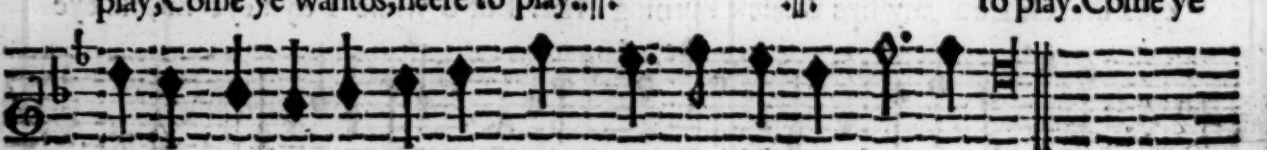


ſay,Come yee wantons,heere to play. Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay,Come yee

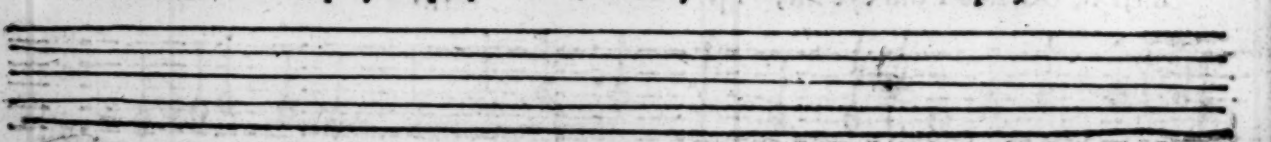
wantons, heere to play.Come heere to play,Come yee wantons,heere to play. to



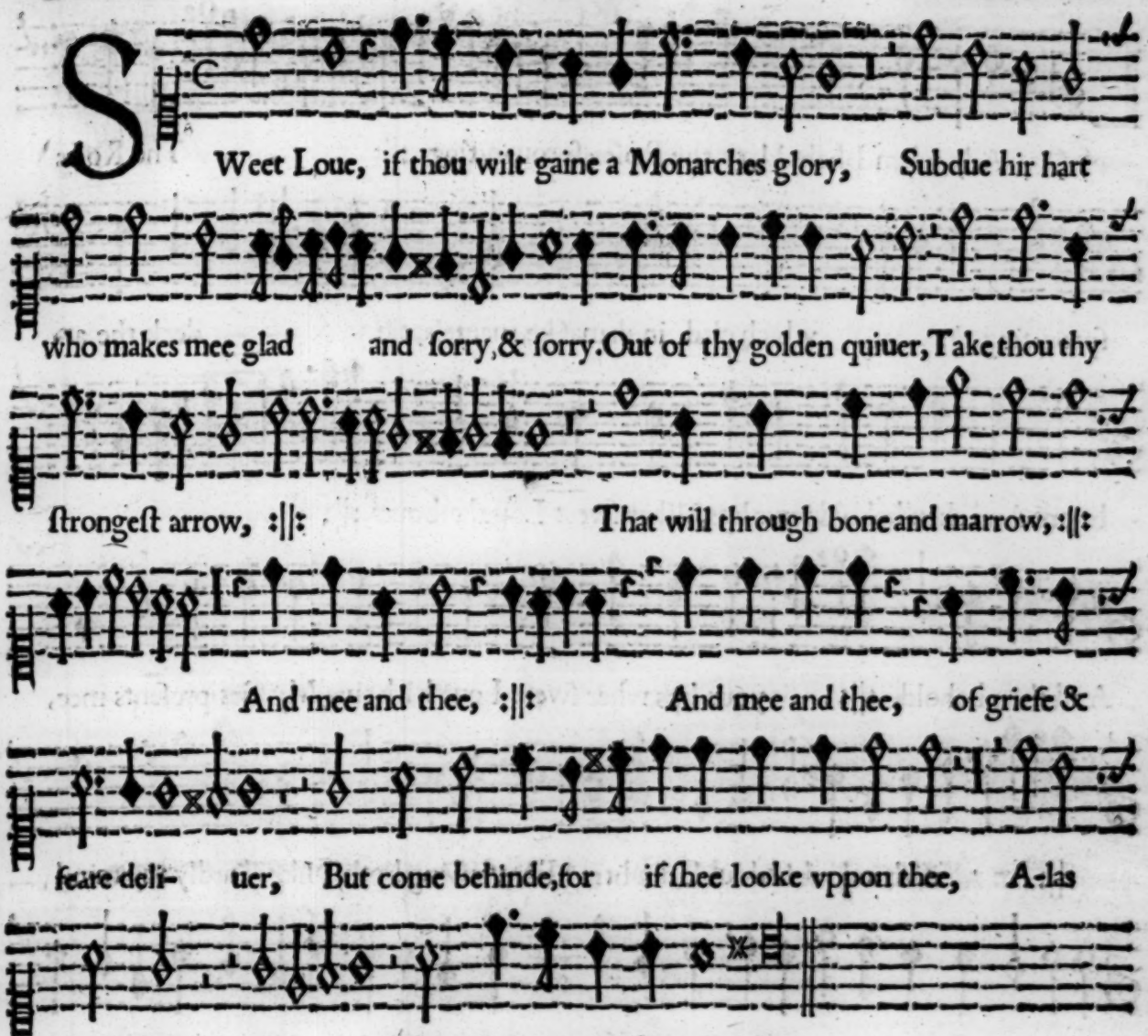
play,Come ye wantõs,heere to play.:‖: :‖: to play.Come ye

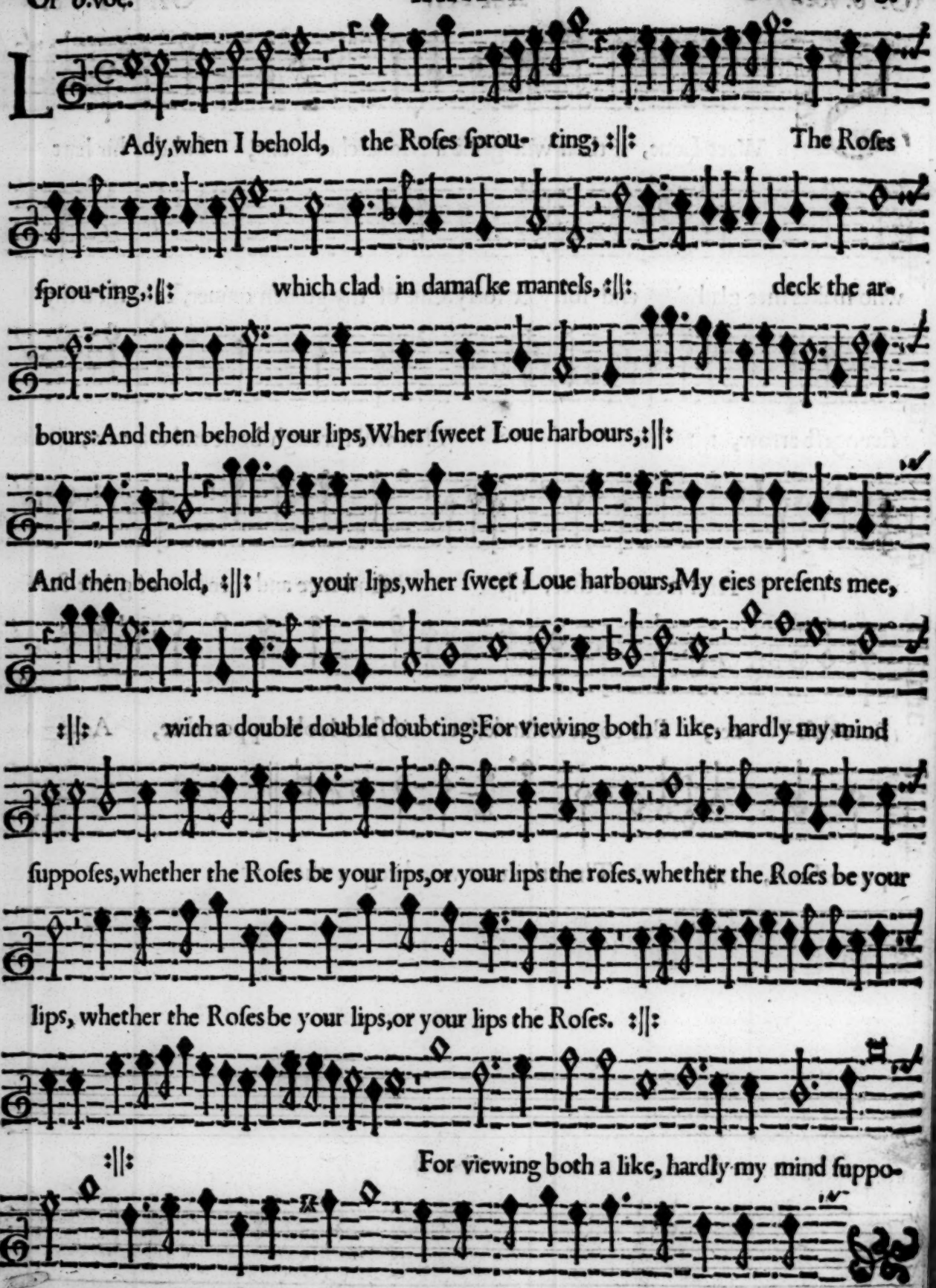


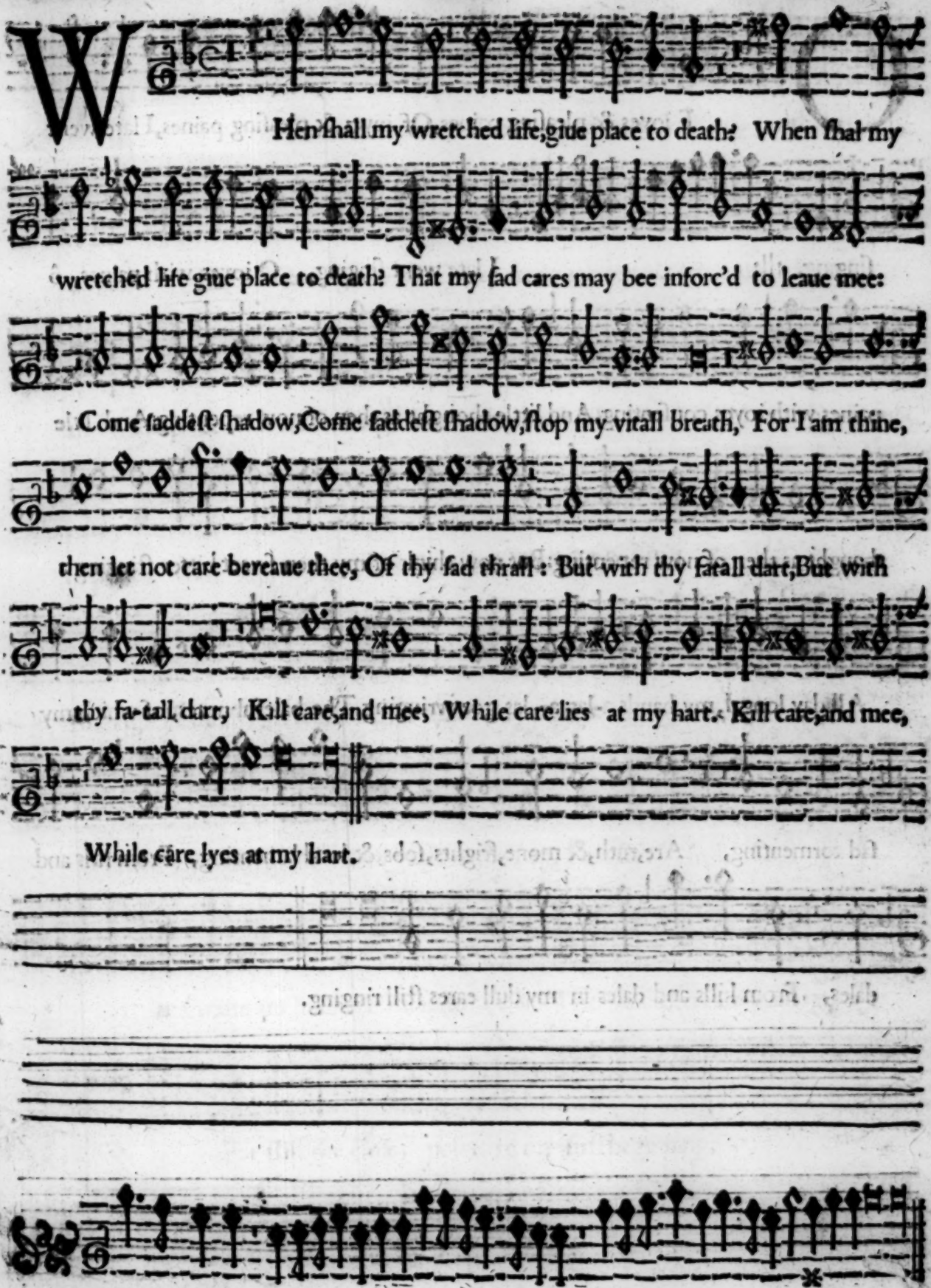
wantons,heere to play.to play.Come,Come yee wantons heere to play.

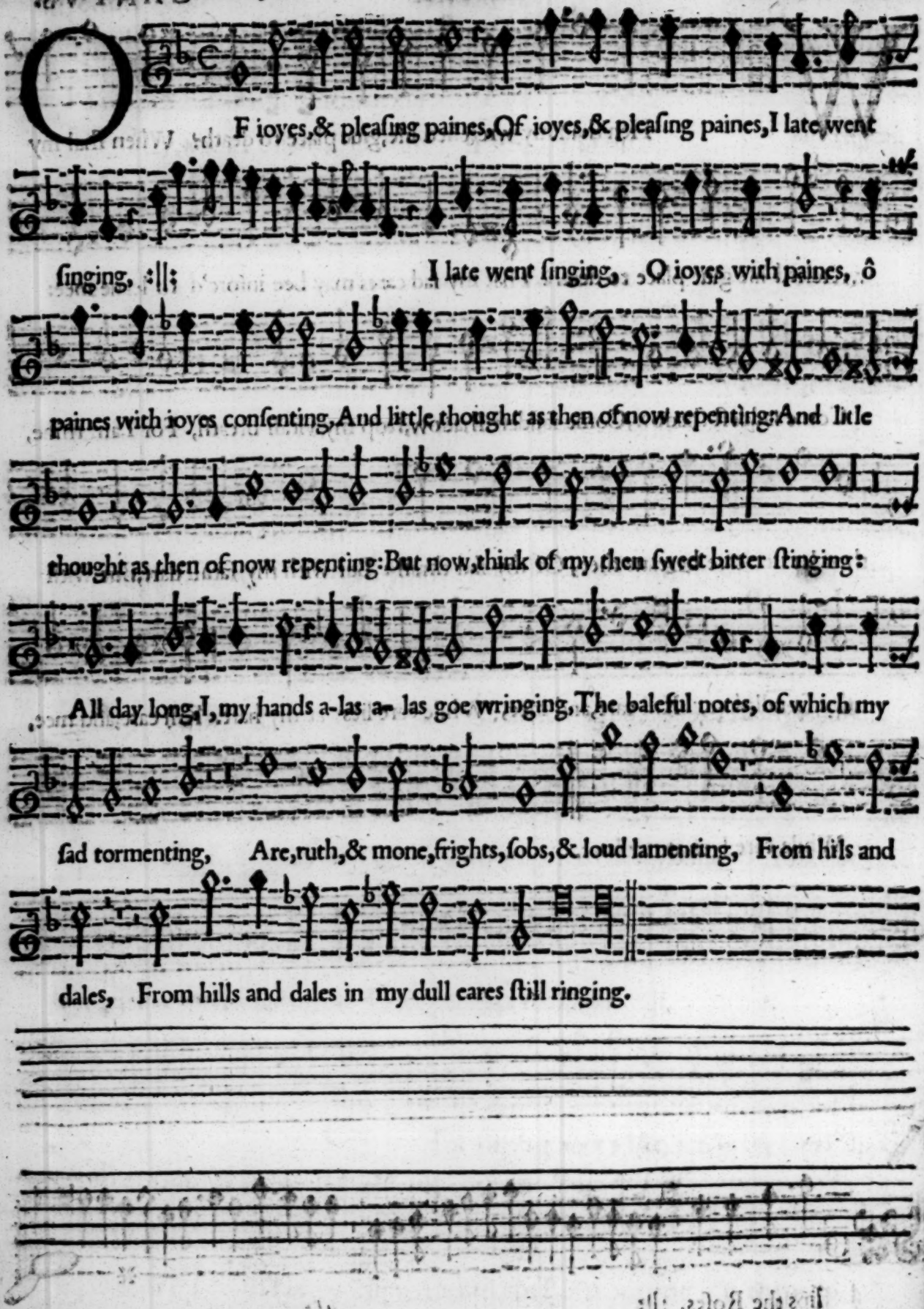


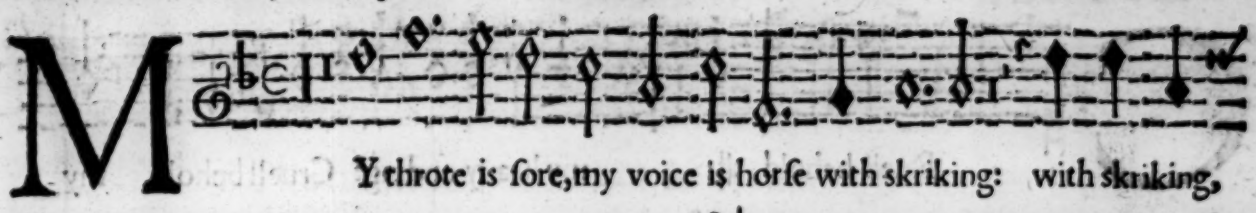
Heere endeth the Songs of 5. parts.


SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue hir hart
who makes mee glad and ſorry, & ſorry. Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy
ſtrongeſt arrow, :||: That will through bone and marrow, :||:
And mee and thee, :||: And mee and thee, of griefe &
feare deli- uer, But come behinde, for if ſhee looke vppon thee, A-las
poore Loue, :||: Then thou art woe beegon thee.


Lady, when I behold, the Roſes ſprou- ting, :||: The Roſes
ſprou-ting, :||: which clad in damaſke mantels, :||: deck the ar-
bours: And then behold your lips, Wher ſweet Loue harbours, :||:
And then behold, :||: your lips, wher ſweet Loue harbours, My eies preſents mee,
:||: with a double double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind
ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes, whether the Roſes be your
lips, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:
:||: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppo-
ſes, whether the Roſes bee your lips, whether the Roſes bee your lips, or your


When shall my wretched life, giue place to death? When shal my
wretched life giue place to death? That my sad cares may bee inforc'd to leaue mee:
Come saddest shadow, Come saddest shadow, stop my vitall breath, For I am thine,
then let not care bereaue thee, Of thy sad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, But with
thy fa-tall dart, Kill care, and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee,
While care lyes at my hart.

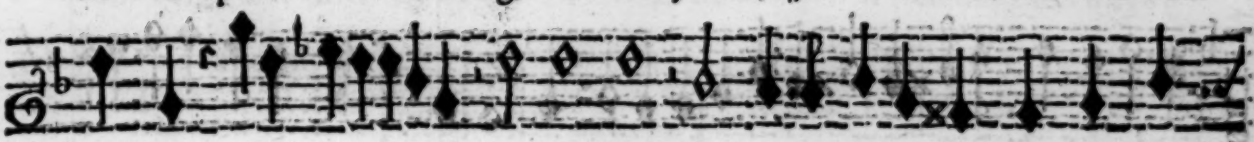

OF ioyes,& pleasing paines,Of ioyes,& pleasing paines,I late went
singing, :||: I late went singing, O ioyes with paines, ô
paines with ioyes consenting,And little thought as then of now repenting:And litle
thought as then of now repenting:But now,think of my then sweet bitter stinging:
All day long,I,my hands a-las a- las goe wringing,The baleful notes, of which my
sad tormenting, Are,ruth,& mone,frights,sobs,& loud lamenting, From hils and
dales, From hills and dales in my dull eares still ringing.



MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking: with skriking,

:||: My reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from ẏ hart root fetched: My ſong, runs

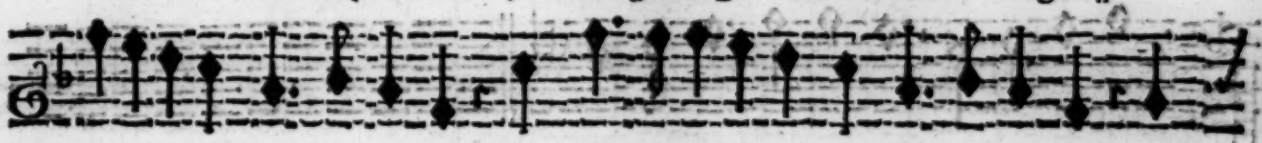
all on ſharps, & with oft ſtriking, time on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink with hands out-



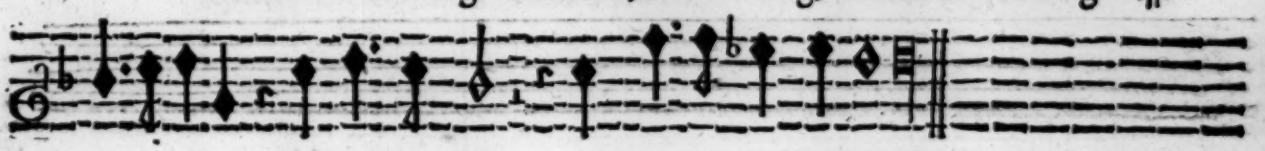
ſtretched: :||: out ſtretched: Thus ſtil, & ſtill I ſing, and neare am

linning: Thus ſtil, & ſtil I ſing, & neare am linning: :||:

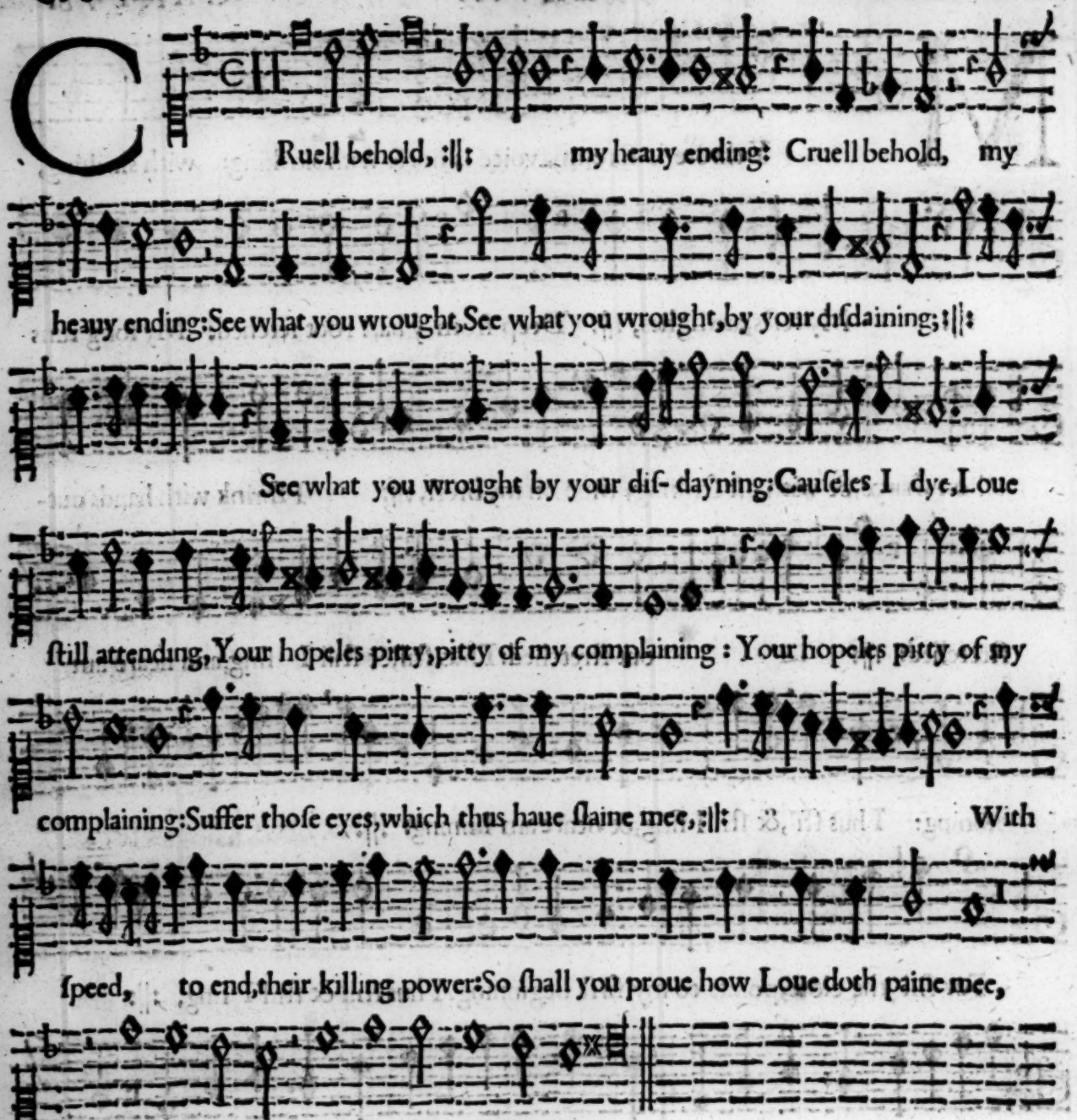
For ſtil the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning. Thus ſtill & ſtill I ſing, :||:



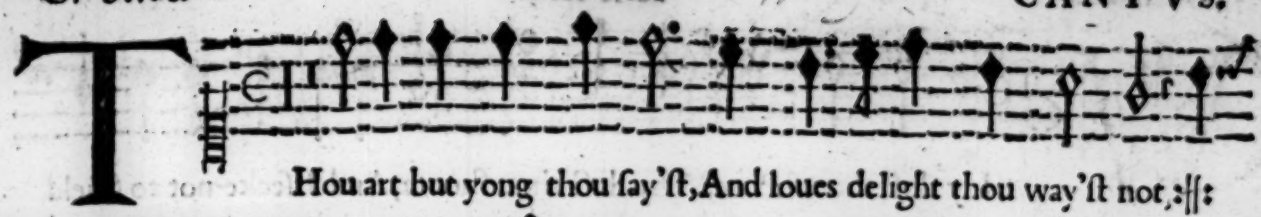
and neare am linning: Thus ſtill, & ſtill I ſing, and neare am linning: :||:



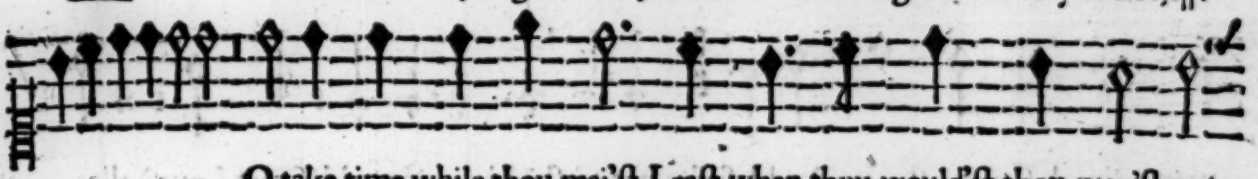
For ſtill the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning.



CRuell behold, :||: my heauy ending: Cruell behold, my heauy ending: See what you wrought, See what you wrought, by your disdaining; :||: See what you wrought by your dis- dayning: Causeles I dye, Loue still attending, Your hopeles pitty, pitty of my complaining: Your hopeles pitty of my complaining: Suffer those eyes, which thus haue slaine mee, :||: With speed, to end, their killing power: So shall you proue how Loue doth paine mee, And see mee dye, And see mee dye still yower.

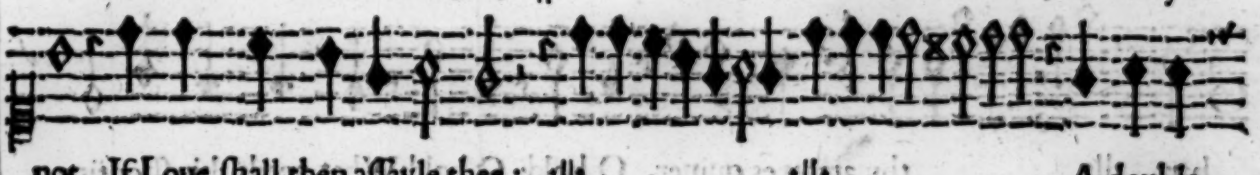


THou art but yong thou ſay'ſt, And loues delight thou way'ſt not, :||:

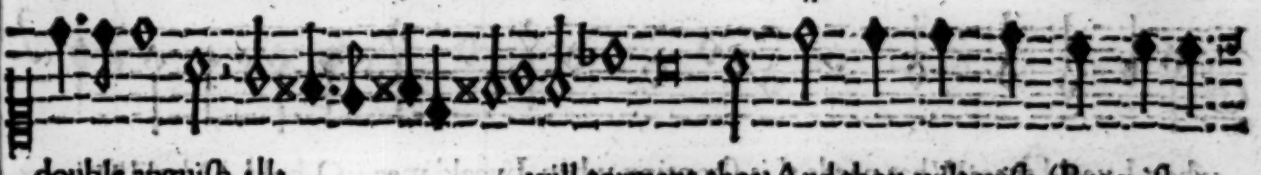


O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou may'ſt not:

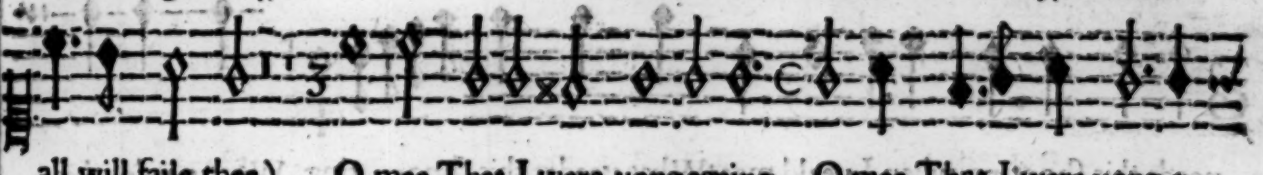
O take time while thou may'ſt, :||: Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou may'ſt



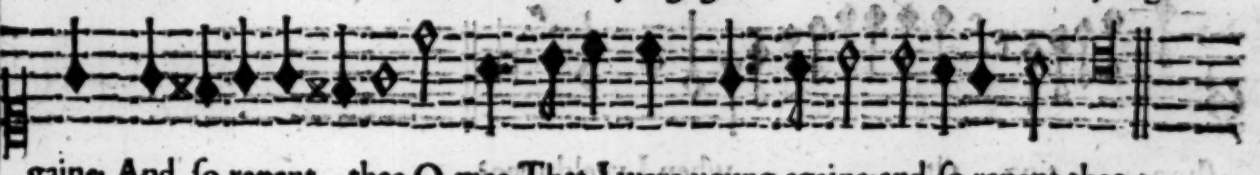
not, If Loue ſhall then aſſayle thee: :||: :||: A double



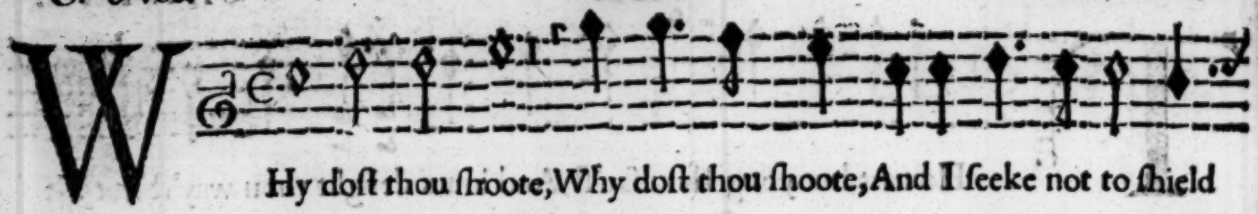
double anguiſh, :||: I will torment thee: And thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes



all will faile thee) O mee, That I were yong againe, O mee, That I were yong a-



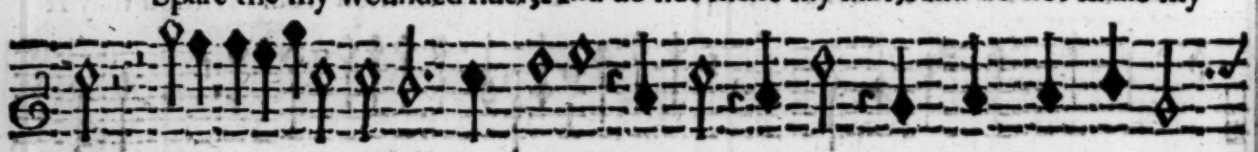
gaine; And ſo repent thee. O mee, That I were young againe; and ſo repent thee.



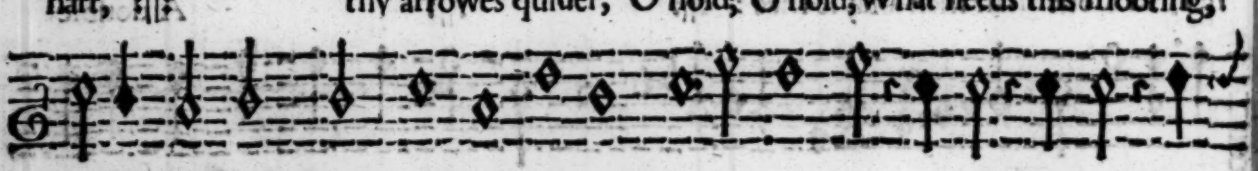
WHy doſt thou ſhoote, Why doſt thou ſhoote, And I ſeeke not to ſhield

mee? Why doſt thou ſhoote, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? I yeeld (ſweet Loue) :||:

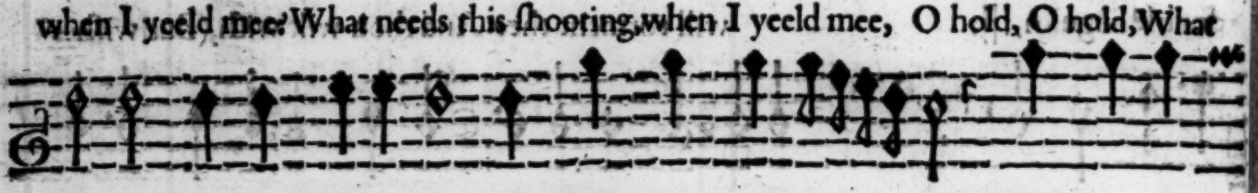
Spare thē my wounded liuer, And do not make my hart, And do not make my



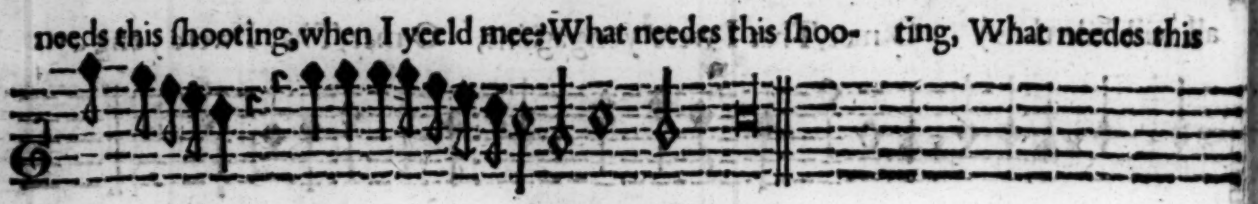
hart, :||: thy arrowes quiuer, O hold; O hold; What needs this ſhooting, :||:



when I yeeld mee? What needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee, O hold, O hold, What



needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? What needes this ſhoo- ting, What needes this



ſhoo- ting, :||: when I yeeld mee?

FINIS.

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ALTVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE

8.

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598

TO THE RIGHT WOR-shipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

IGHT VVorſhipfull and renoumed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit ſome of my labours to the preſſe. VVhich, (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perſwades mee, (though they ſeeme not abſolute) that your Countenance is a ſufficient warrant for them againſt ſharp tongues & vnfriendly cenſures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accompliſhments to be ſuch: as may iuſtly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it ſhall pleaſe you to Patronize. If perchance they ſhall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, and honour I owe to all other your moſt ſinguler vertues; and eſpecially alſo for your excellent skill in Muſicke, and your great loue and fauour of Muſicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with proteſtation of all dutye, and ſeruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Auguſtinè Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your VVorſhips: euer moſt bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn VVilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away, thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee reſtleſſe thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4. voices.

WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The firſt part. VII.
O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew, ſweet Amarillis. XII.

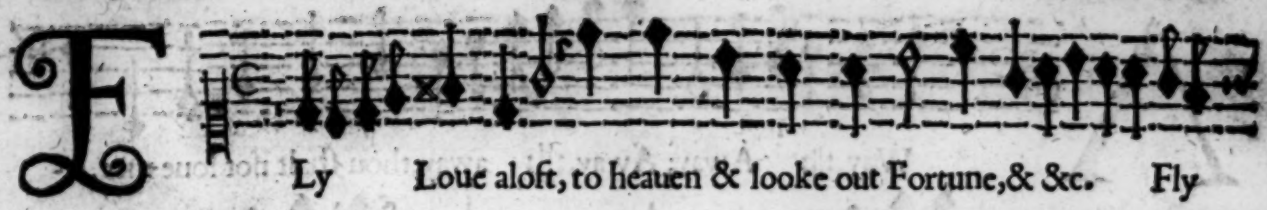
Songs to 5. voices.

DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhee denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
And though my loue abounding. The ſecond part. XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The firſt part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying. XX.
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue mee faireſt flowers. XXII.

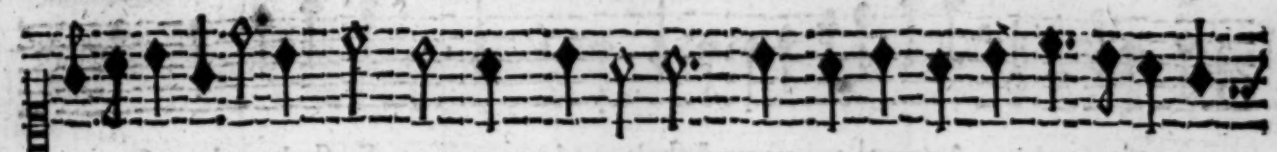
Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady, when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life, giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking. The ſecond part. XXVII.
Cruell, behold my heauie ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but young thou ſayſt XXIX.
Why doeſt thou ſhoot, And I [illegible]e not to ſhield mee XXX.

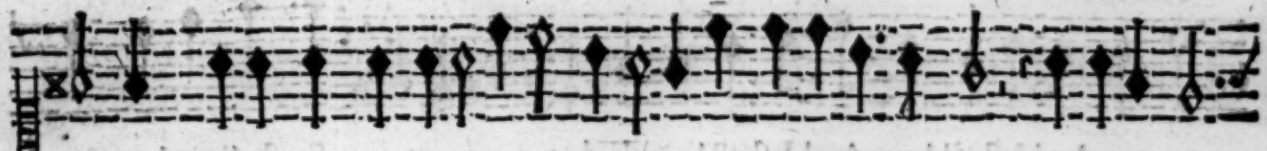
FINIS.



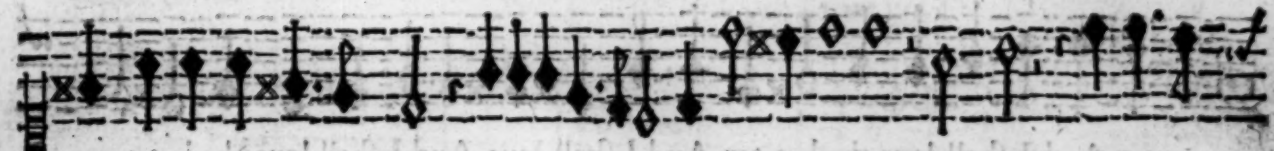
Fly Loue aloft, to heauen & looke out Fortune,& &c. Fly



loue aloft, to heauen & looke out Fortune, Then ſweetly,ſweetly, ſweetly hir im-

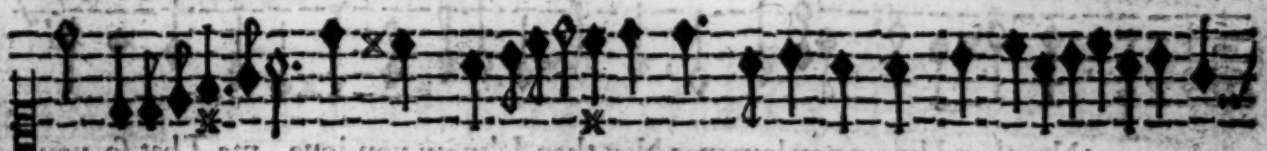


portune, That I from my Ca-liſto beſt beloued, As you & ſhe ſet downe, be neuer mo-



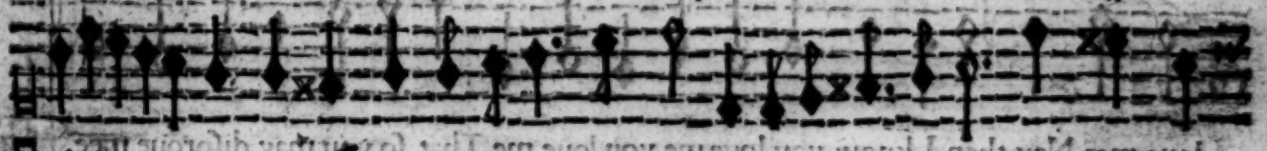
ued, As you & ſhe ſet downe, :‖: be ne-uer moued, And loue, to Ca-ri-

mel ſee you cõmend me, cõmend me, :‖: cõmend me, Fortune for his ſweet

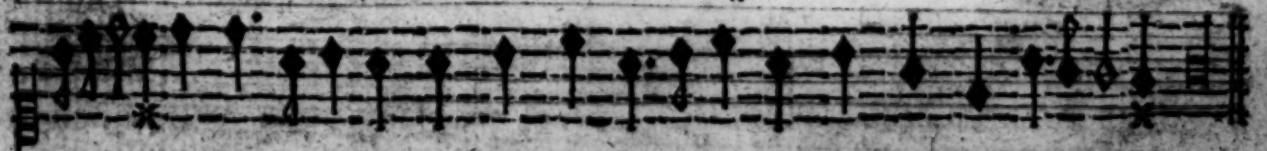


ſake, :‖: may chaũce befriend me. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :‖: may

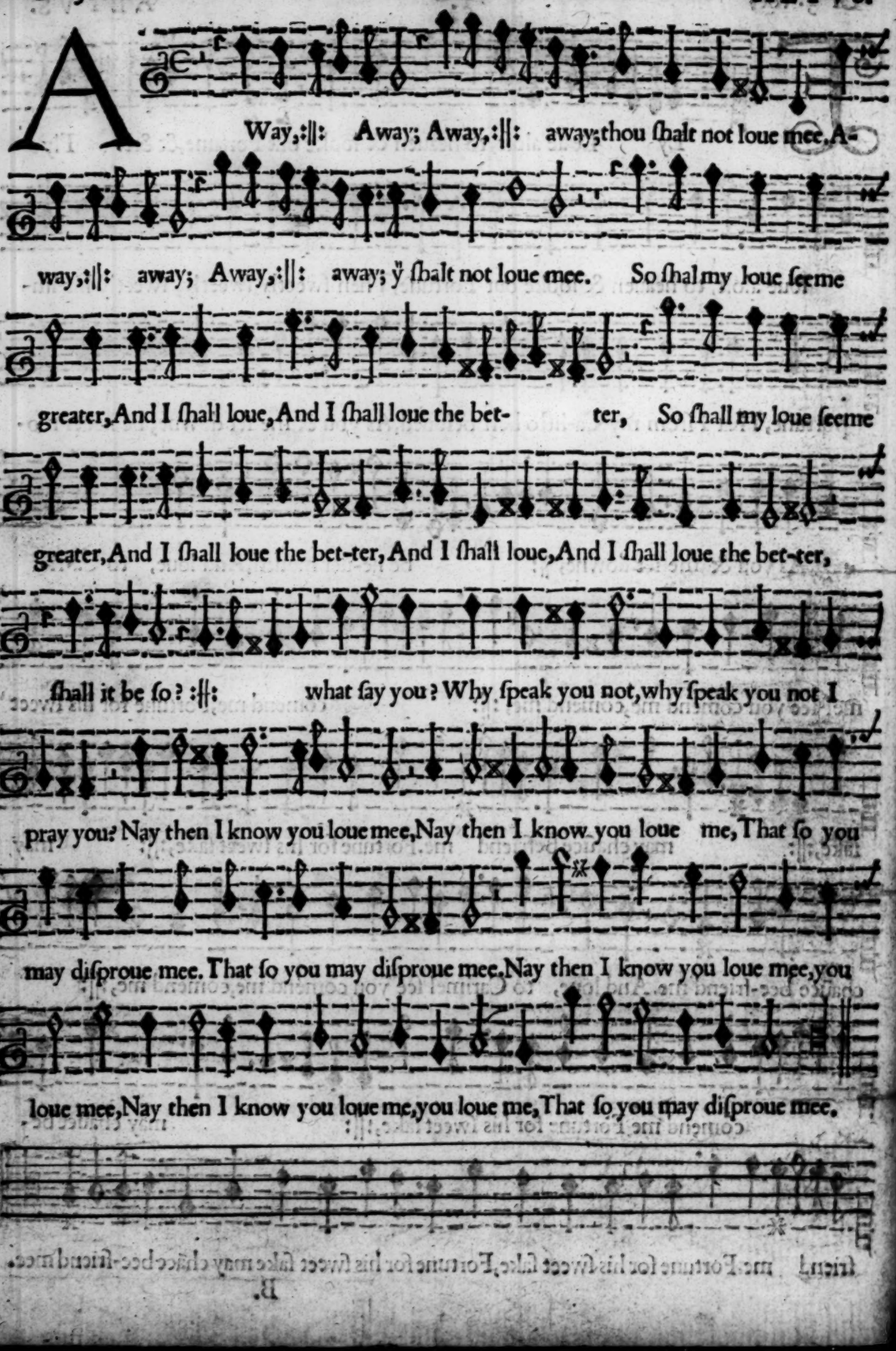
chaũce bee-friend me. And loue, to Carimel ſee you cõmend me, cõmend me, :‖:

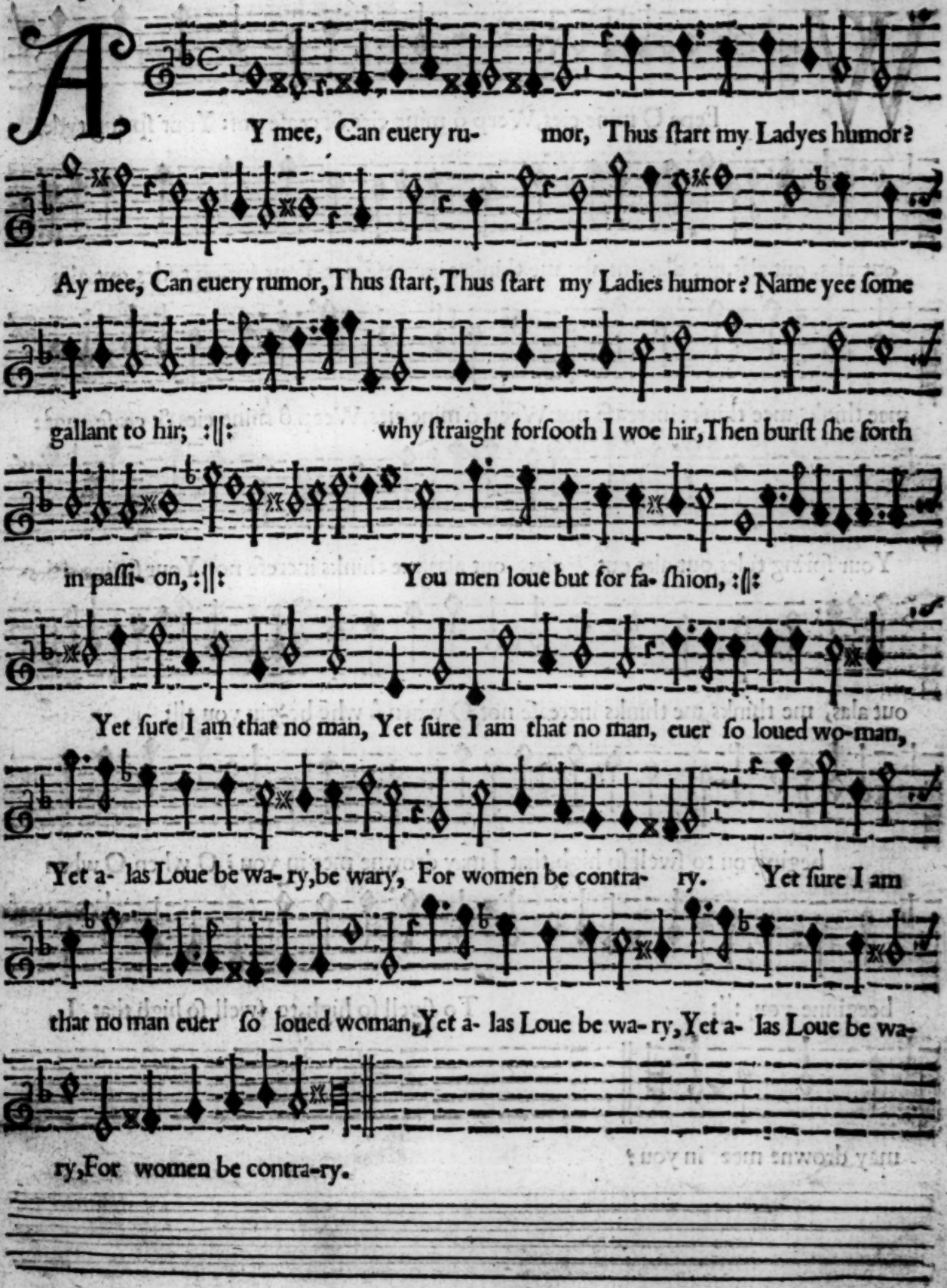


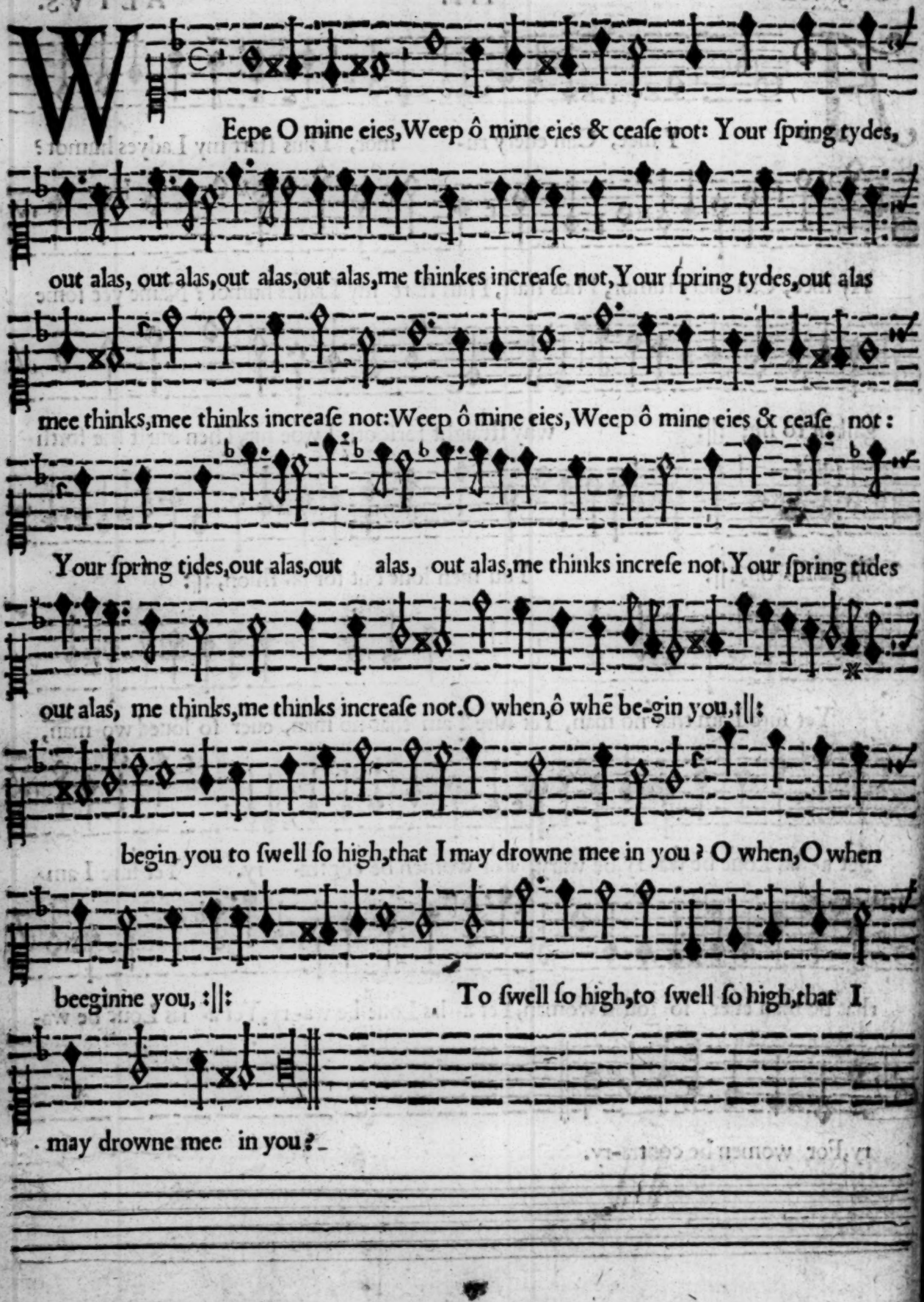
cõmend me, Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :‖: may chaũce be-

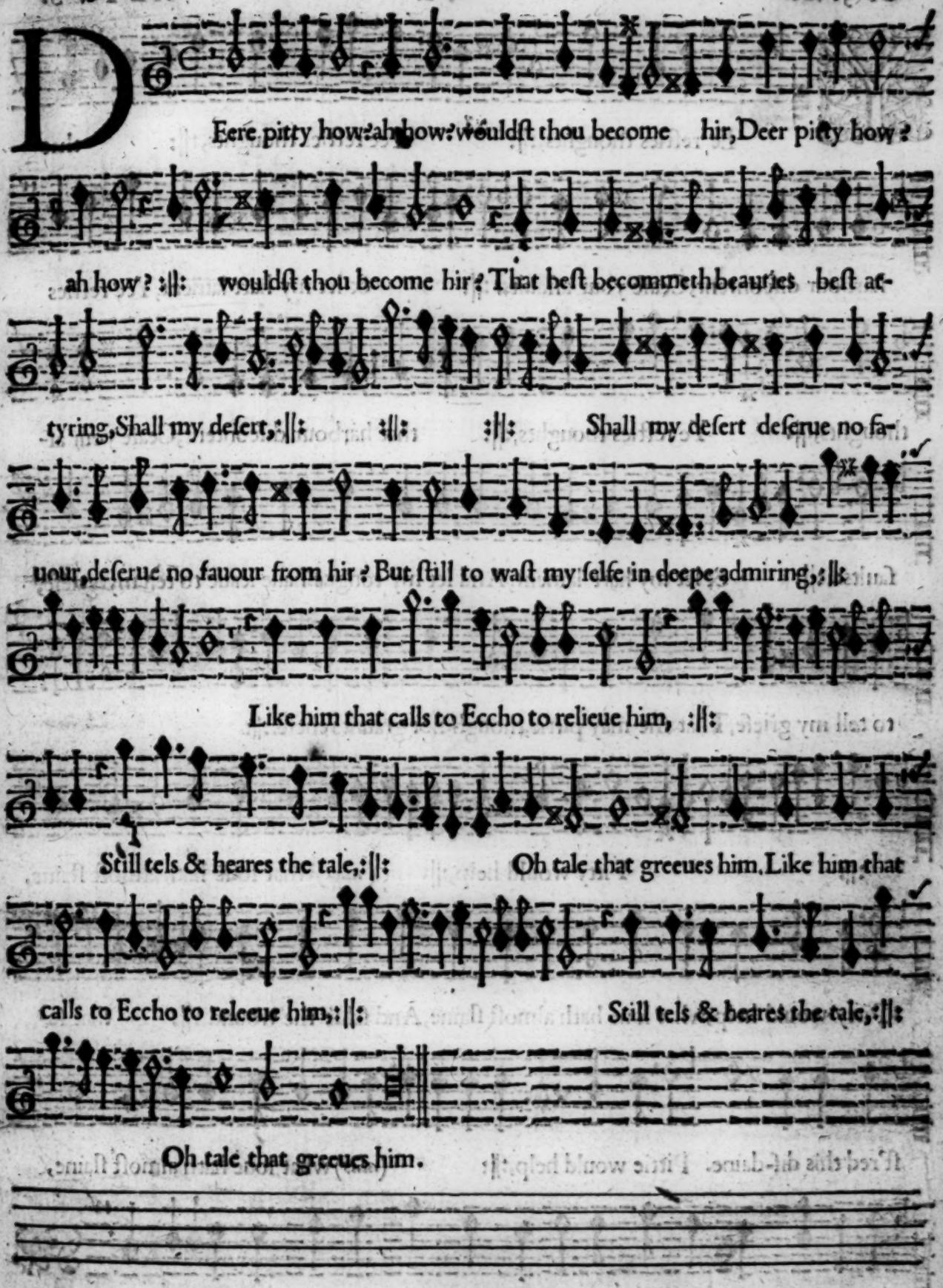


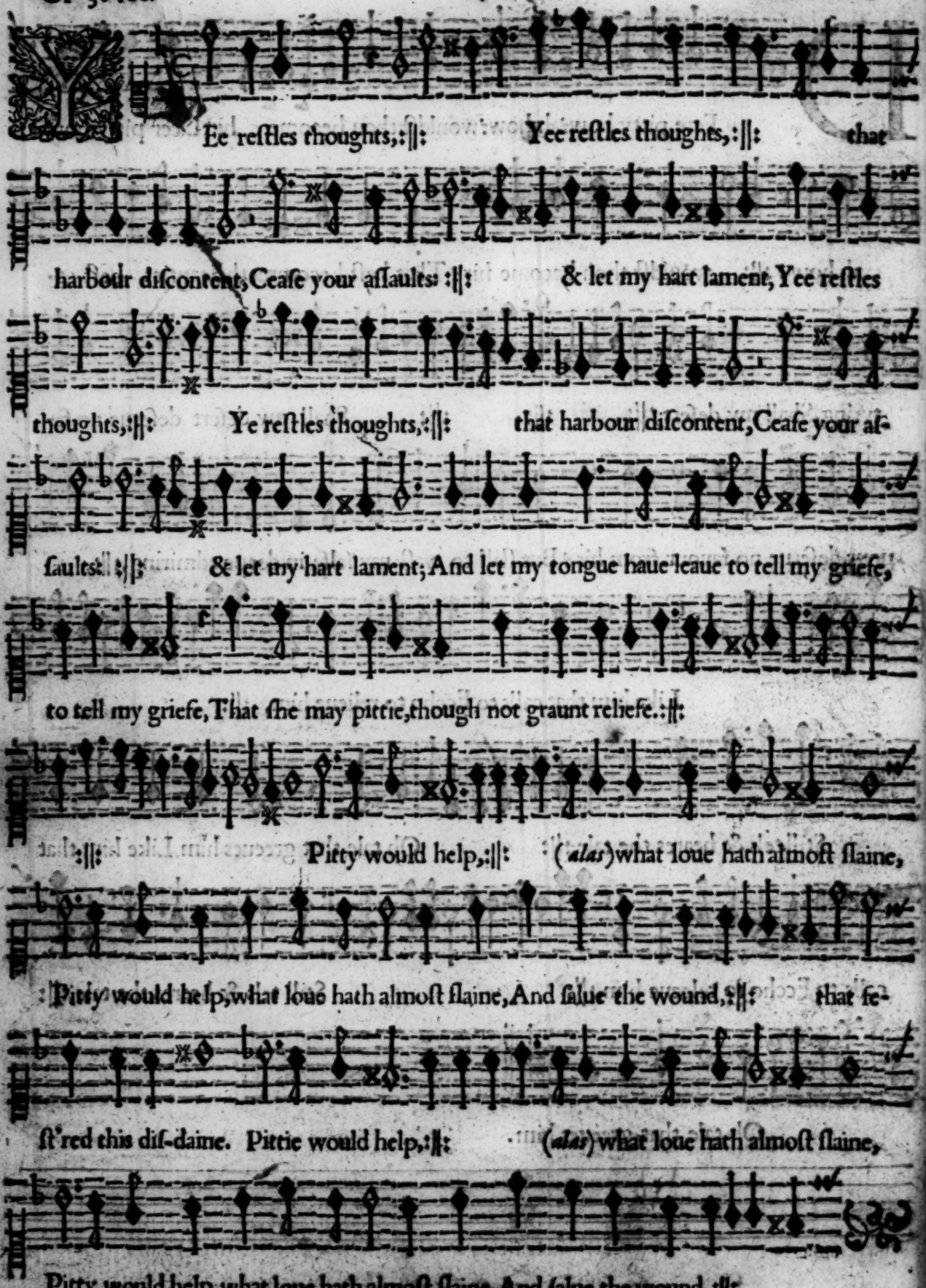
friend me. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, Fortune for his ſweet ſake may chãce bee-friend mee.


Away,:||: Away; Away,:||: away;thou ſhalt not loue mee,A-
way,:||: away; Away,:||: away; ỹ ſhalt not loue mee. So ſhal my loue ſeeme
greater,And I ſhall loue,And I ſhall loue the bet- ter, So ſhall my loue ſeeme
greater,And I ſhall loue the bet-ter,And I ſhall loue,And I ſhall loue the bet-ter,
ſhall it be ſo? :||: what ſay you? Why ſpeak you not,why ſpeak you not I
pray you? Nay then I know you loue mee,Nay then I know you loue me,That ſo you
may diſproue mee. That ſo you may diſproue mee.Nay then I know you loue mee,you
loue mee,Nay then I know you loue me,you loue me,That ſo you may diſproue mee.

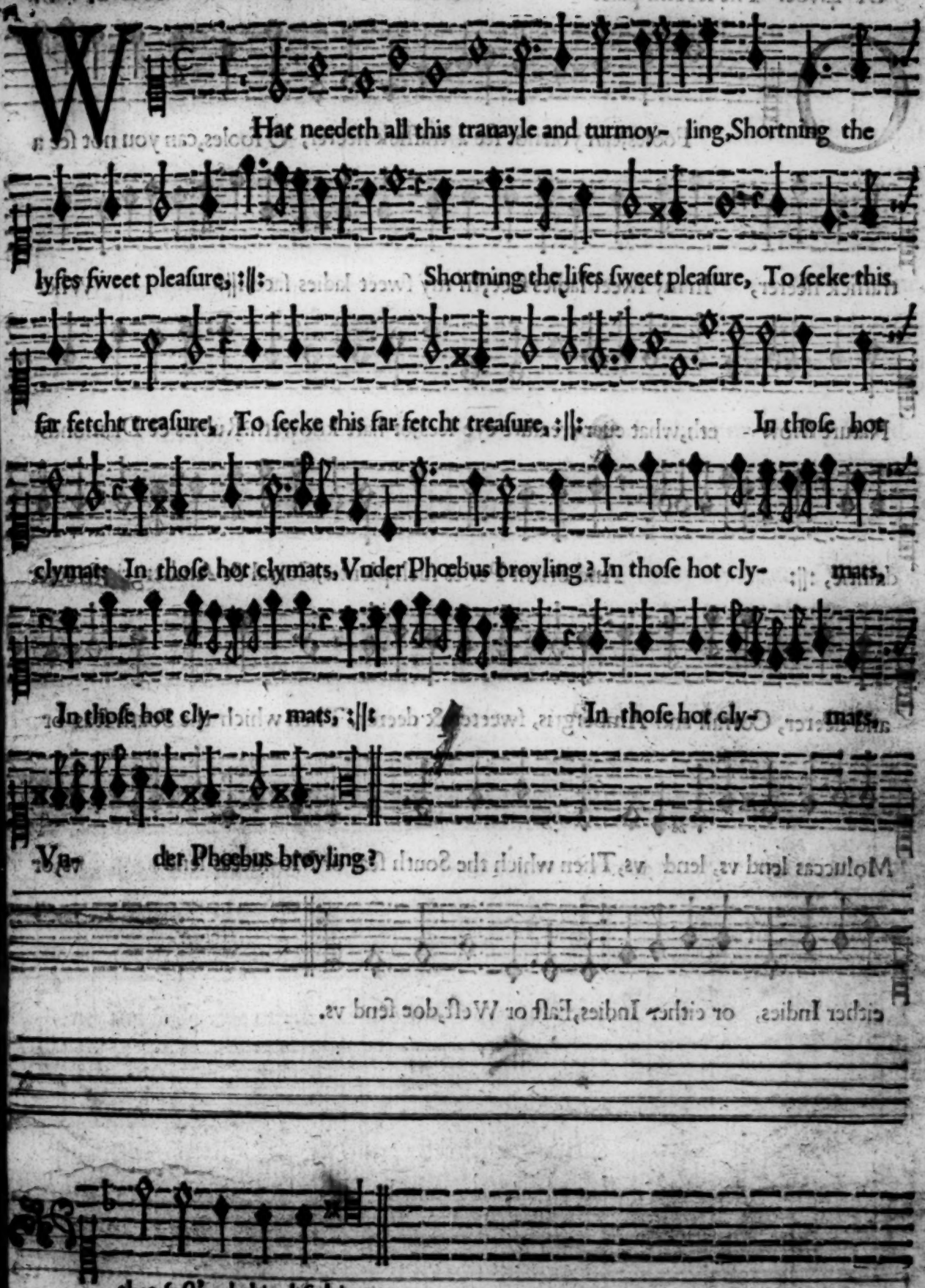

A Y mee, Can euery ru- mor, Thus ſtart my Ladyes humor?
Ay mee, Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart, Thus ſtart my Ladies humor? Name yee ſome
gallant to hir; :||: why ſtraight forſooth I woe hir, Then burſt ſhe forth
in paſſi- on, :||: You men loue but for fa- ſhion, :||:
Yet ſure I am that no man, Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued wo-man,
Yet a- las Loue be wa- ry, be wary, For women be contra- ry. Yet ſure I am
that no man euer ſo loued woman, Yet a- las Loue be wa- ry, Yet a- las Loue be wa-
ry, For women be contra-ry.

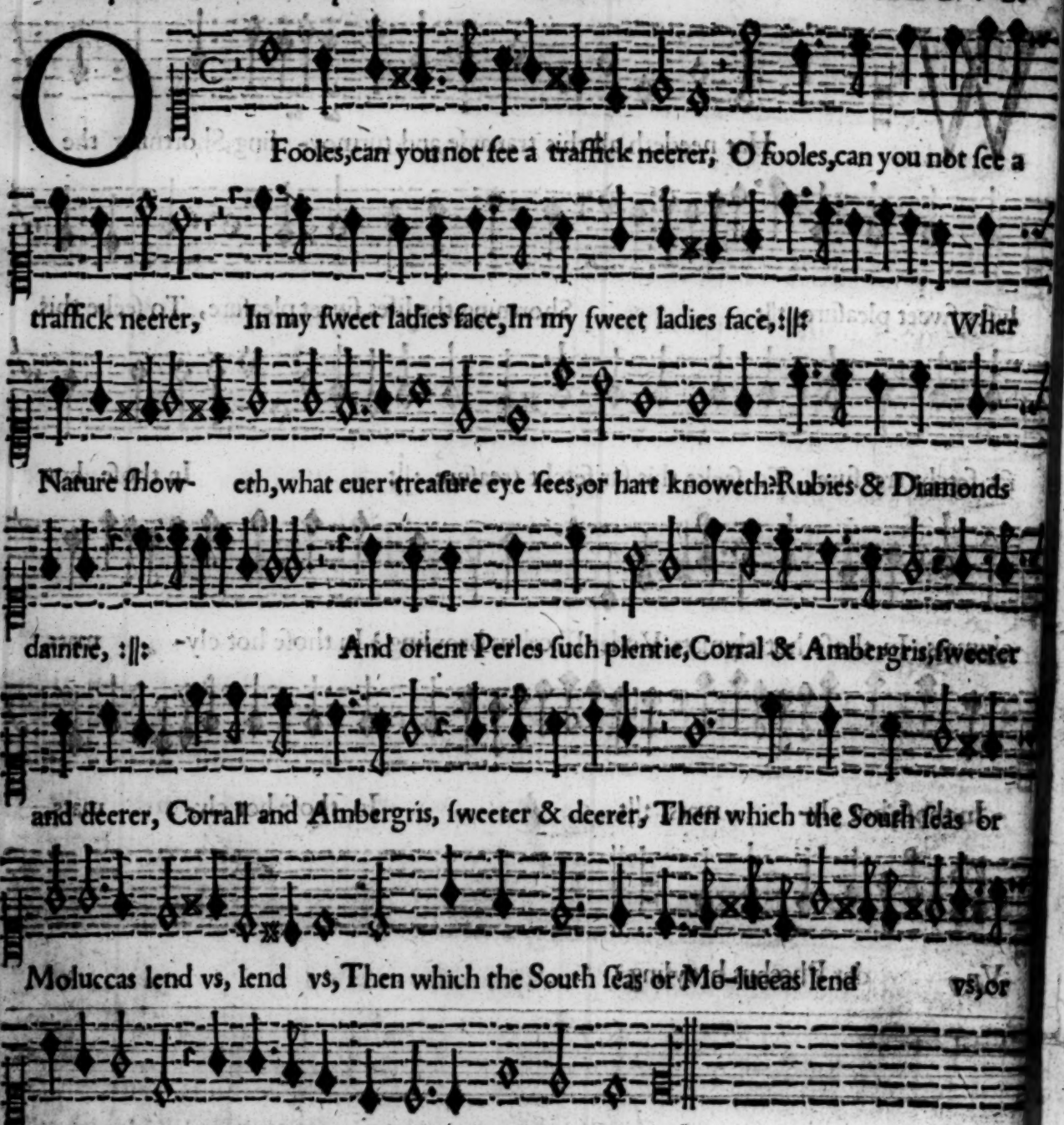

Weepe O mine eies, Weep ô mine eies & ceaſe not: Your ſpring tydes,
out alas, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinkes increaſe not, Your ſpring tydes, out alas
mee thinks, mee thinks increaſe not: Weep ô mine eies, Weep ô mine eies & ceaſe not:
Your ſpring tides, out alas, out alas, out alas, me thinks increſe not. Your ſpring tides
out alas, me thinks, me thinks increaſe not. O when, ô whē be-gin you, :||:
begin you to ſwell ſo high, that I may drowne mee in you? O when, O when
beeginne you, :||: To ſwell ſo high, to ſwell ſo high, that I
may drowne mee in you?


Deere pitty how? ah how? wouldst thou become hir, Deer pitty how?
ah how? :||: wouldst thou become hir? That best becommeth beauties best at-
tyring, Shall my desert, :||: :||: :||: Shall my desert deserue no fa-
uour, deserue no fauour from hir? But still to wast my selfe in deepe admiring, :||:
Like him that calls to Eccho to relieue him, :||:
Still tels & heares the tale, :||: Oh tale that greeues him. Like him that
calls to Eccho to releeue him, :||: Still tels & heares the tale, :||:
Oh tale that greeues him.

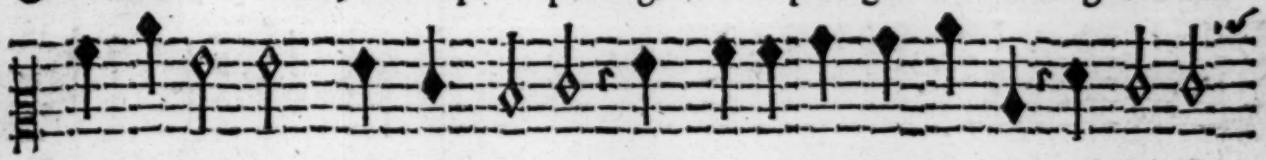


Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.


What needeth all this tranayle and turmoy- ling, Shortning the
lyfes sweet pleasure, :||: Shortning the lifes sweet pleasure, To seeke this
far fetcht treasure, To seeke this far fetcht treasure, :||: In those hot
clymats In those hot clymats, Vnder Phœbus broyling? In those hot cly- :|: mats,
In those hot cly- mats, :||: In those hot cly- mats,
Vn- der Phœbus broyling?
that fest'red this dis-daine.


O Fooles, can you not see a traffick neerer, O fooles, can you not see a
traffick neerer, In my sweet ladies face, In my sweet ladies face, :||: Wher
Nature show- eth, what euer treasure eye sees, or hart knoweth? Rubies & Diamonds
daintie, :||: And orient Perles such plentie, Corral & Ambergris, sweeter
and deerer, Corrall and Ambergris, sweeter & deerer, Then which the South seas or
Moluccas lend vs, lend vs, Then which the South seas or Mo-luccas lend vs, or
either Indies, or either Indies, East or West, doe send vs.

Las, what hope of ſpeeding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding? She bad



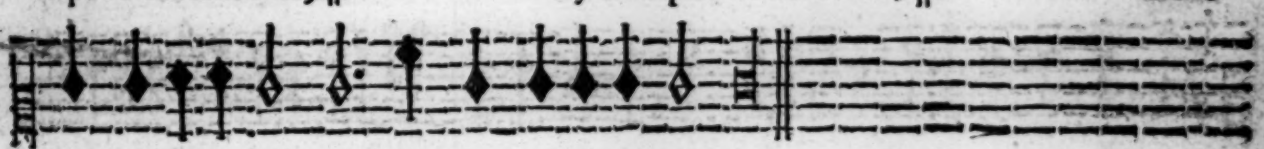
come, She bad come, When ſhe ſpide me: And when I came ſhe flyde me, ſhe flyde me,

Thus when I was begui- led, Thus when I was beguiled, She at my ſighing ſmiled.

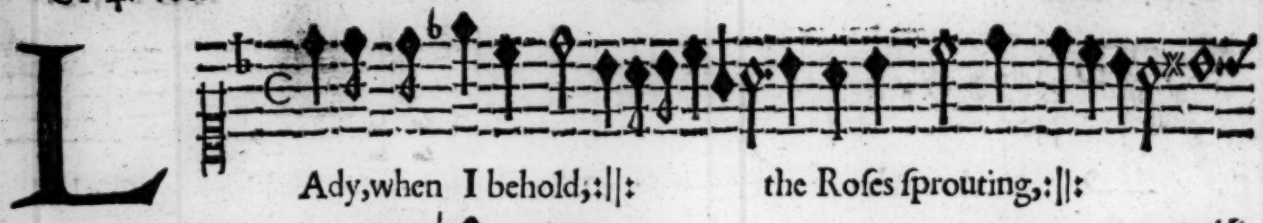
But if you take ſuch pleaſure, :||: Of hope & ioy my treaſure, Of hope

& ioy my trea- ſure, :||: By deceipt to bereaue mee, By de-

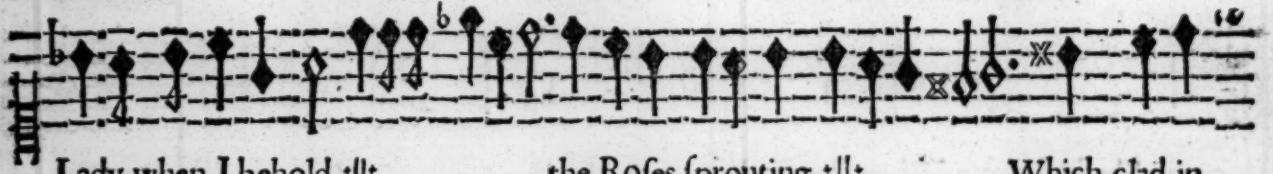
ceipt to bereaue mee, :||: By deceipt to bereaue me, :||: Loue



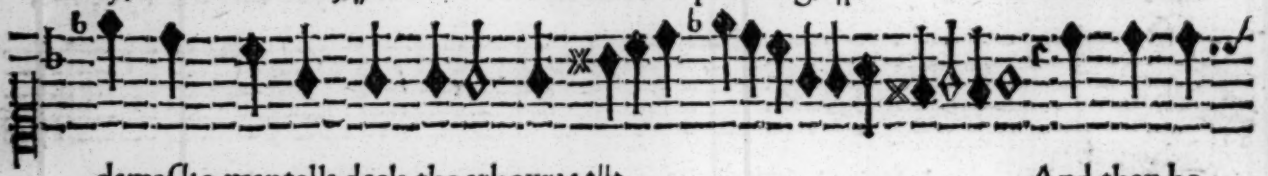
mee and ſo deceiue mee. Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee.



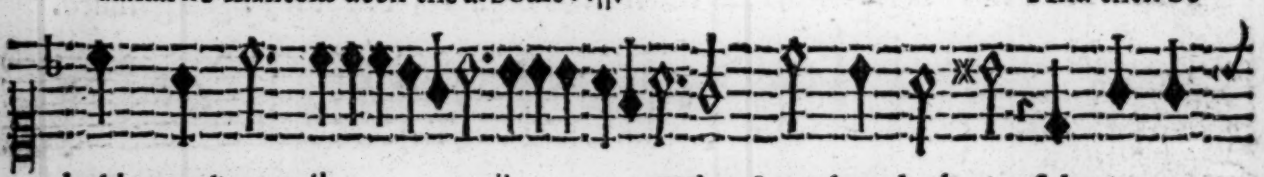
LAdy,when I behold,:||: the Roſes ſprouting,:||:



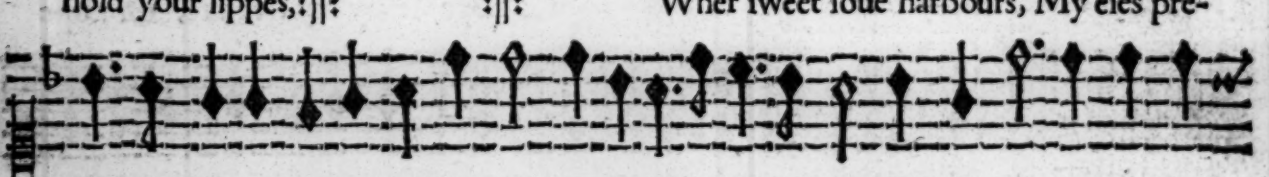
Lady,when I behold,:||: the Roſes ſprouting,:||: Which clad in



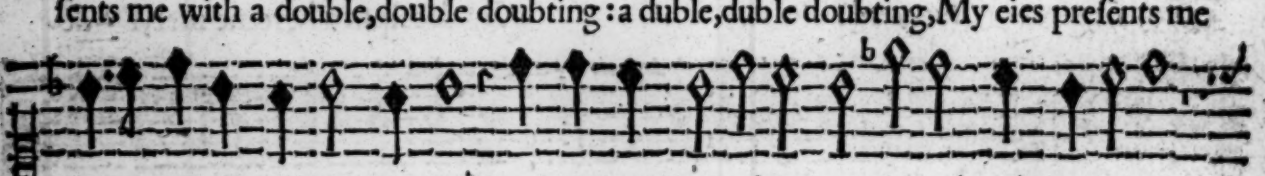
damaſke mantells deck the arbours: :||: And then be-



hold your lippes,:||: :||: Wher ſweet loue harbours, My eies pre-



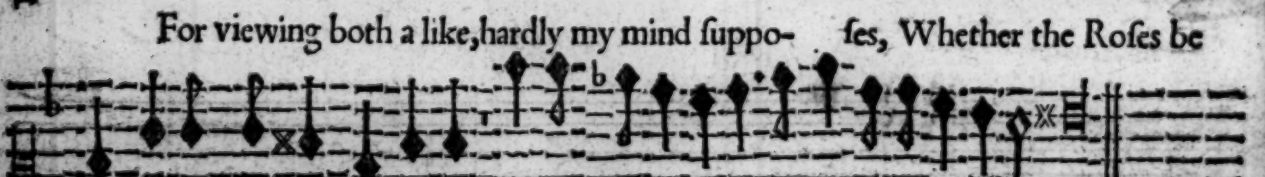
ſents me with a double,double doubting: a duble,duble doubting,My eies preſents me



with a double,double doubting: For viewing both a like,hardly my mind ſuppoſes,

Whether the Roſes be your lips,or your lips the Roſes. :||:

For viewing both a like,hardly my mind ſuppo- ſes, Whether the Roſes be



your lips,or your lips the Roſes. :||:

THus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe and talke

toge- ther, & talke together, Thus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of loue ſit downe

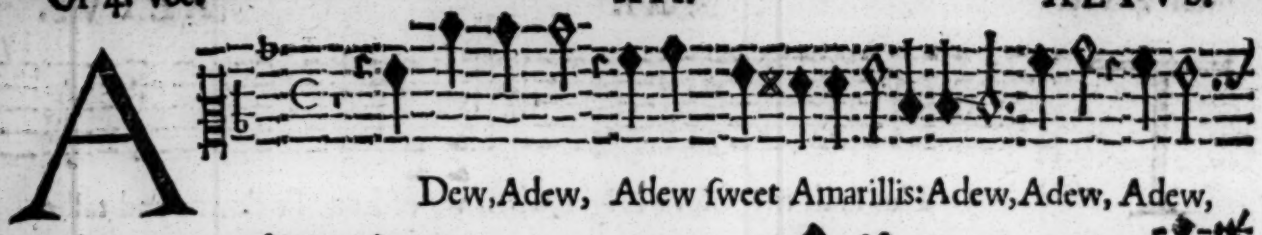
and talke together, & talke together, Beware, of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking ſprite,

And Loue is this and that, And Loue is this and that, And O I wot not what, :||:

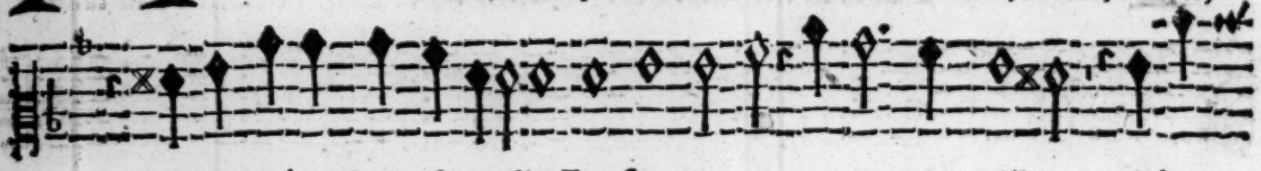
And comes and goes agayne, I wot not whether, :||:

No no, theſe are but bugs to breed ama- zing, :||:

For in hir eies I ſaw his torch light blazing.

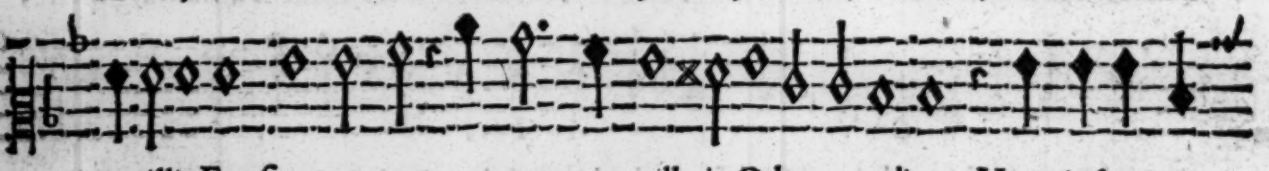


ADew, Adew, Adew ſweet Amarillis: Adew, Adew, Adew,

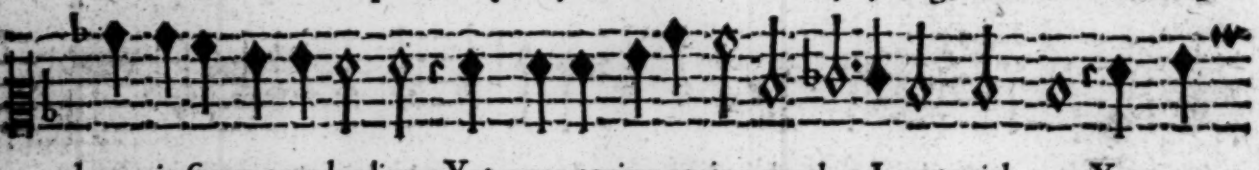


Adew, Adew ſweet Amarillis: For ſince to part, to part your will is, Adew

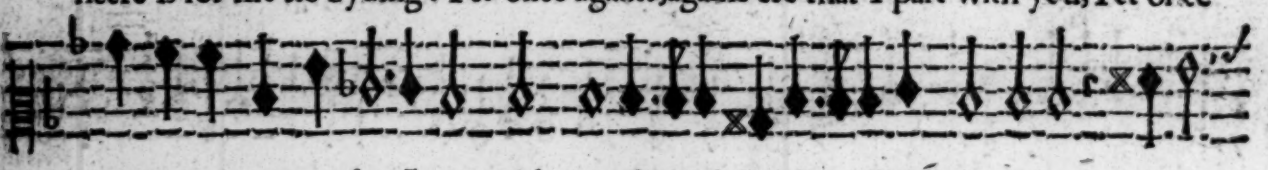
Adew, Adew ſweet A- marillis: Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew, Adew ſweet A-



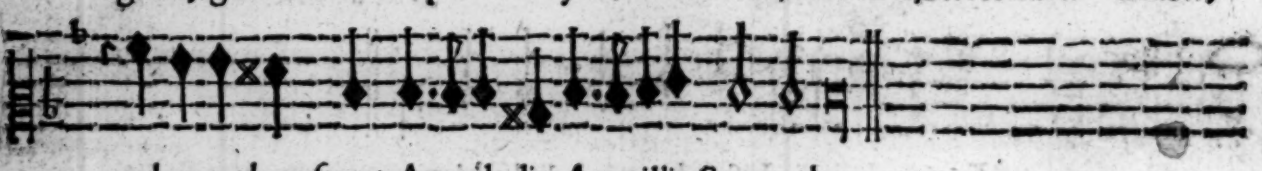
marillis: For ſince to part, to part your will is, O heauy tyding, Heere is for mee,



heere is for me no byding: Yet once againe, againe ere that I part with you, Yet once



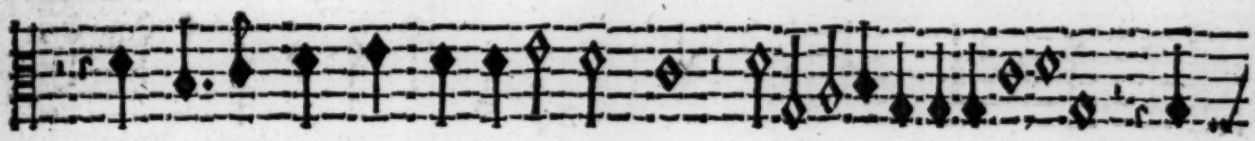
againe, againe ere that I part with you, Amaril- lis, Amarillis, Sweet adew. Adew,



adew, a- dew, ſweet Amaril- lis, Amarillis, Sweet adew.

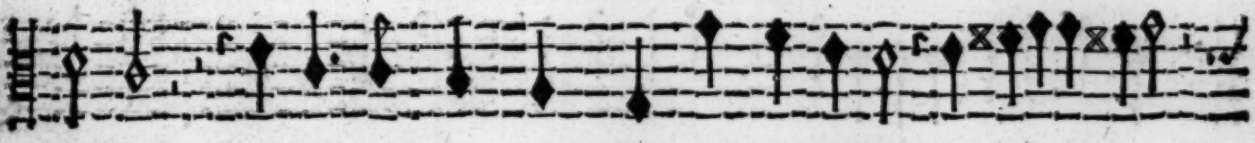
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. parts.

DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhee denies thee grace. :||:

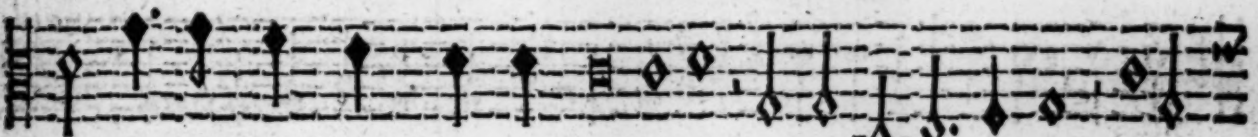


Dye hapleſſe man, Since ſhe denies thee grace, :||: Dye

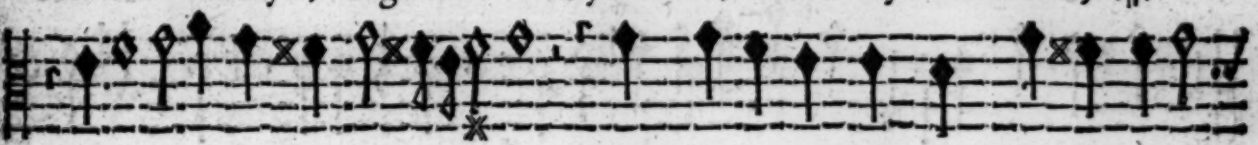
& diſpaier, ſith ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Dye & diſpaire, ſith ſhe doth ſcorn to



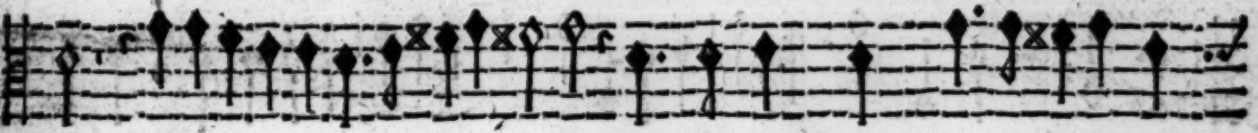
loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, :||:



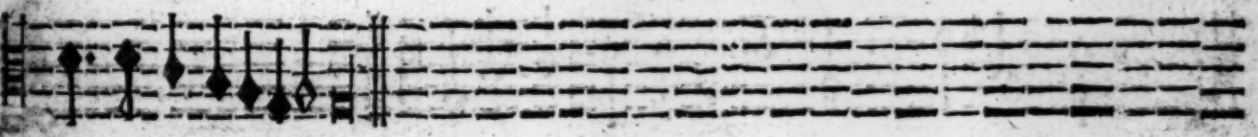
Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, Sith for my duteous loue, :||:



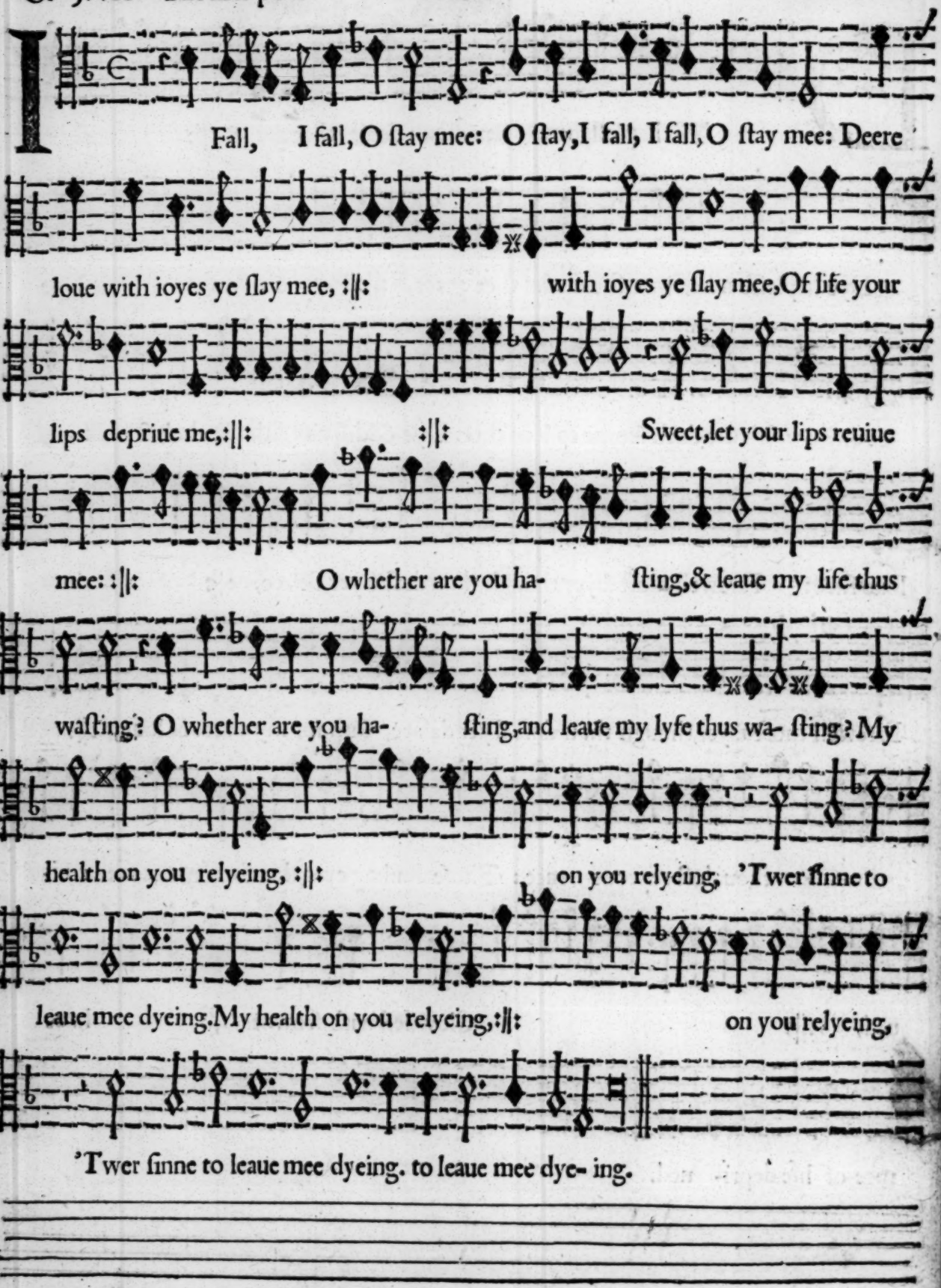
thou doſt reproue mee: Thoſe ſmiling eyes, that ſometymes mee reui-



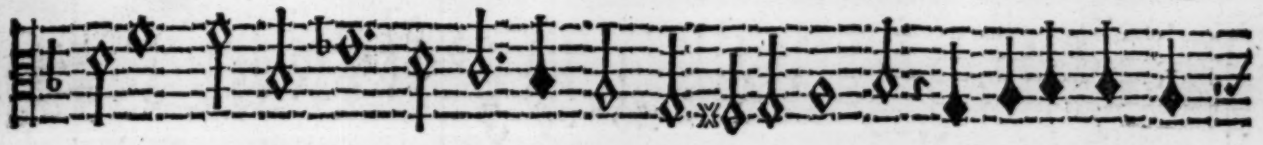
ued, :||: Clowded with frownes, :||: haue



mee of life depri- ued.

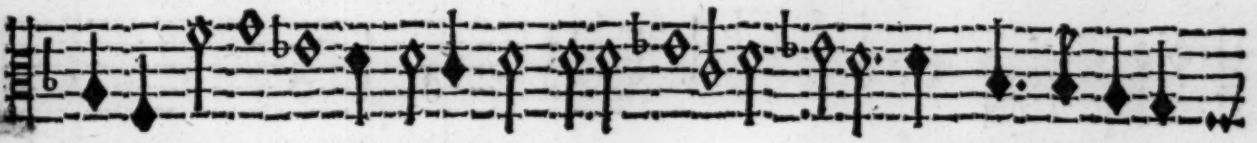

I Fall, I fall, O ſtay mee: O ſtay, I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee: Deere
loue with ioyes ye ſlay mee, :||: with ioyes ye ſlay mee, Of life your
lips depriue me, :||: :||: Sweet, let your lips reuiue
mee: :||: O whether are you ha- ſting, & leaue my life thus
waſting? O whether are you ha- ſting, and leaue my lyfe thus wa- ſting? My
health on you relyeing, :||: on you relyeing, 'Twer ſinne to
leaue mee dyeing. My health on you relyeing, :||: on you relyeing,
'Twer ſinne to leaue mee dyeing. to leaue mee dye- ing.

AND though my loue abounding, Did make mee fall a ſounding,



a ſounding, Did make mee fall, did make mee fall a ſounding, Yet am I well con-

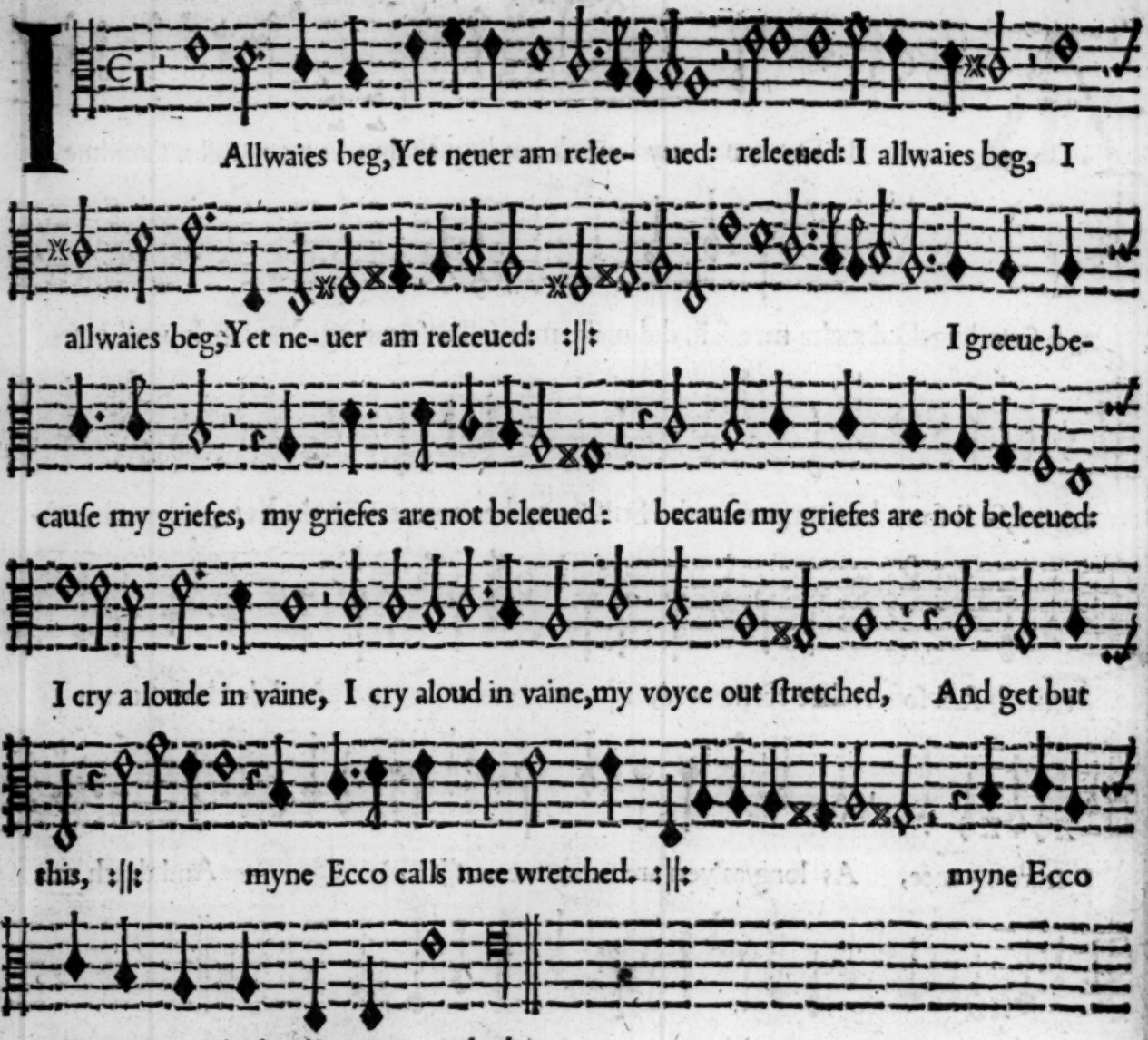
tented, Still ſo to bee tormen- ted: Still ſo to bee tormen- ted: Yet am I well con-

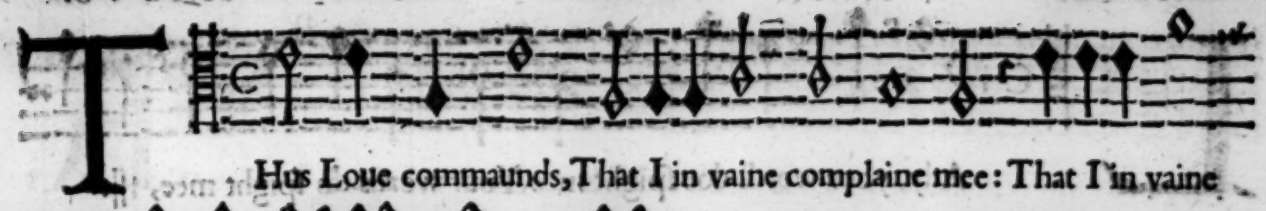


tented, ſtill ſo to bee tormented, :‖: And death can neuer

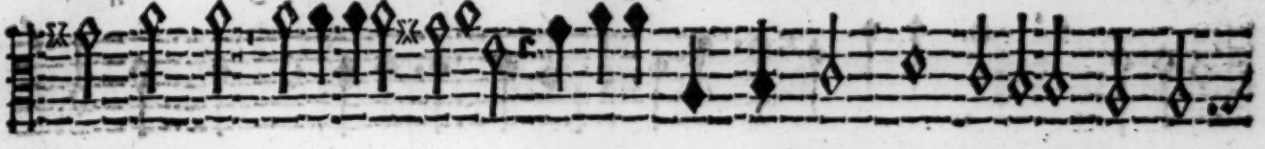
feare mee, As long as you are neare mee. :‖: And death can

neuer feare mee, :‖: As long as you are neare mee.


I Allwaies beg, Yet neuer am relee- ued: releeued: I allwaies beg, I
allwaies beg, Yet ne- uer am releeued: :||: I greeue, be-
cauſe my griefes, my griefes are not beleeued: becauſe my griefes are not beleeued:
I cry a loude in vaine, I cry aloud in vaine, my voyce out ſtretched, And get but
this, :||: myne Ecco calls mee wretched. :||: myne Ecco
calls mee wretched. calls mee wretched.



THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in vaine

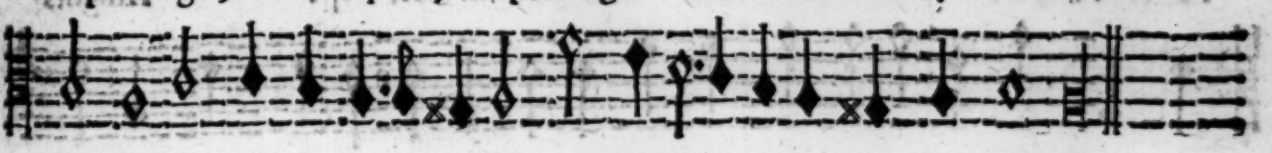


complaine mee: :||: That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in vaine com-

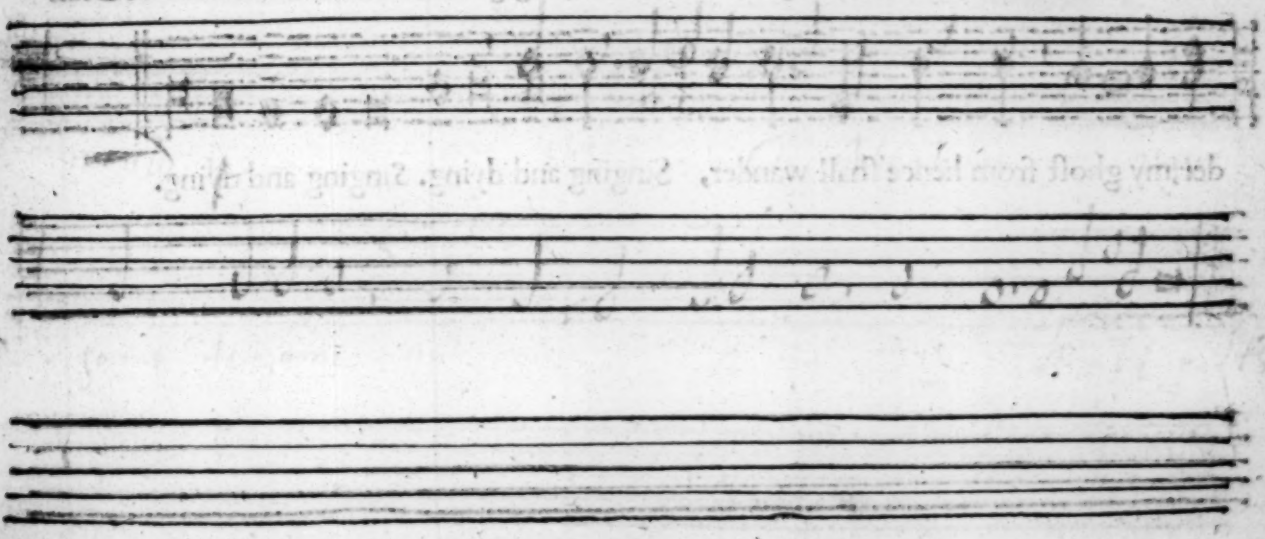
plaine mee: And ſorrow will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: :||:

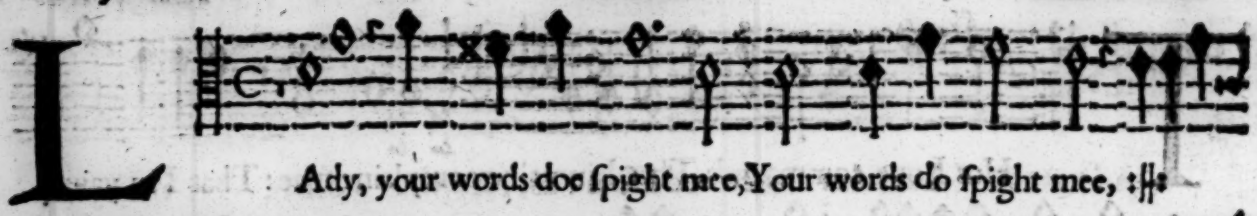
That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee, :||: Yet did I hope, Which hope my

life prolong'd, Which hope my life prolong- ed, To heare hir ſay Alas his Loue was



wronged. To heare hir ſay A- las, To heare hir ſay Alas his Loue was wronged.





LAdy, your words doe ſpight mee, Your words do ſpight mee, :||:

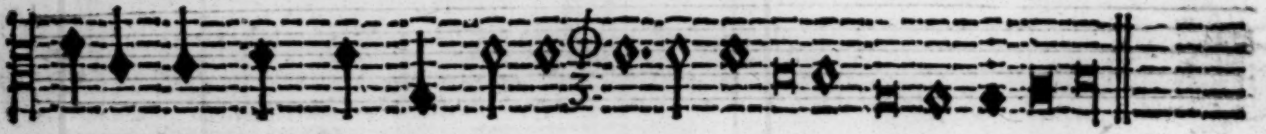
Yet your ſweet lips, ſo ſoft, kiſſe & delight mee: Kiſſe & delight mee: Your deeds

my hart ſurchargd with ouer- ioy- ing, Your deeds my hart ſurchargd with

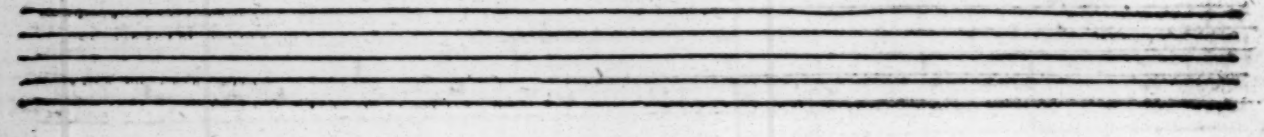
ouerioying, Your taunts my life deſtroying; :||: Since both haue force to

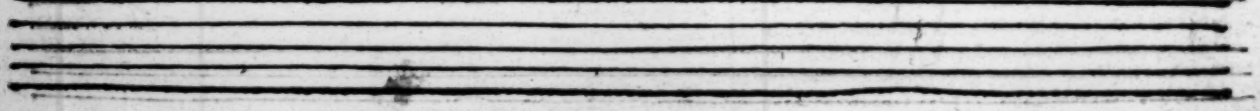
ſpill mee, :||: Let kiſſes ſweet, Sweet kill mee, :||: Knights

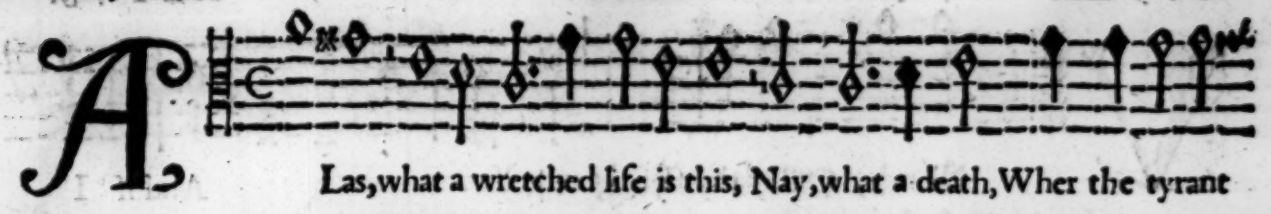
fight with ſwords and launces, Fight you with ſmiling glaunces: So like Swannes of Lean-



der, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander, Singing and dying. Singing and dying.

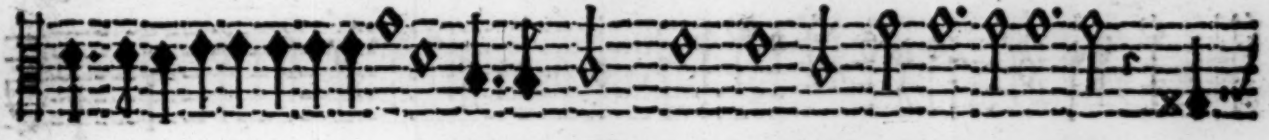






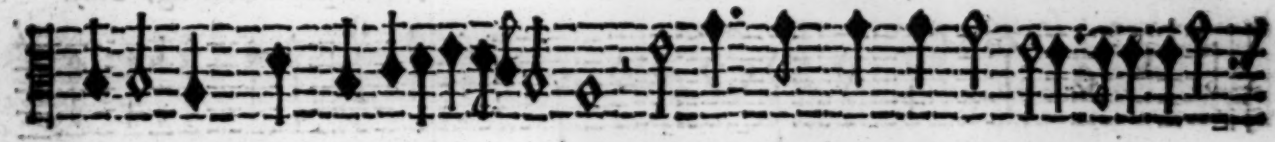
Las, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant

Loue commandeth, commandeth, My flouring daies are in their prime decly- ning, :||:

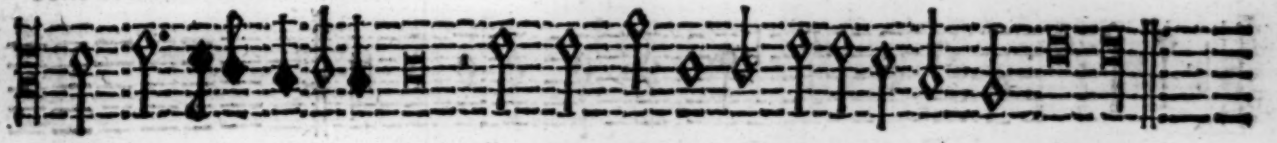


All my proud hope, quite falne, and life vntwining: My

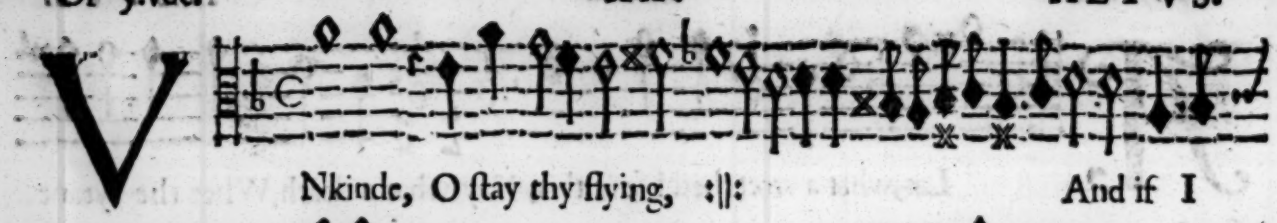
ioyes each after other, :||: In haſt are flyeing, And leaue mee dyeing,



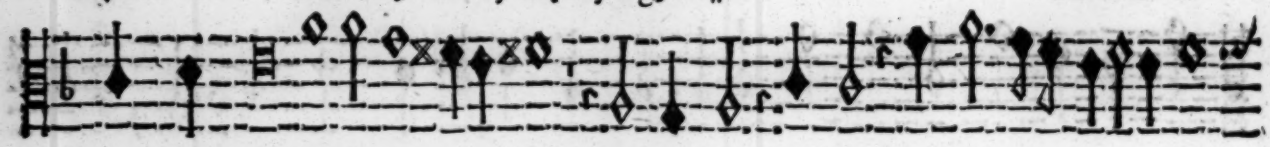
For hir that ſkorns my cry- ing: O ſhee from hence departs, :||:



My Loue re- fray- ning, For whom all hartleſſe, A-las, I dye complayning.

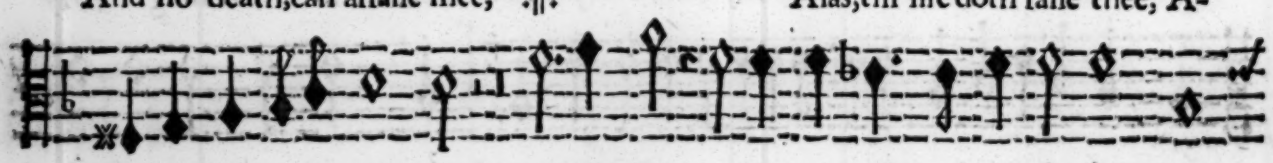


VNkinde, O ſtay thy flying, :||: And if I

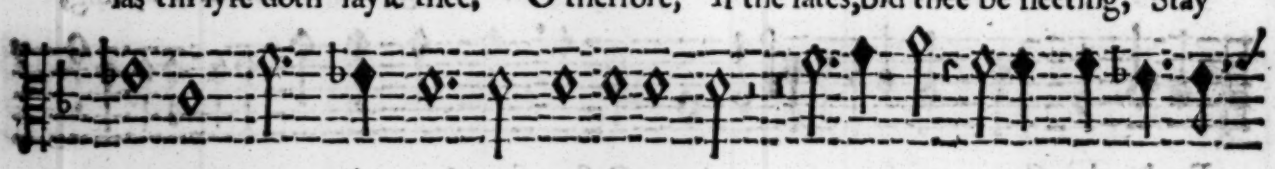


needs muſt dye, pitty mee dy- ing: But in thee, my hart, my hart is ly- ing,

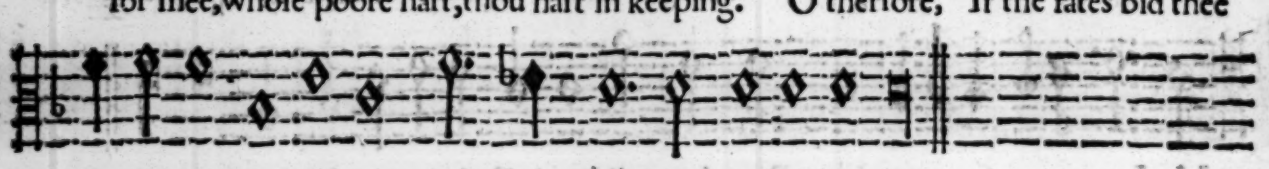
And no death, can aſſaile mee, :||: Alas, till life doth faile thee, A-



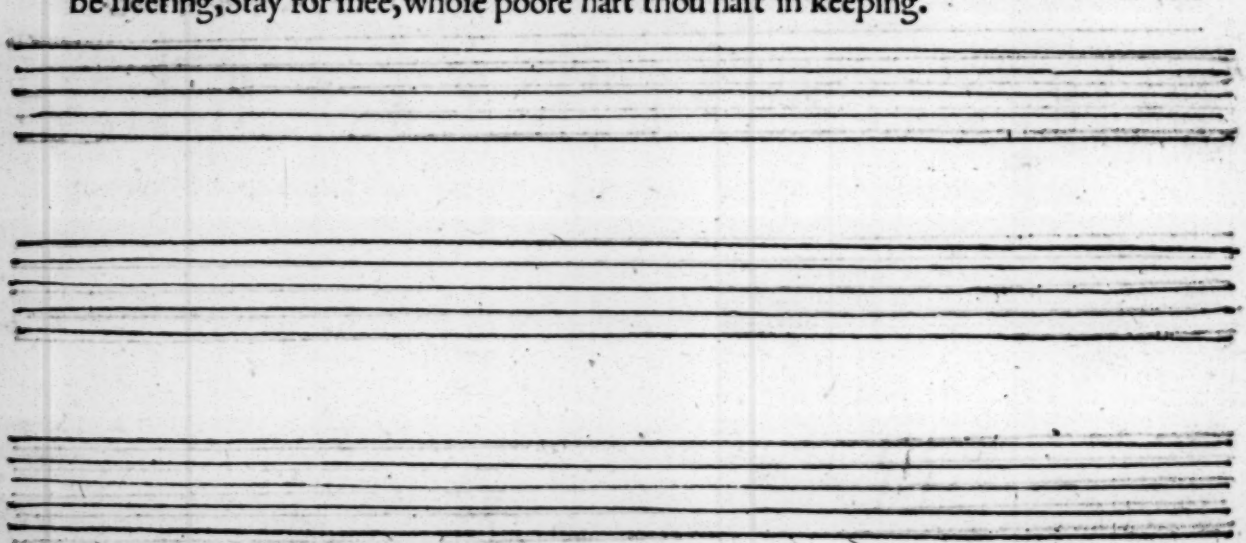
las till lyfe doth fayle thee; O therfore, If the fates, bid thee be fleeting, Stay

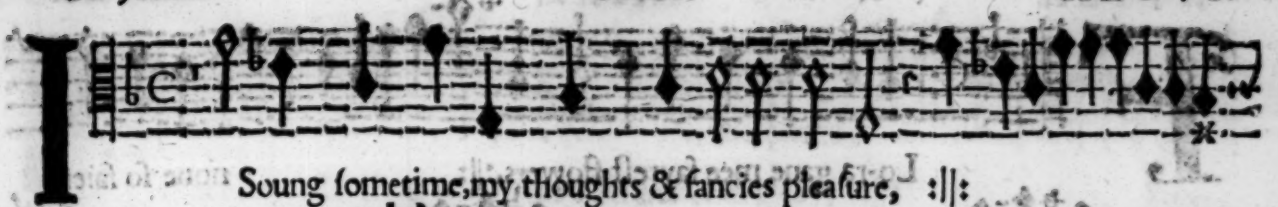


for mee, whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O therfore, If the fates bid thee

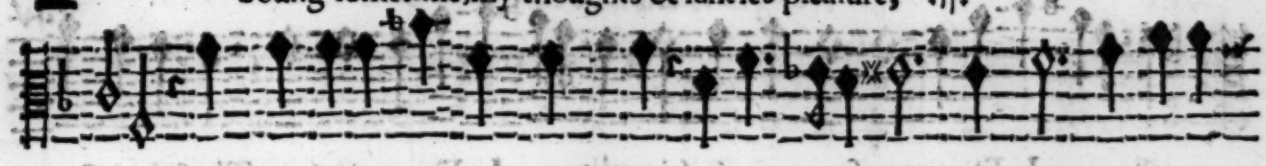


be fleeting, Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart thou haſt in keeping.

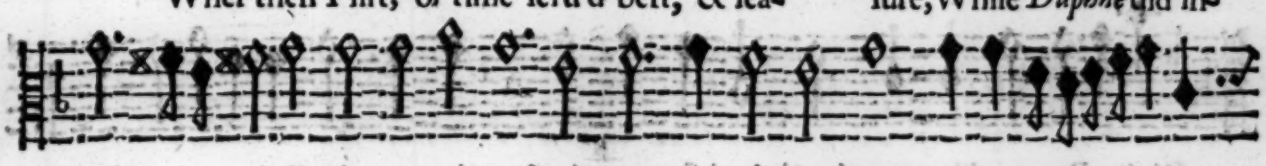




I Soung sometime, my thoughts & fancies pleasure, :||:

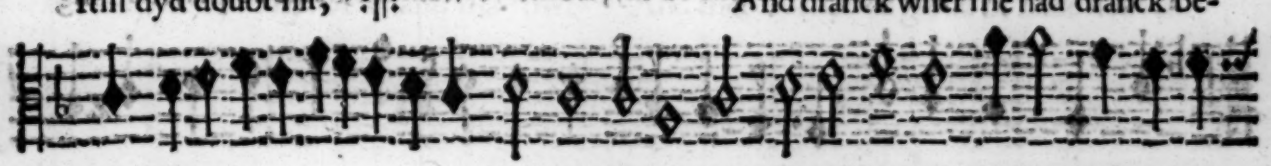


Wher then I list, or time seru'd best, & lea- sure, While *Daphne* did in-

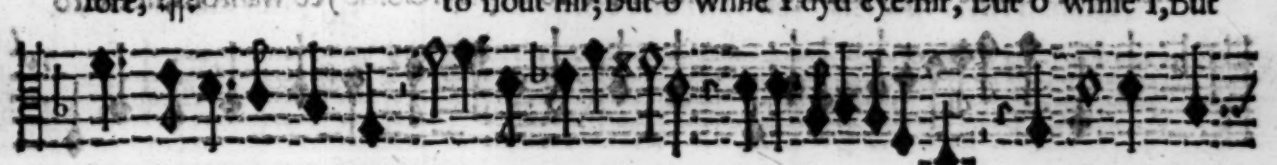


vite mee, To supper once, & dranck to mee to spight mee. I smild: Yet

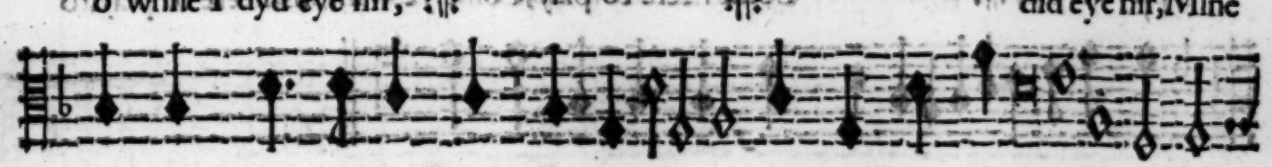
still dyd doubt hir, :||: And dranck wher she had dranck be-



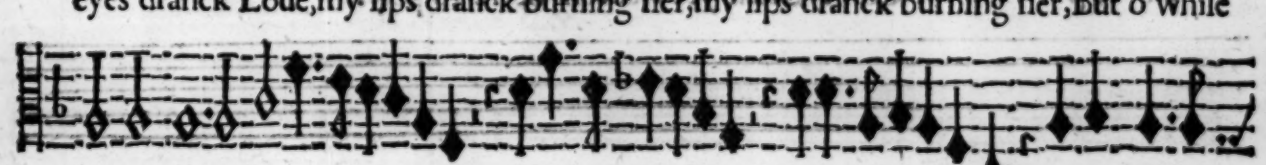
fore, :||: to flout hir; But ô while I dyd eye hir, But ô while I, But



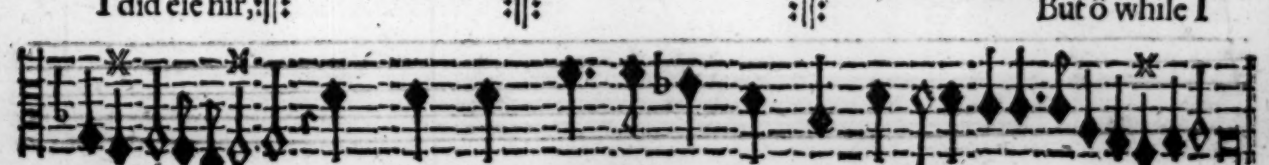
ô while I dyd eye hir, :||: :||: did eye hir, Mine



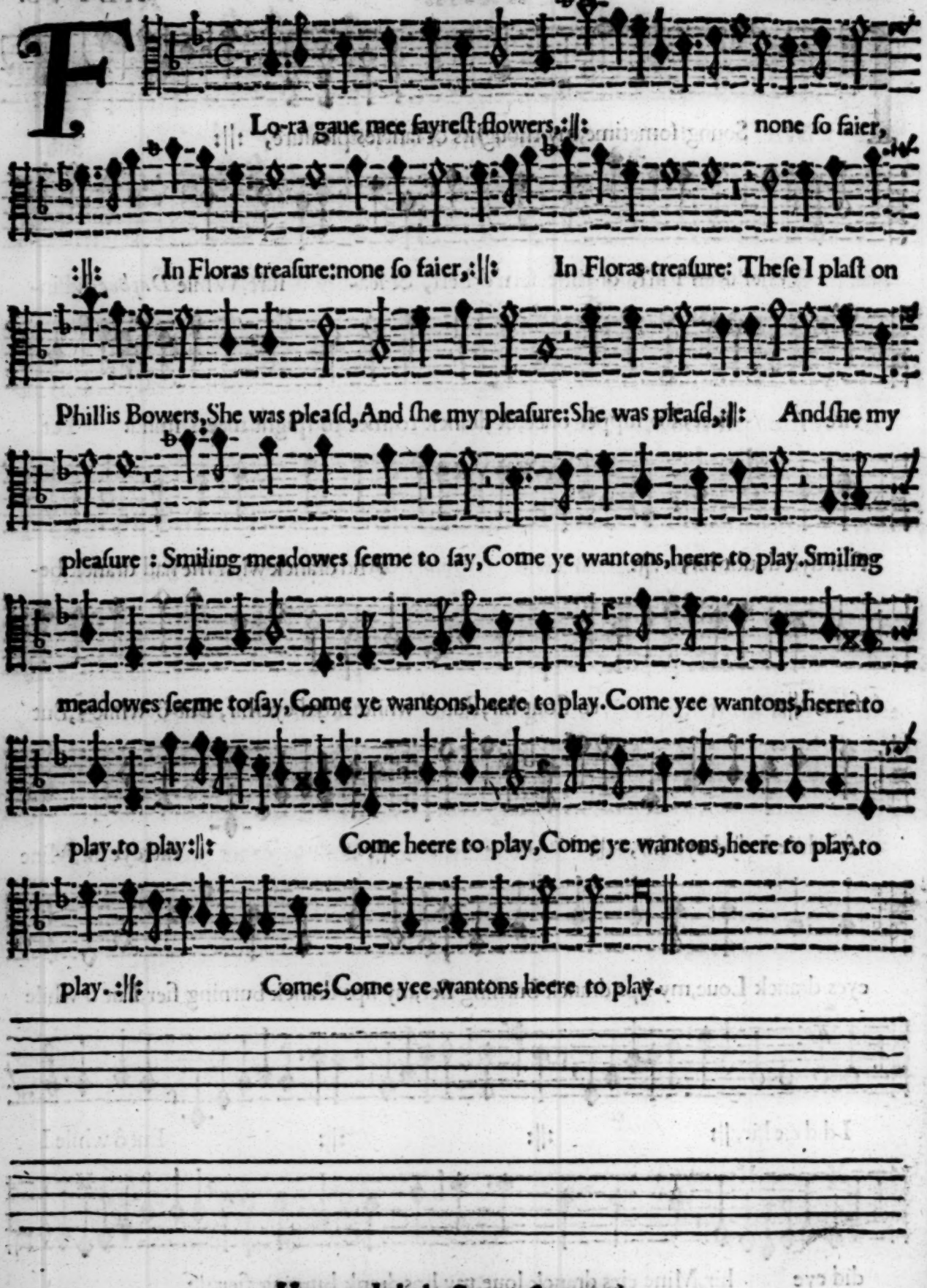
eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fier, my lips dranck burning fier, But ô while



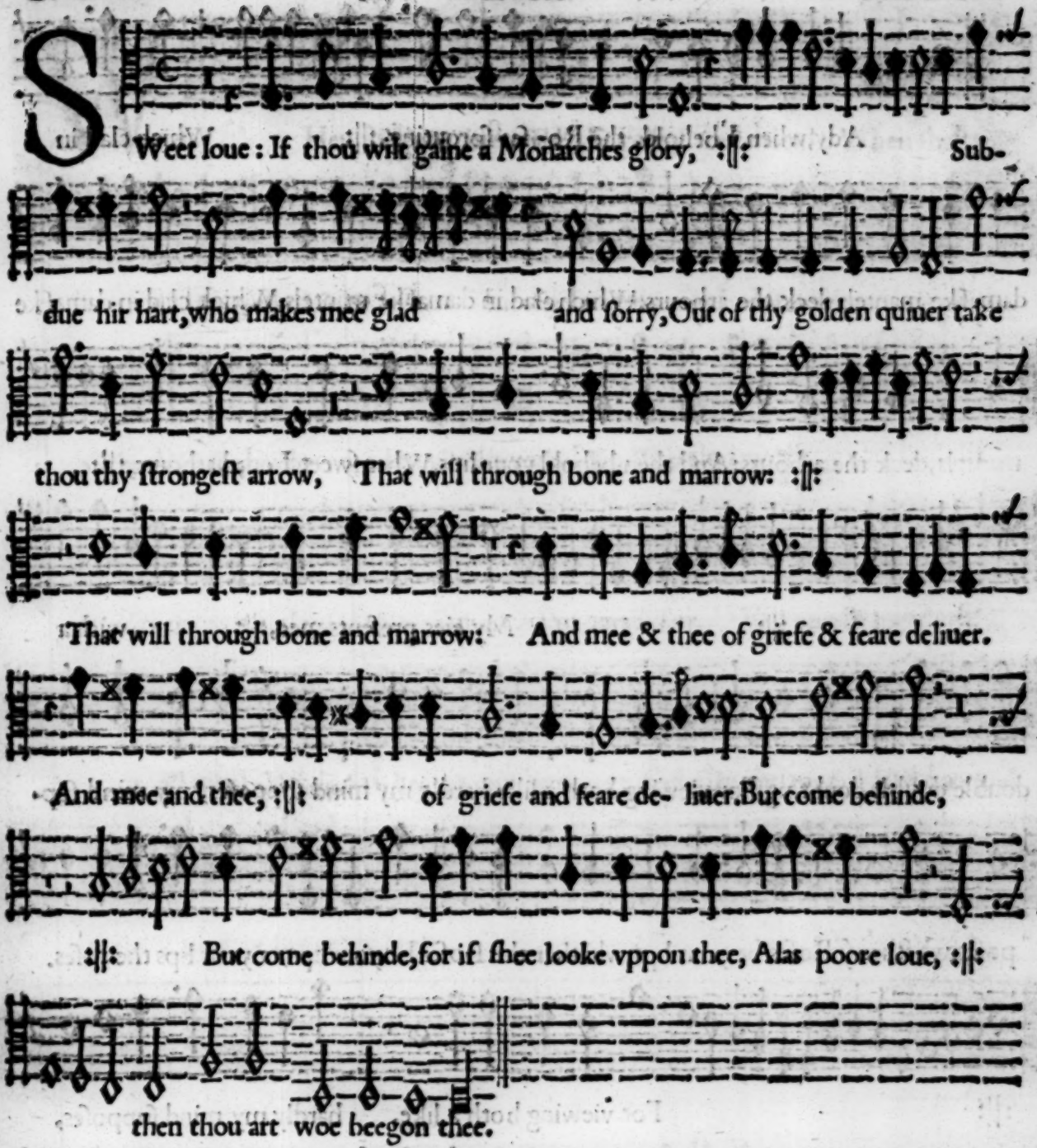
I did eie hir, :||: :||: :||: But ô while I



did eye hir, Mine eies dranck loue, my lips drank burning fier. :||:



Heere endeth the Songs of 5. parts.

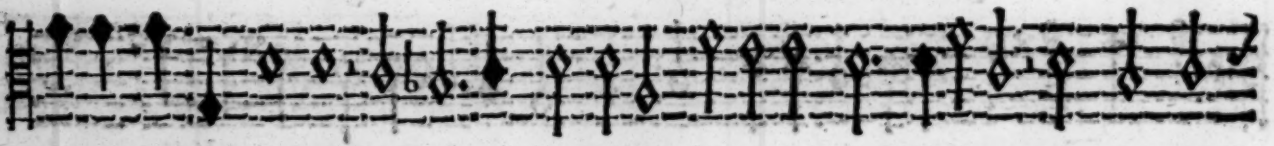

Sweet loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, :||: Sub-
due hir hart, who makes mee glad and sorry, Out of thy golden quiuer take
thou thy strongest arrow, That will through bone and marrow: :||:
That will through bone and marrow: And mee & thee of griefe & feare deliuer.
And mee and thee, :||: of griefe and feare de- liuer. But come behinde,
:||: But come behinde, for if shee looke vppon thee, Alas poore loue, :||:
then thou art woe beegon thee.

LAdy, when I behold, the Ro- ſes ſprouting, :||: Which clad in

damaſke mantels deck the arbours: Which clad in damaſke mantels, Which clad in damaſke

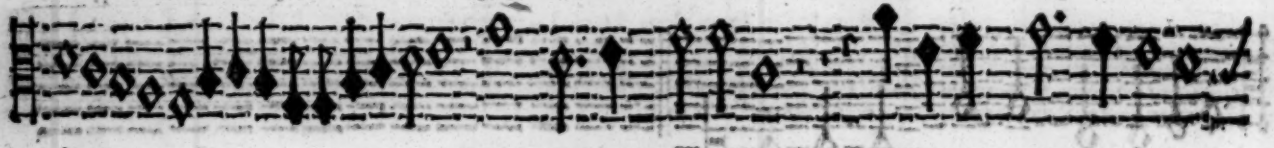
mantels, deck the arbours: And then behold your lips, Wher ſweet Loue harbours, :||:

:||: My eies preſents mee, :||: with a



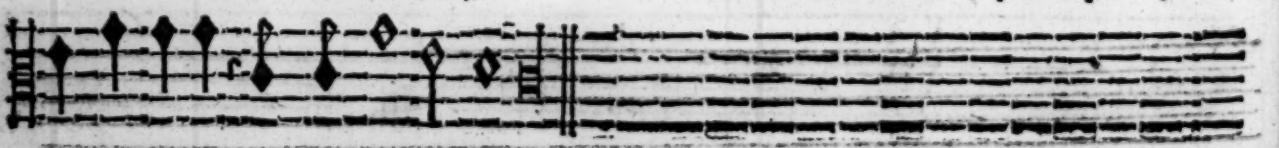
double double doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, my mind ſup-

poſes, whether ỹ Roſes be your lips, whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the roſes.

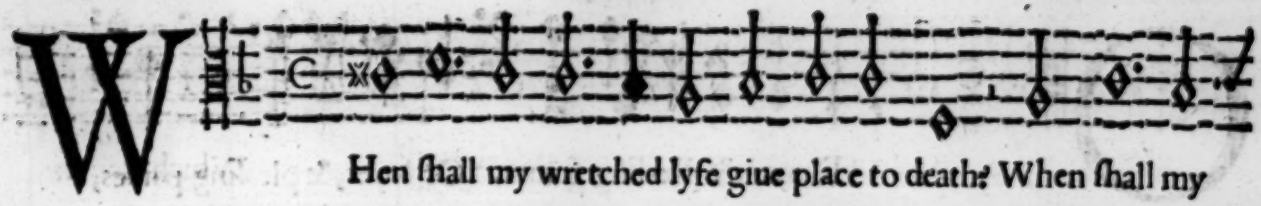


:||: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes,

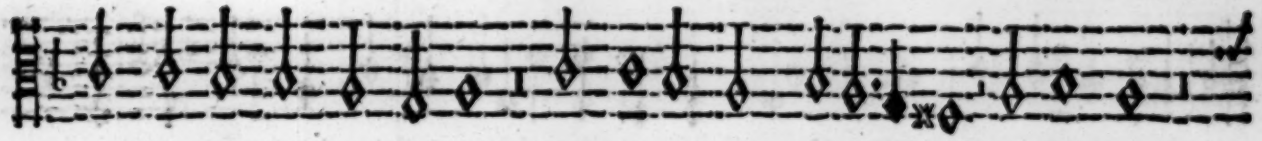
whether the Roſes be your lips, :||: whether the Roſes be your lips, or your



lips the Roſes. or your lips the Roſes.



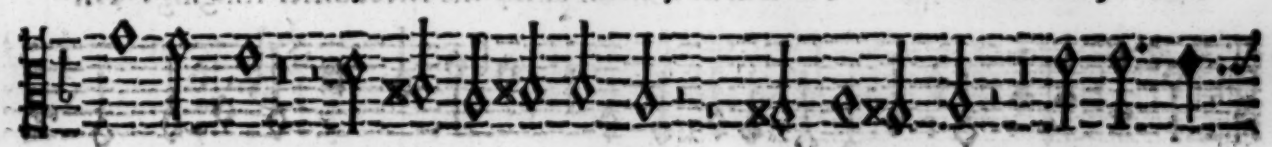
When ſhall my wretched lyfe giue place to death? When ſhall my



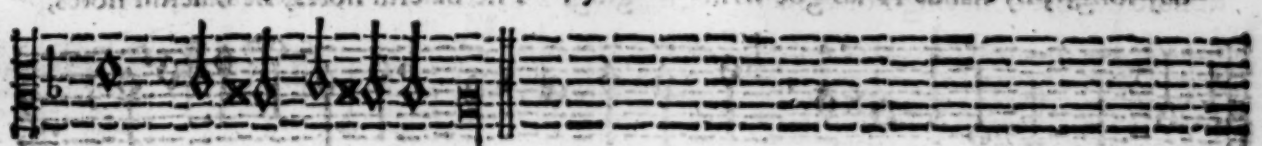
wretched lyfe giue place to death? That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:

Come ſadeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine, Then let not care be-

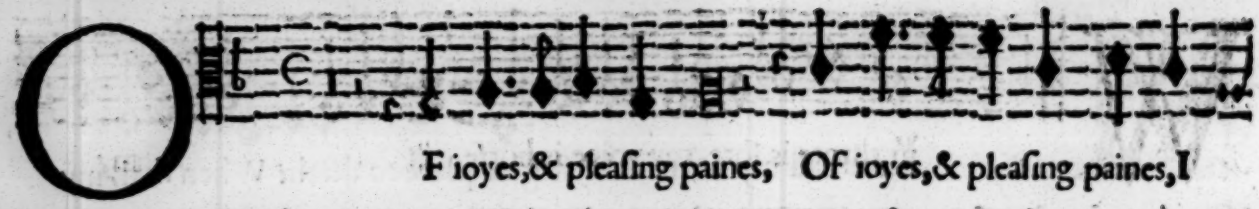
reaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill care & mee, Kill



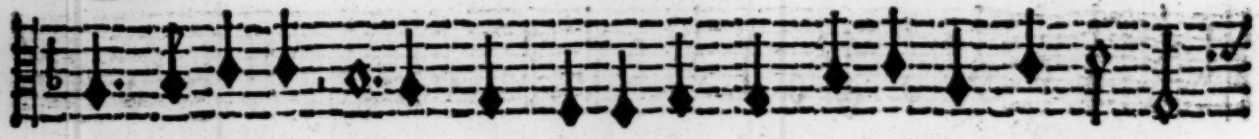
care and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care and mee, Kill care and



mee, While care lies at my hart.

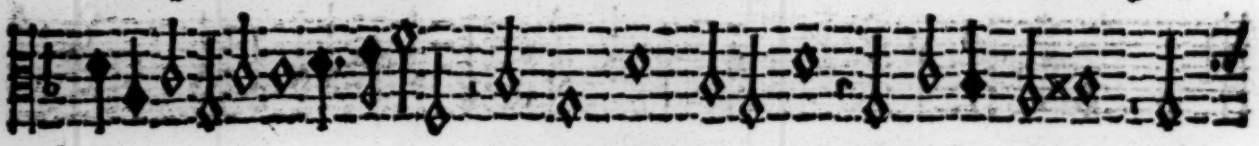


O F ioyes,& pleasing paines, Of ioyes,& pleasing paines, I



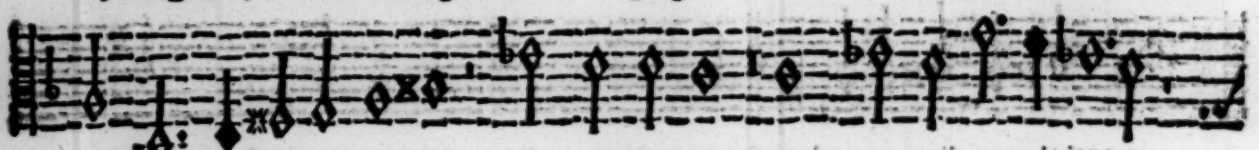
late went singing, O ioyes with paines,ô ioyes with paines,ô paines with ioyes con-

senting,And little thought as then,And little thought as then of now repenting: :||:



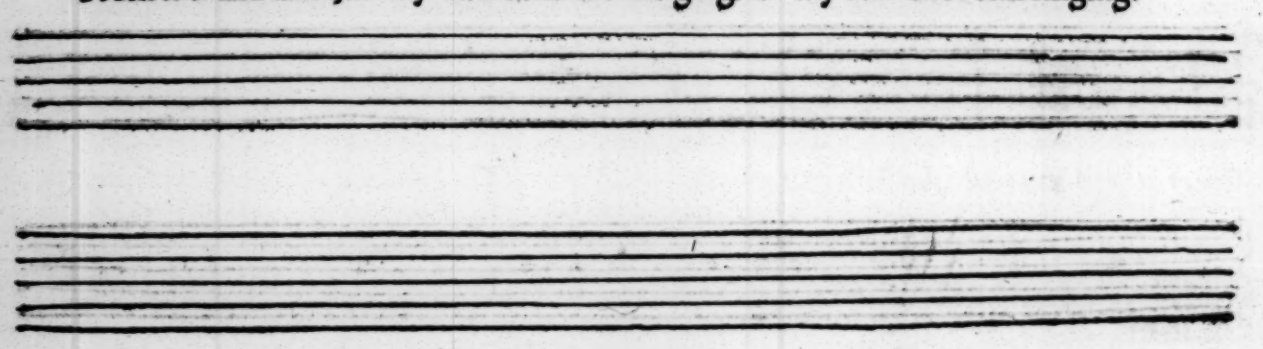
But now,think of my thē sweet bitter stinging: All

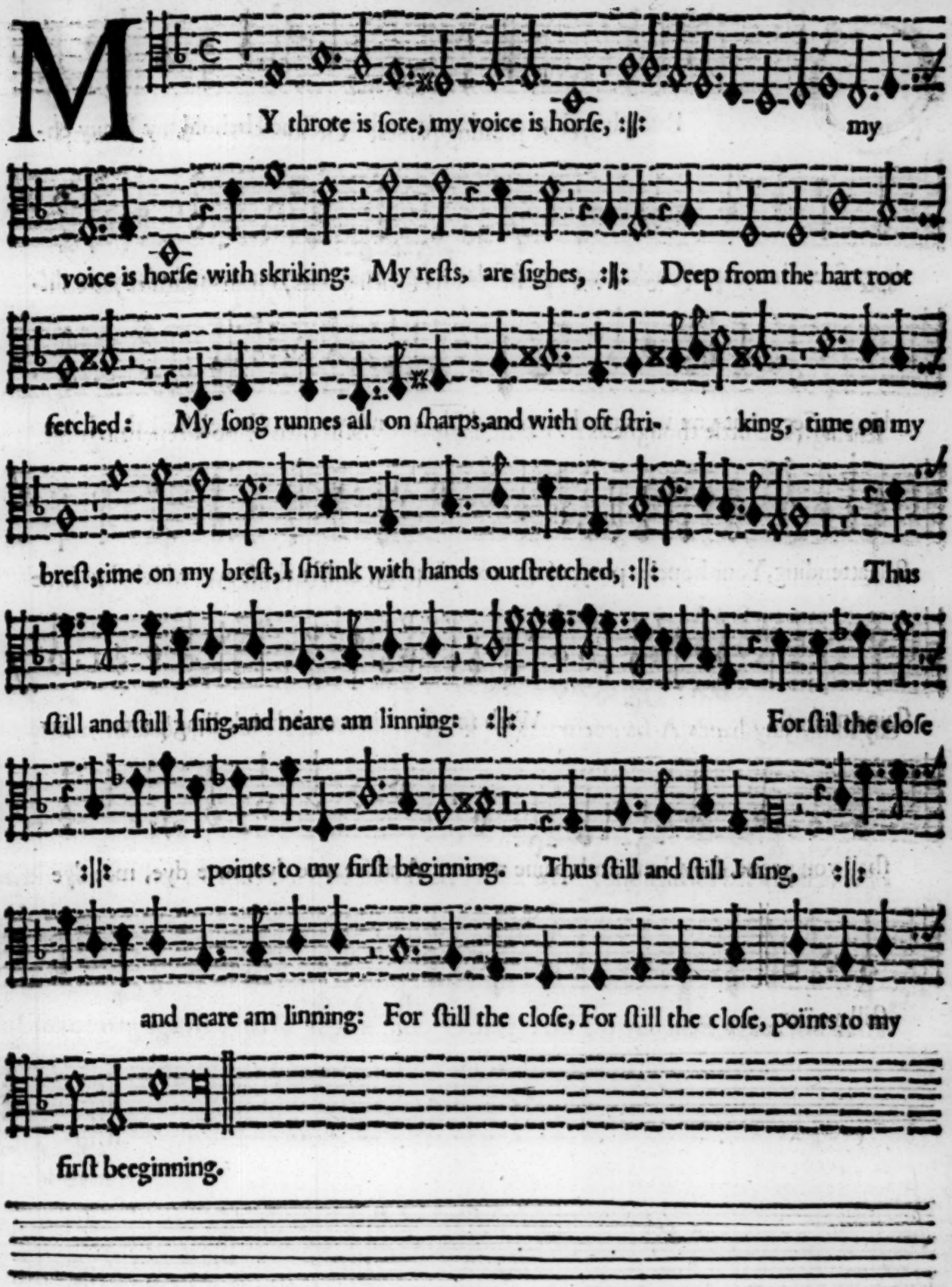
day long,I,my hands A-las goe wrin- ging, The baleful notes,the balefull notes,

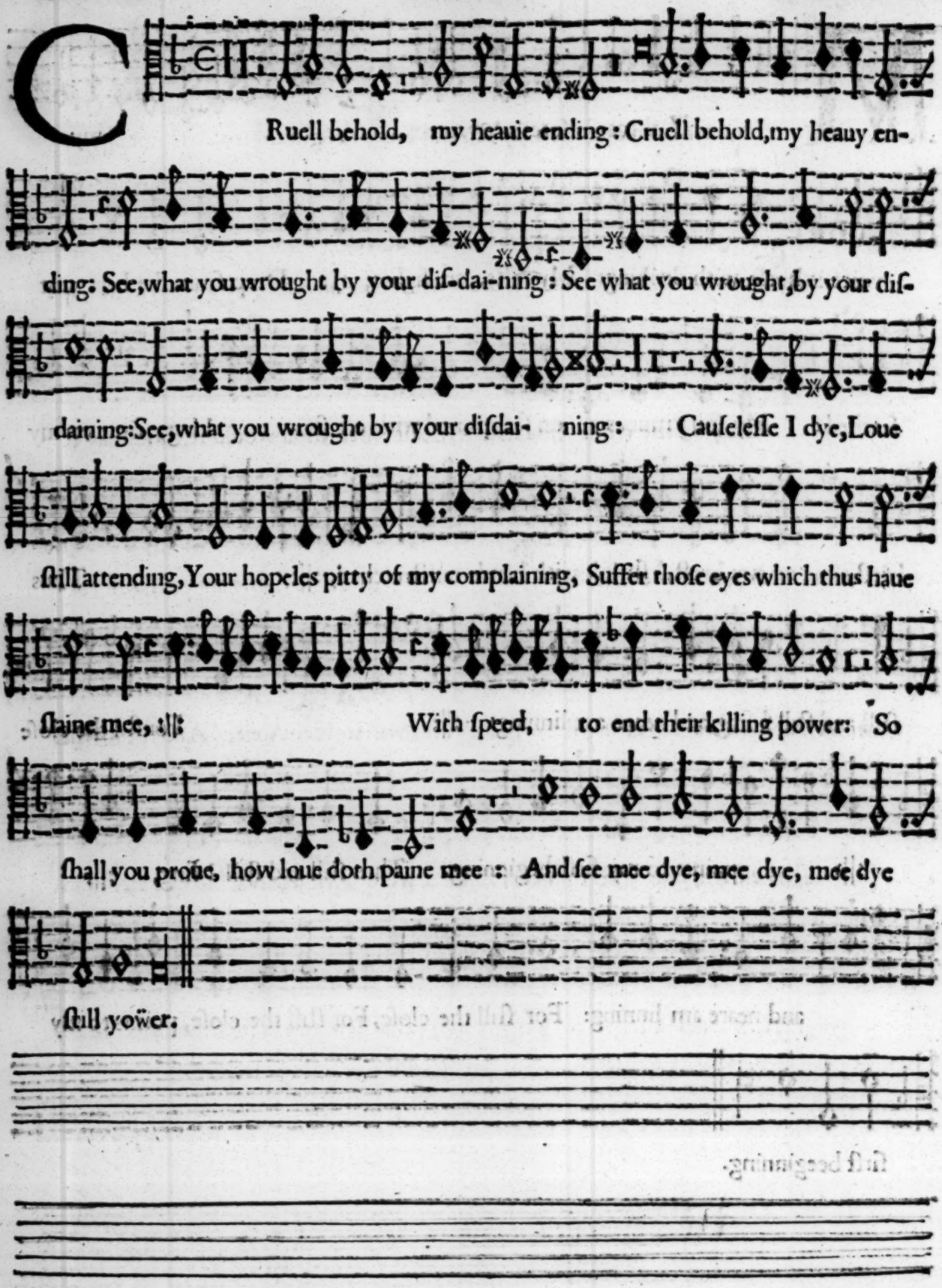


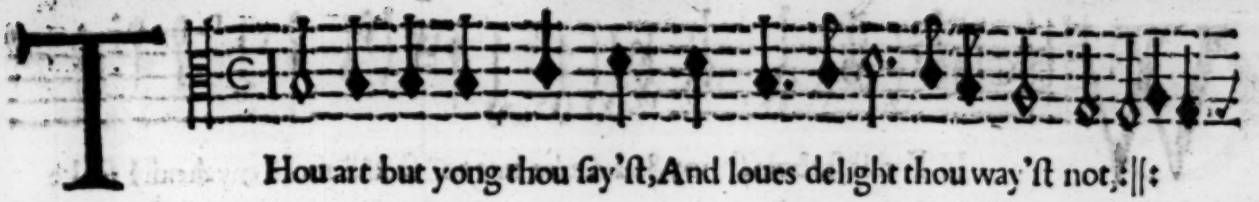
of which my sad tormenting, Are,ruth,& mone,frights,sobs,& loud lamenting,

From hils and dales,in my dull eares still ringing, in my dull eares still ringing.




MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe, :||: my
voice is horſe with skriking: My reſts, are ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root
fetched: My ſong runnes all on ſharps, and with oft ſtri- king, time on my
breſt, time on my breſt, I ſhrink with hands outſtretched, :||: Thus
ſtill and ſtill I ſing, and neare am linning: :||: For ſtil the cloſe
:||: points to my firſt beginning. Thus ſtill and ſtill I ſing, :||:
and neare am linning: For ſtill the cloſe, For ſtill the cloſe, points to my
firſt beeginning.


Cruell behold, my heauie ending: Cruell behold, my heauy ending: See, what you wrought by your dis-dai-ning: See what you wrought, by your disdaining: See, what you wrought by your disdai- ning: Causeleſſe I dye, Loue
ſtill attending, Your hopeles pitty of my complaining, Suffer thoſe eyes which thus haue
ſlaine mee, :|| With ſpeed, to end their killing power: So
ſhall you proue, how loue doth paine mee: And ſee mee dye, mee dye, mee dye
ſtill yower.

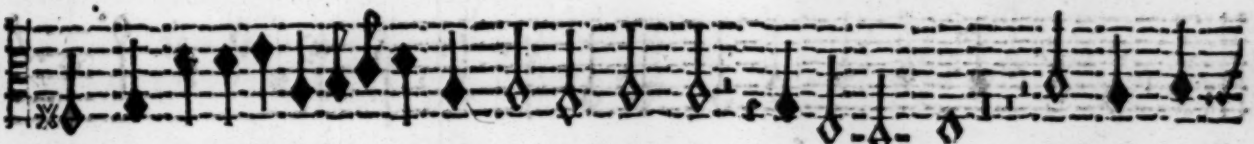


THou art but yong thou ſay'ſt, And loues delight thou way'ſt not, :||:

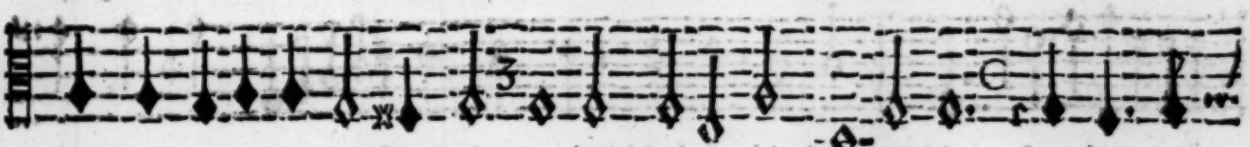
O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou may'ſt not, :||:

O take time while thou may'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou may'ſt

not, If Loue ſhall then aſſayle thee: :||: A duble duble anguiſh, will tor-

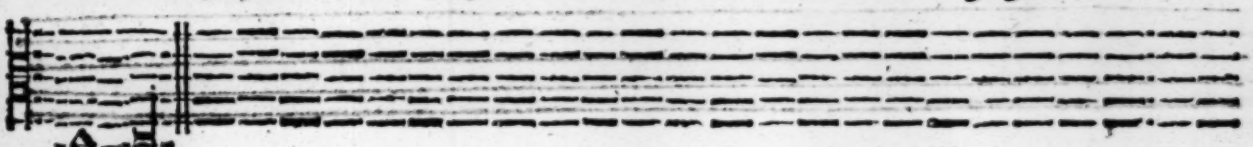


ment thee: A duble duble anguiſh will torment thee, will torment thee, And thou wilt

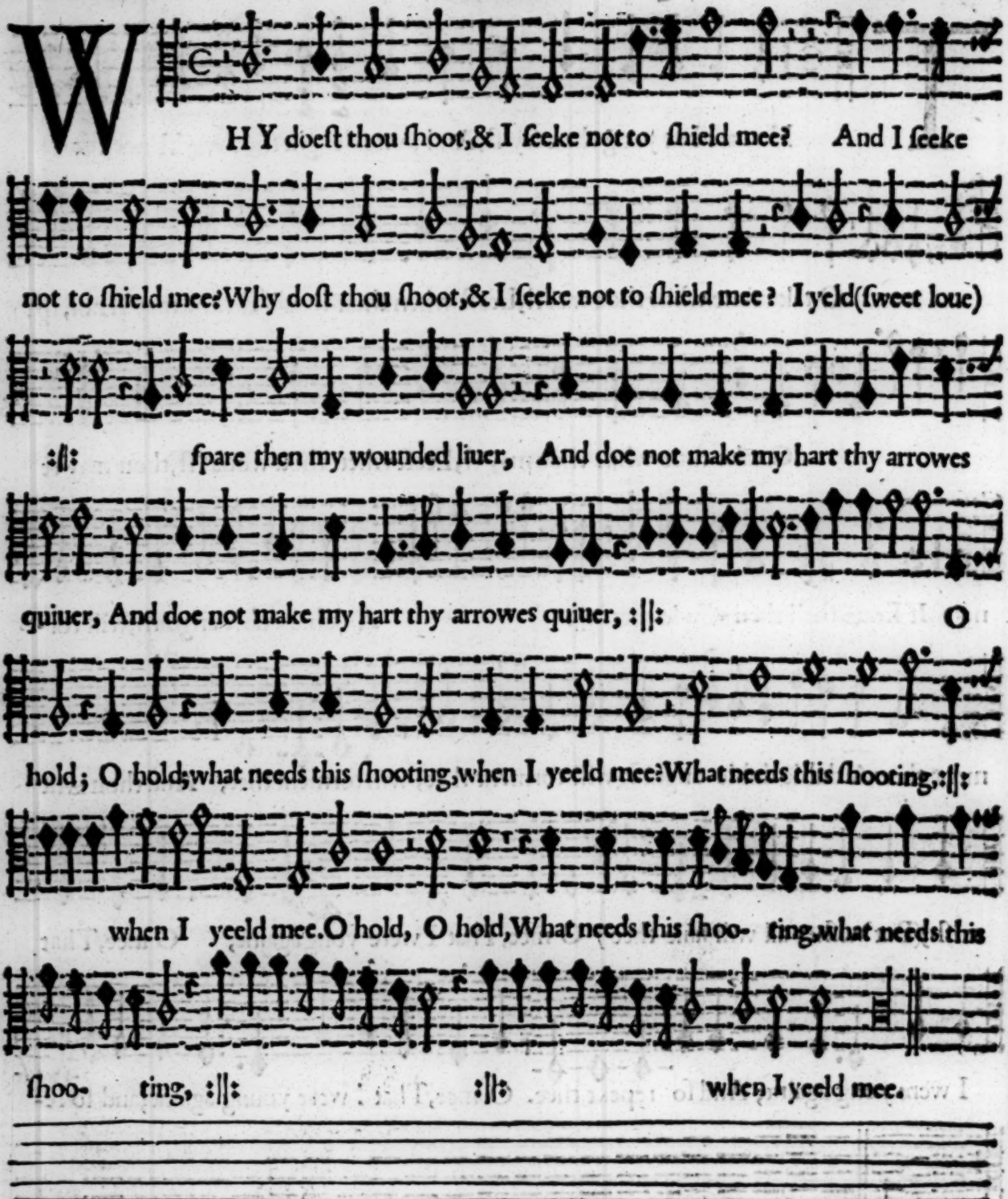


wiſh, (But wiſhes all will faile thee) O mee, That I were yong againe; O mee, That

I were yong againe; And ſo repent thee. O mee, That I were young againe; and ſo re-



pent thee.


WHY doeſt thou ſhoot,& I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? And I ſeeke
not to ſhield mee? Why doſt thou ſhoot,& I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? I yeld(ſweet loue)
:||: ſpare then my wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes
quiuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes quiuer, :||: O
hold; O hold;what needs this ſhooting,when I yeeld mee? What needs this ſhooting,:||:
when I yeeld mee. O hold, O hold, What needs this ſhoo- ting,what needs this
ſhoo- ting, :||: :||: when I yeeld mee.

FINIS.

TENOR.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

JOHN WILBYE

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

RIGHT VVorshipfull and renoumed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit some of my labours to the presse VVhich, (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perswades mee, (though they seeme not absolute) that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them against sharp tongues & vnfriendly censures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accomplishments to be such; as may iustly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it shall please you to Patronize. If perchance they shall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, and honour I owe to all other your most singuler vertues; and especially also for your excellent skill in Musicke, and your great loue and fauour of Musicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with protestation of all dutye, and seruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Augustinè Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your VVorships: euer most bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn VVilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away, thou shalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee restlesse thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4. voices.

WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The first part. VII.
O Fooles, can you not see a traffick neerer. The second part. VIII.
Alas what hope of speeding. IX.
Lady when I beehold the Roses sprouting. X.
Thus saith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew, sweet Amarillis. XII.

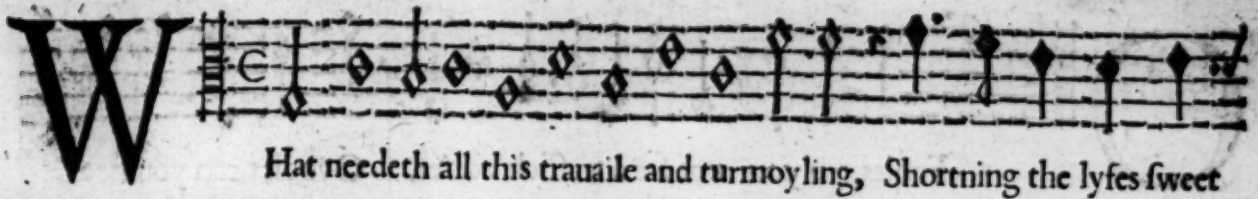
Songs to 5. voices.

DYE hapleſſe man, Since shee denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O stay mee. The first part. XIIII.
And though my loue abounding. The second part. XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The first part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The second part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe spight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O stay thy flying. XX.
I Soung sometimes my thoughts and fancies pleasure. XXI.
Flora gaue mee fairest flowers. XXII.

Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady, when I beehold the Roses sprouting. XXIIII.
When shall my wretched life, giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleasing paines, I late went singing. The first part. XXVI.
My throte is sore, my voice is horse with skriking. The second part. XXVII.
Cruell, behold my heauie ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but young thou sayst. XXIX.
Why doest thou shoot, And I seeke not to shield mee. XXX.

FINIS.

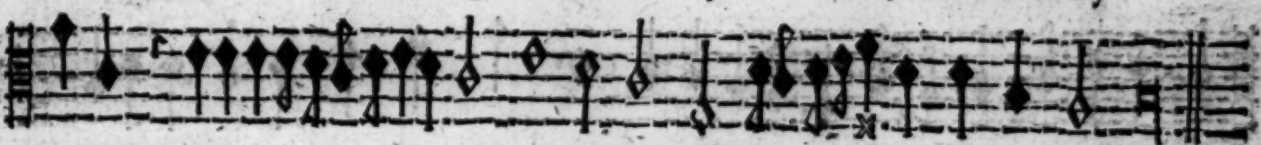


WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoyling, Shortning the lyfes ſweet

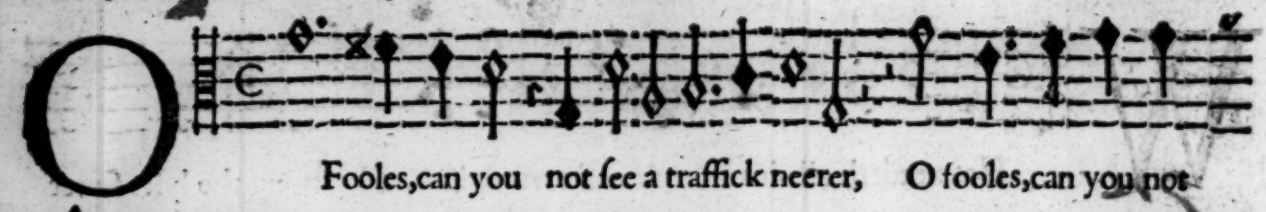
pleaſure, Shortning the lyfes ſweet pleaſure, :||: To ſeeke this

far fetcht treaſure, this far fetcht treaſure, To ſeeke this far fetcht treaſure, In thoſe hot

clymats, Vnder Phœbus broyling? In thoſe hot cly- mats, In thoſe hot cly-

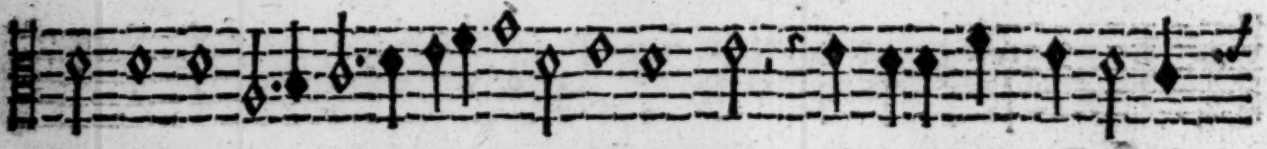


mats, :||: In thoſe hot clymats, Vn- der Phœbus broyling.



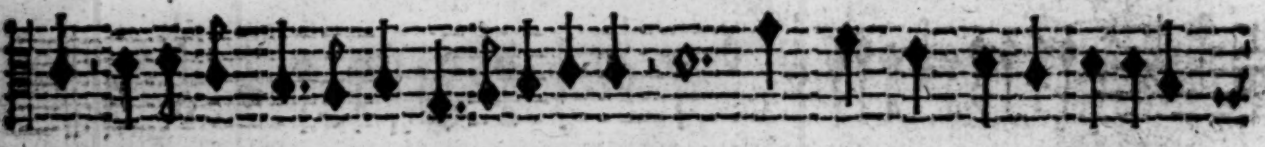
O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer, O fooles, can you not

ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet ladies face, In my ſweet ladies face, Wher Nature

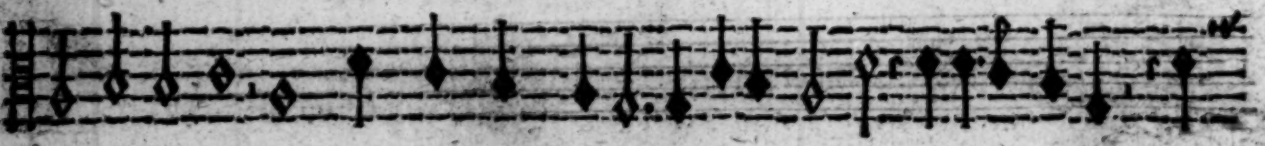


ſhoweth, what euer treaſure eye ſees, or hart knoweth? Rubies & Diamonds dainty,

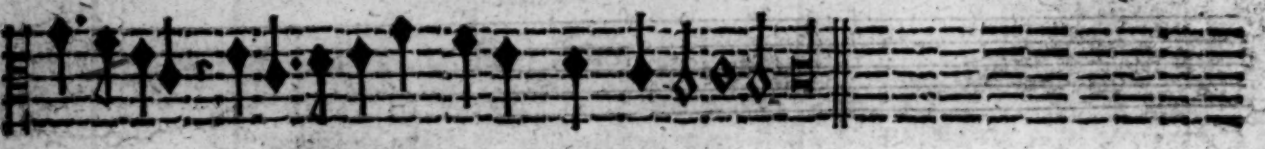
:‖: And orient Perles ſuch plentie, Corral & Ambergris, ſweeter and dee-



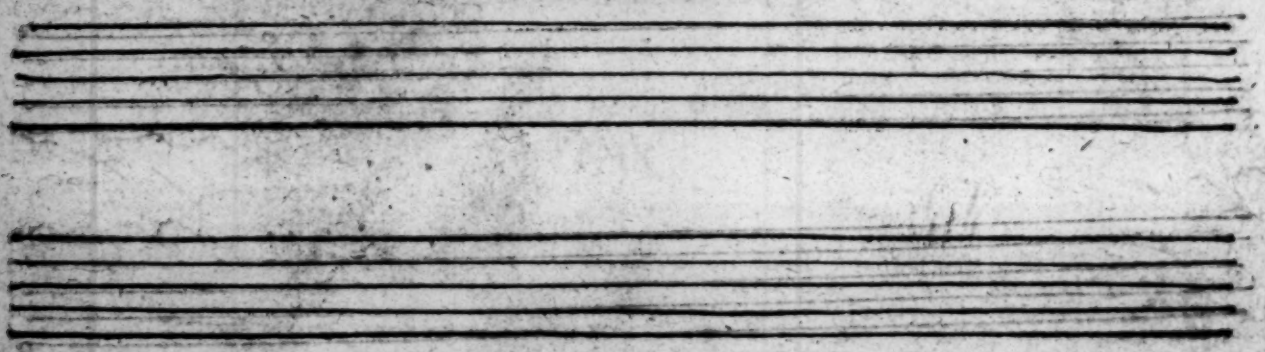
rer, Corrall and Ambergris, ſweeter & deerer, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas

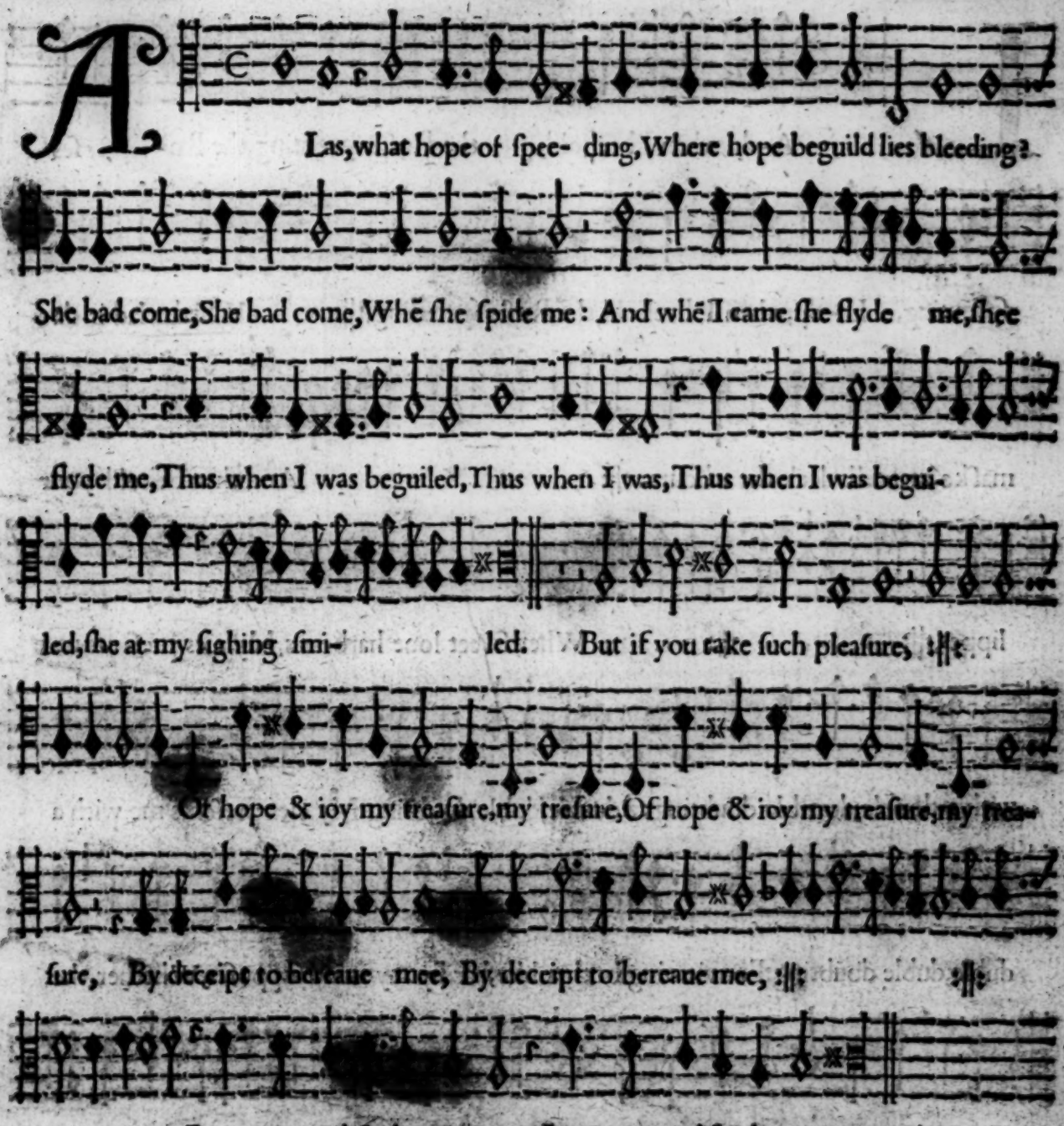


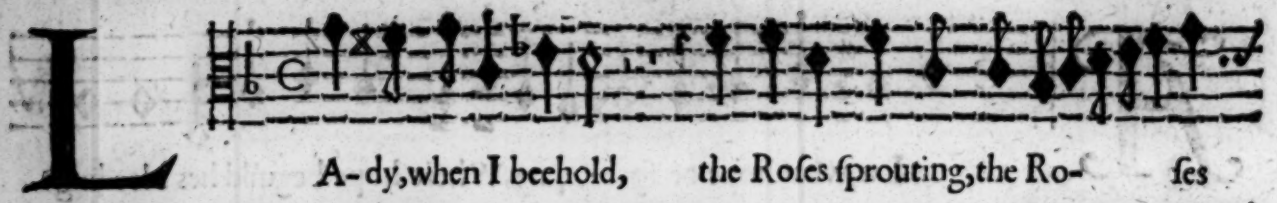
lend vs, lend vs, Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, or either Indies, :‖:



or either Indies, Eaſt or Weſt, doe ſend vs.




Alas, what hope of spee- ding, Where hope beguild lies bleeding?
She bad come, She bad come, Whē she spide me: And whē I came she flyde me, shee
flyde me, Thus when I was beguiled, Thus when I was, Thus when I was begui-
led, she at my sighing smi- led. But if you take such pleasure,
Of hope & ioy my treasure, my treasure, Of hope & ioy my treasure, my trea-
sure, By deceipt to bereaue mee, By deceipt to bereaue mee,
Loue mee and so deceiue mee. Loue mee and so deceiue mee.



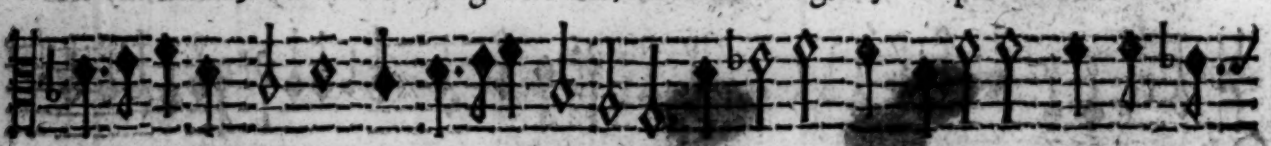
LA-dy, when I beehold, the Roſes ſprouting, the Ro- ſes

ſprouting, La-dy, when I beehold, the Roſes ſprouting, :||: Which clad in da-

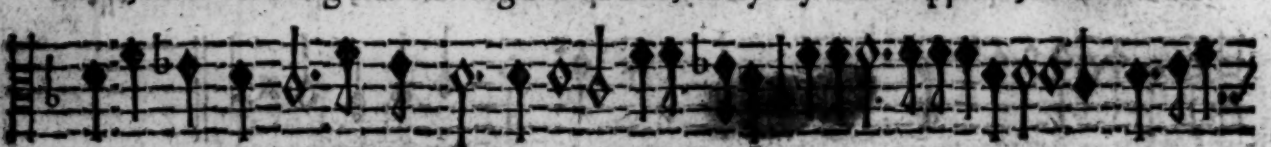
maſke mantells deck the arbours : :||: And then behold your

lippes, :||: :||: Whter ſweet loue harbours, My eies preſents mee

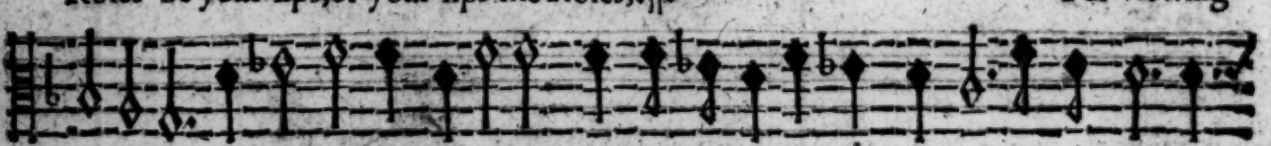
with a double, dou-ble doubting : a du-ble, duble doubting, My eies preſents me with a



duble, duble doubting: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, Whether the

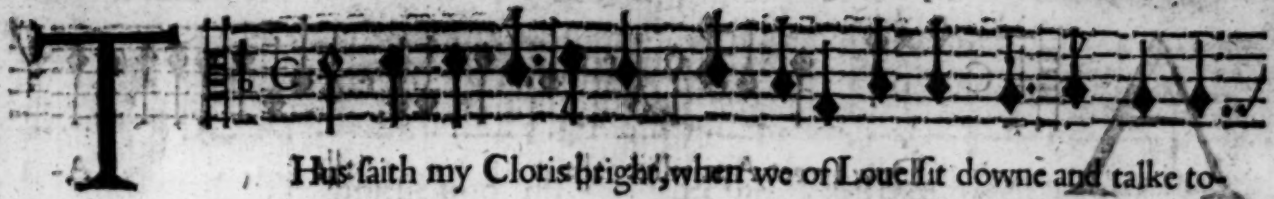


Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes, :||: For viewing



both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes bee your lips, or your lips the

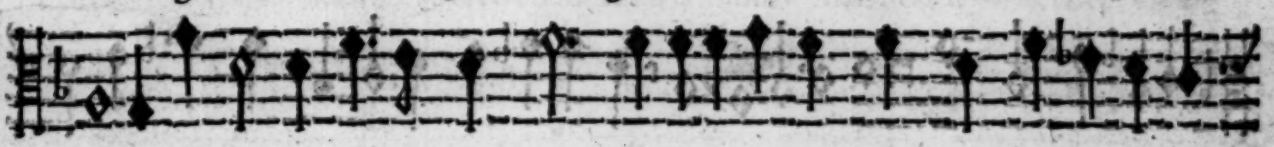
Roſes. :||:



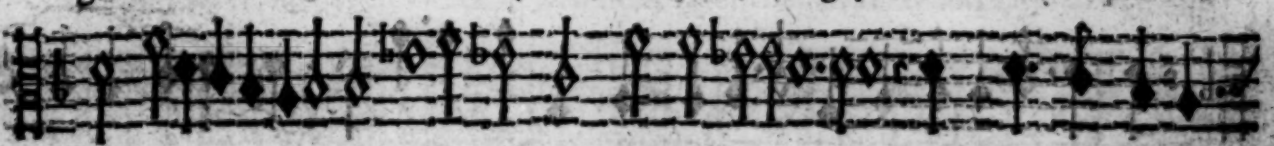
THus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe and talke to-

gether, & talke together, Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe &

talke together, Thus saith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue sit downe and talke to



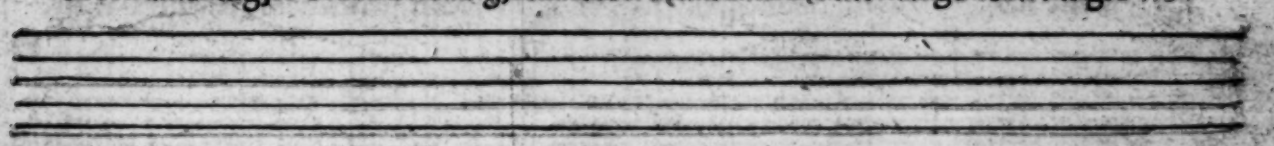
gether. Beware, Beware of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking sprite, And Loue is this and

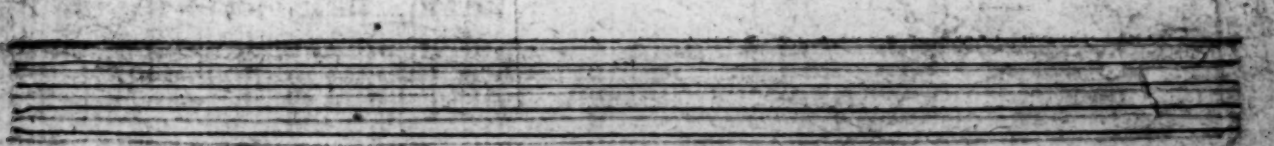


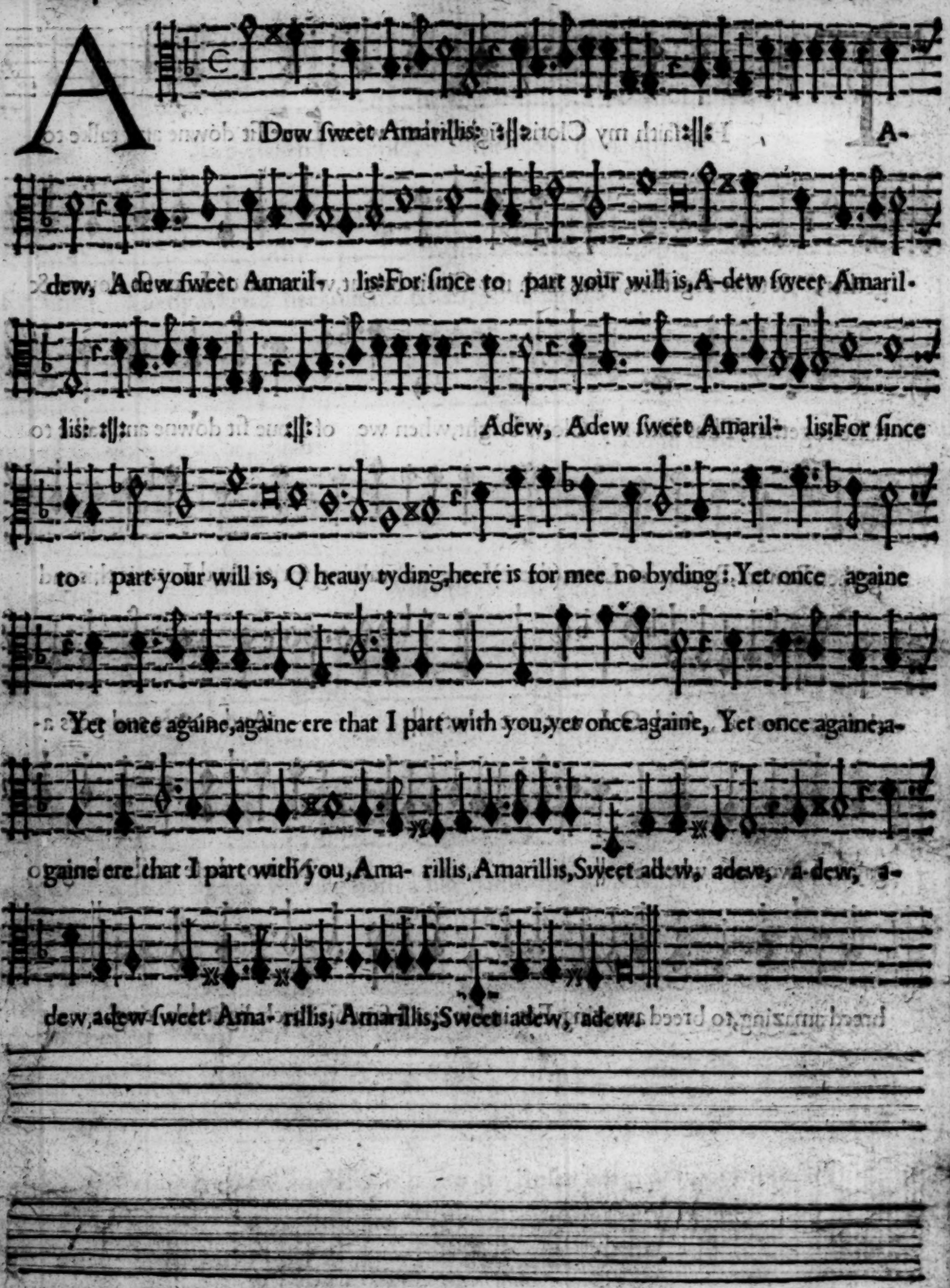
that, :||: And O I wot not what, :||: And comes and goes a-

gayne I wot not whether, :||: No no, these are but bugs to

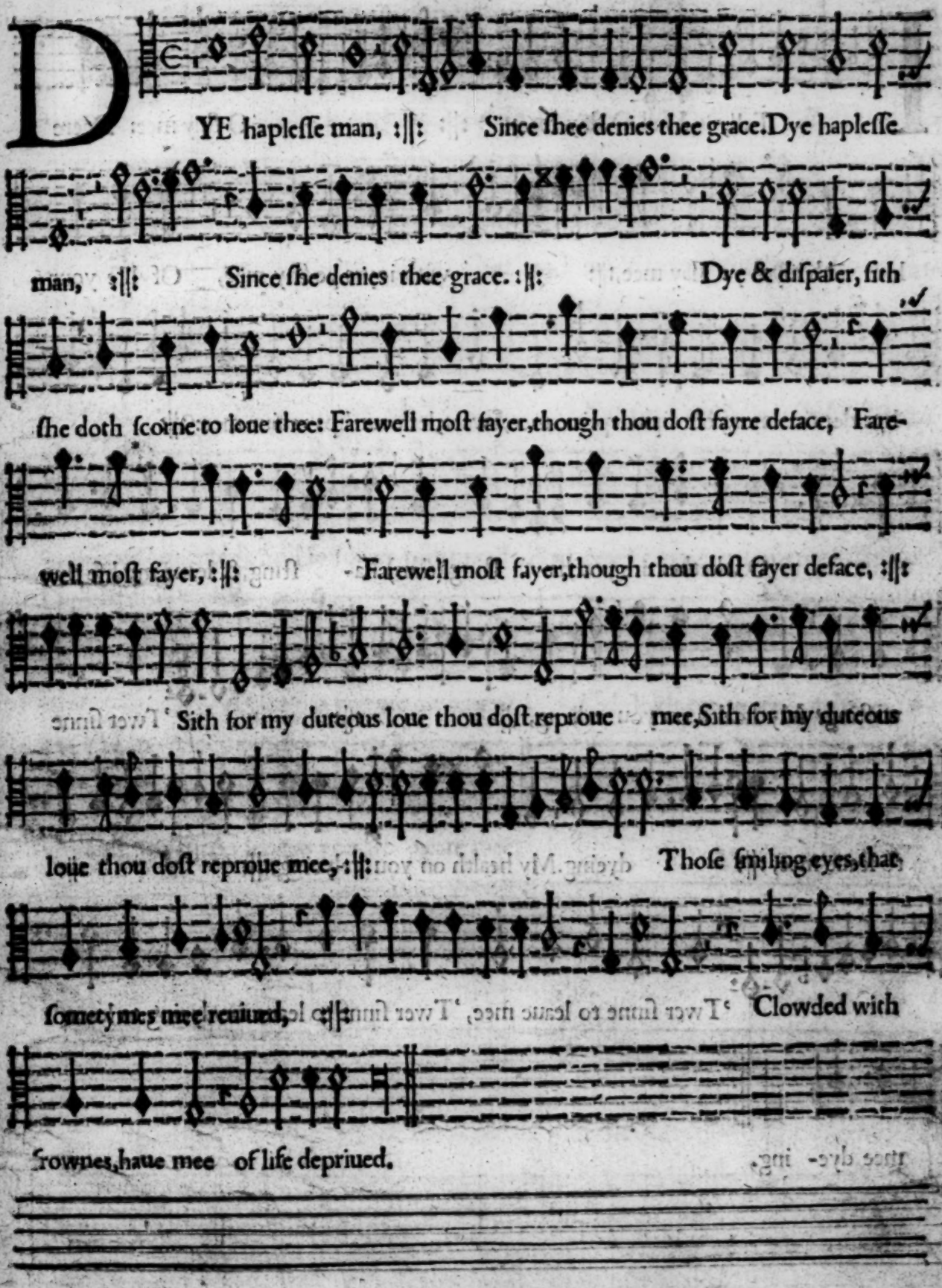
breed amazing, to breed amazing, For in hir eies I saw his torch light bla-zing.

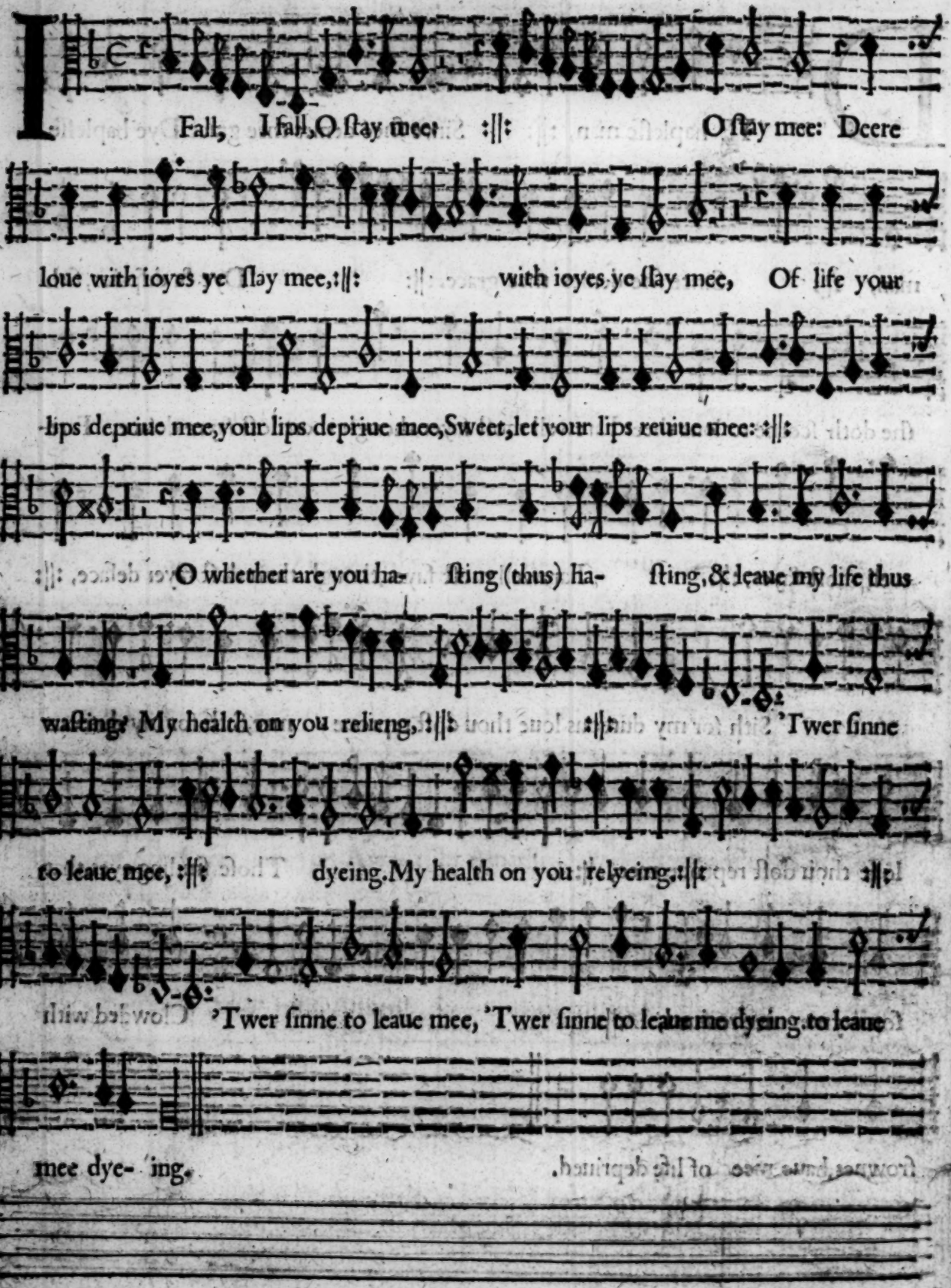


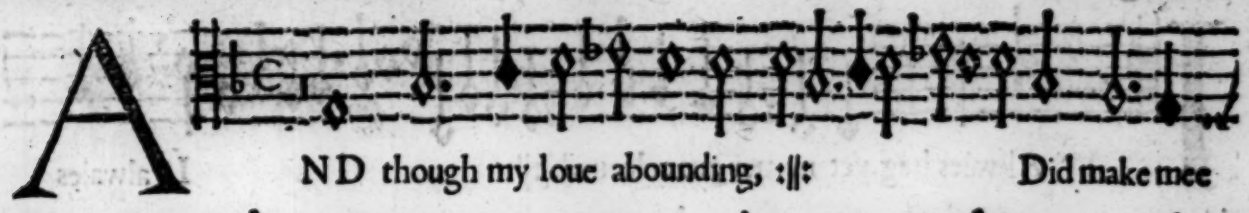




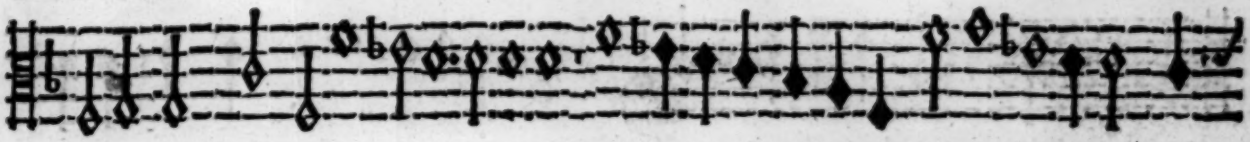
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. parts.


DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhee denies thee grace. Dye hapleſſe
man, :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace. :||: Dye & diſpaier, ſith
ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayre deface, Fare-
well moſt fayer, :||: Farewell moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, :||:
Sith for my duteous loue thou doſt reproue mee, Sith for my duteous
loue thou doſt reproue mee, :||: Thoſe ſmiling eyes, that
ſometymes mee reuiued, :||: Clowded with
frownes, haue mee of life depriued.


I Fall, I fall, O ſtay mee: :||: O ſtay mee: Deere
loue with ioyes ye ſlay mee,:||: with ioyes ye ſlay mee, Of life your
lips depriue mee, your lips depriue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee: :||:
O whether are you ha- ſting (thus) ha- ſting, & leaue my life thus
waſting? My health on you relieng.:||: :||: 'Twer ſinne
to leaue mee, :||: dyeing. My health on you relyeing.:||: :||:
'Twer ſinne to leaue mee, 'Twer ſinne to leaue me dyeing, to leaue
mee dye- ing.



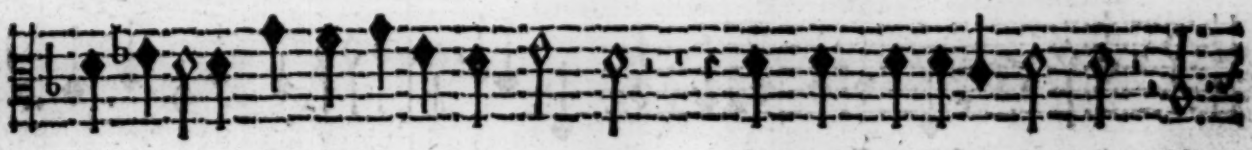
AND though my loue abounding, :‖: Did make mee



fall a ſwounding, :‖: Yet am I wel contented, Stil ſo to be tormen-

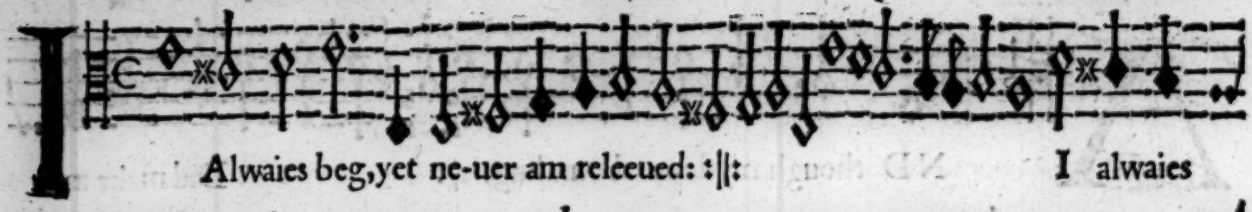
ted, :‖: :‖: Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to

bee tormented: Still ſo to bee tormented: And death can neuer feare mee, :‖:



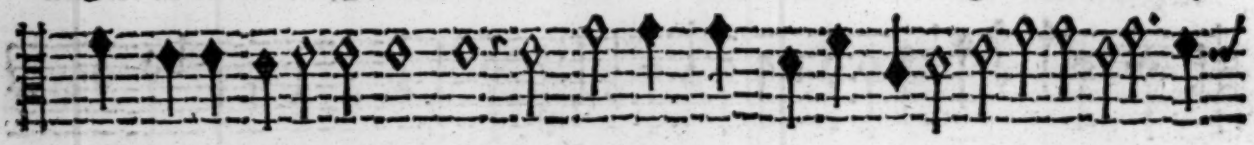
As long as you are neare mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As

long as you, As long as you are neare mee.

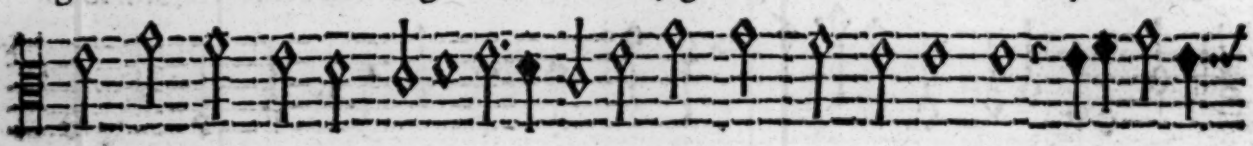


I Alwaies beg, yet ne-uer am releeued: :||: I alwaies

beg, I alwaies beg, yet neuer am relee- ued, releeued: I greeue, becauſe my

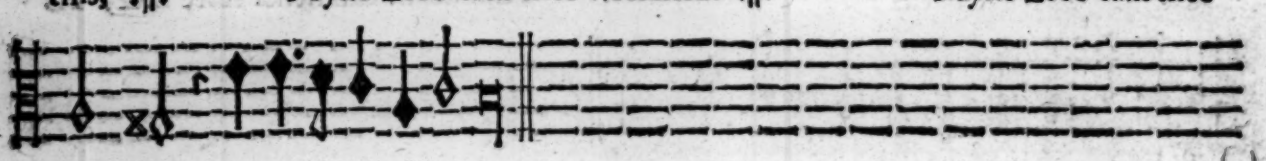


griefes are not beeleeued: I grieue, beecauſe my griefes are not beeleeued: I cry aloud in

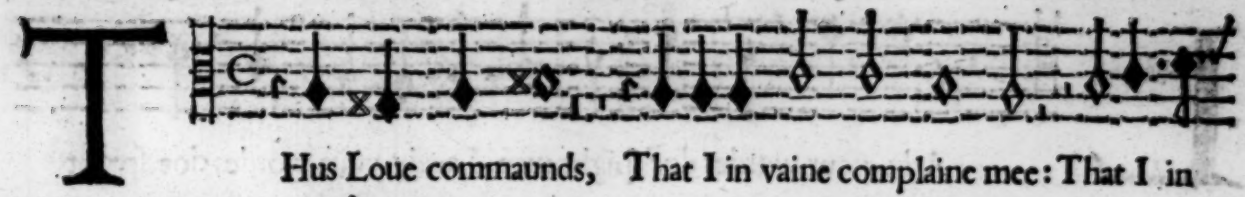


vaine, My voice out ſtretched, I cry a loud in vaine, My voice out ſtretched, And get but

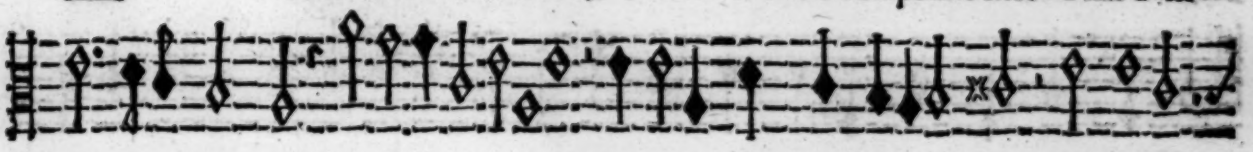
this, :||: Myne Ecco calls mee wretched. :||: Myne Ecco calls mee



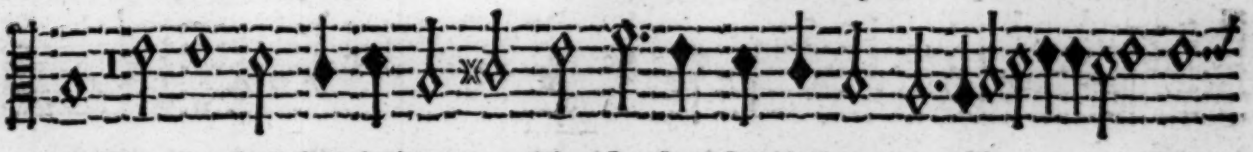
wretched. :||:



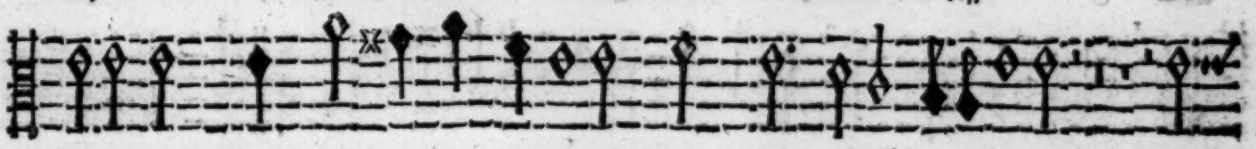
THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in



vaine complaine mee: :||: That I in vaine complaine mee: And ſorrow

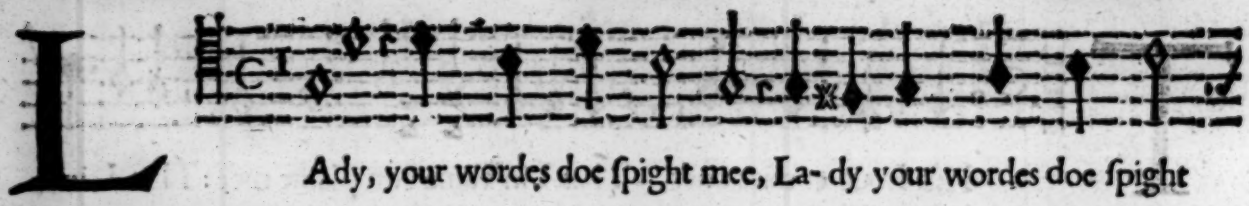


will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee,:||: Yet



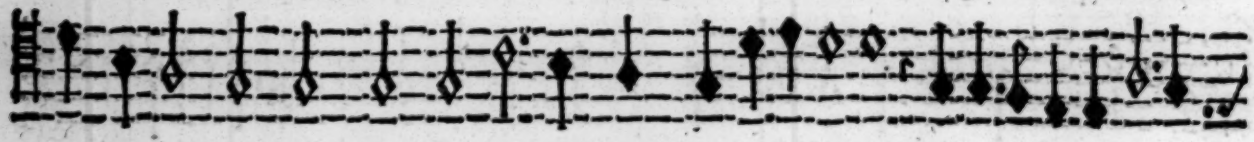
did I hope, Which hope my life prolonged, Which hope my life pro-longed, To

heare hir ſay Alas his Loue was wronged. Alas his Loue was wronged.

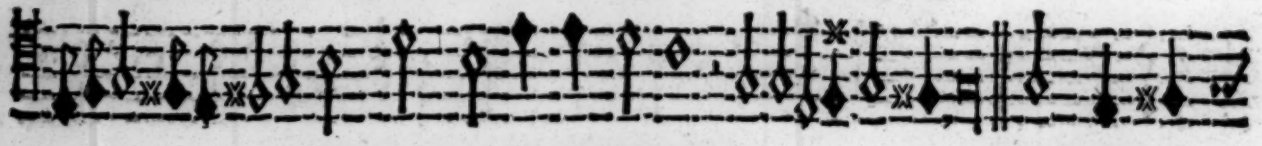


Lady, your wordes doe ſpight mee, La- dy your wordes doe ſpight

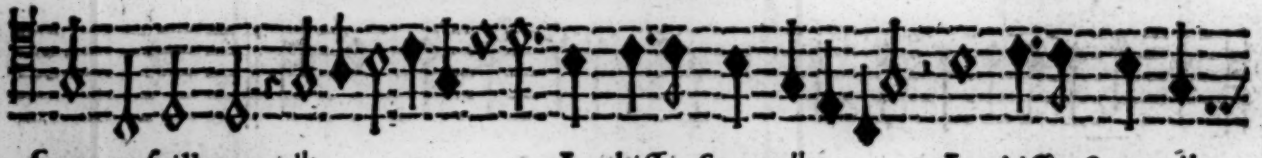
me, your words do ſpight me, Yet your ſweet lips, ſo ſoft, kiſſe & delight me: Kiſſe & de-



light, delight mee: Your deeds my hart ſurchargd with ouer ioying, :||:

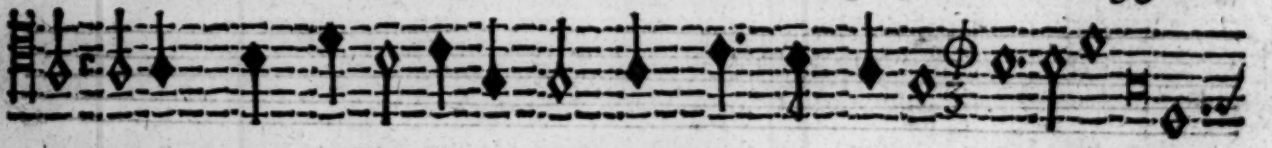


Your taunts my life deſtroying; :||: Since both haue

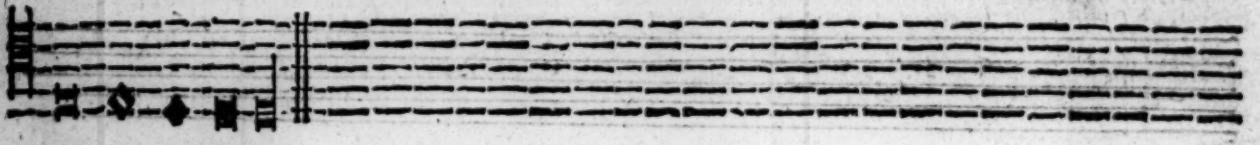


force to ſpill mee, :||: Let kiſſes ſweet, :||: Let kiſſes ſweet, :||:

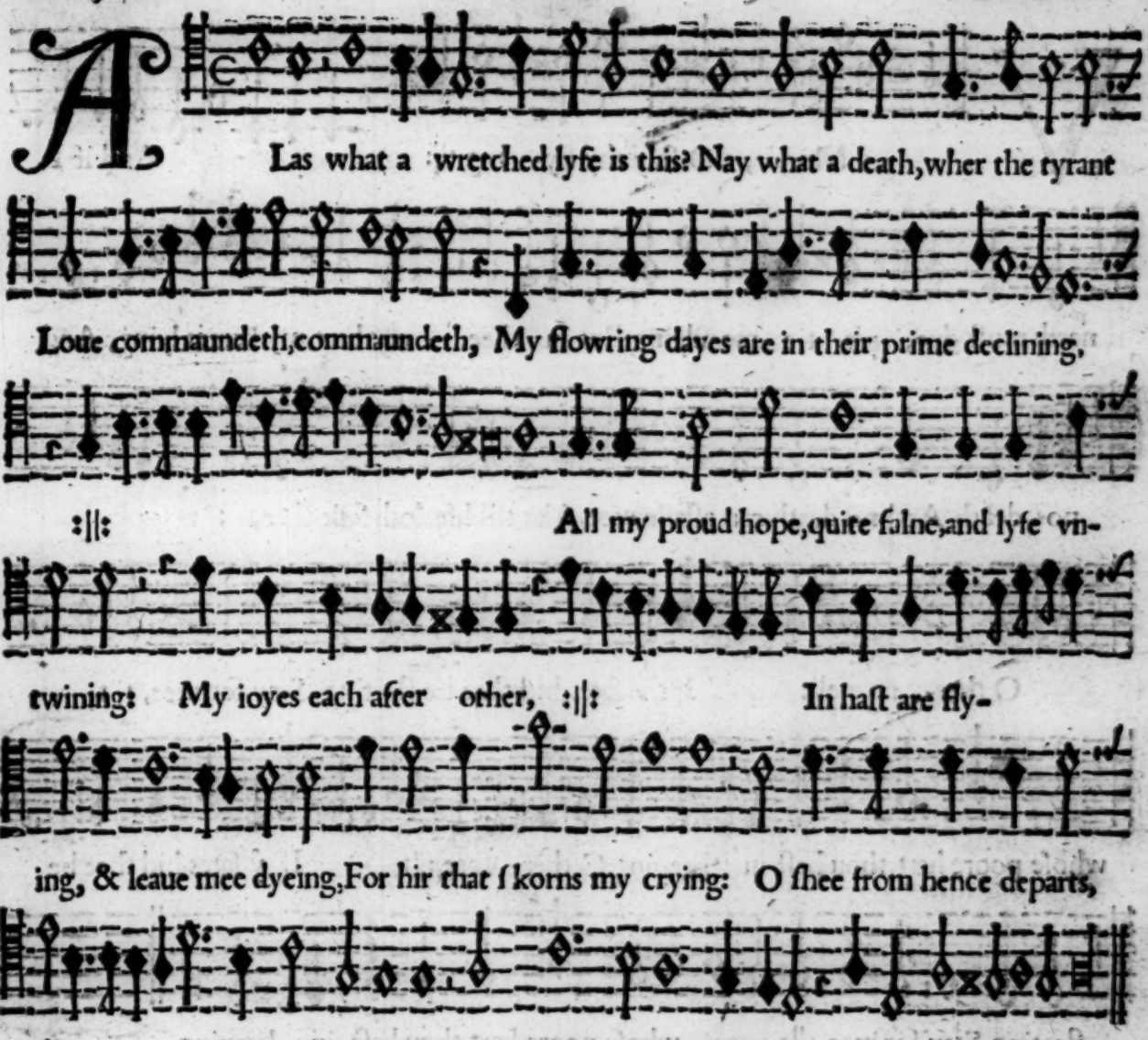
Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with ſwords & launces, Fight you with ſmiling glaun-

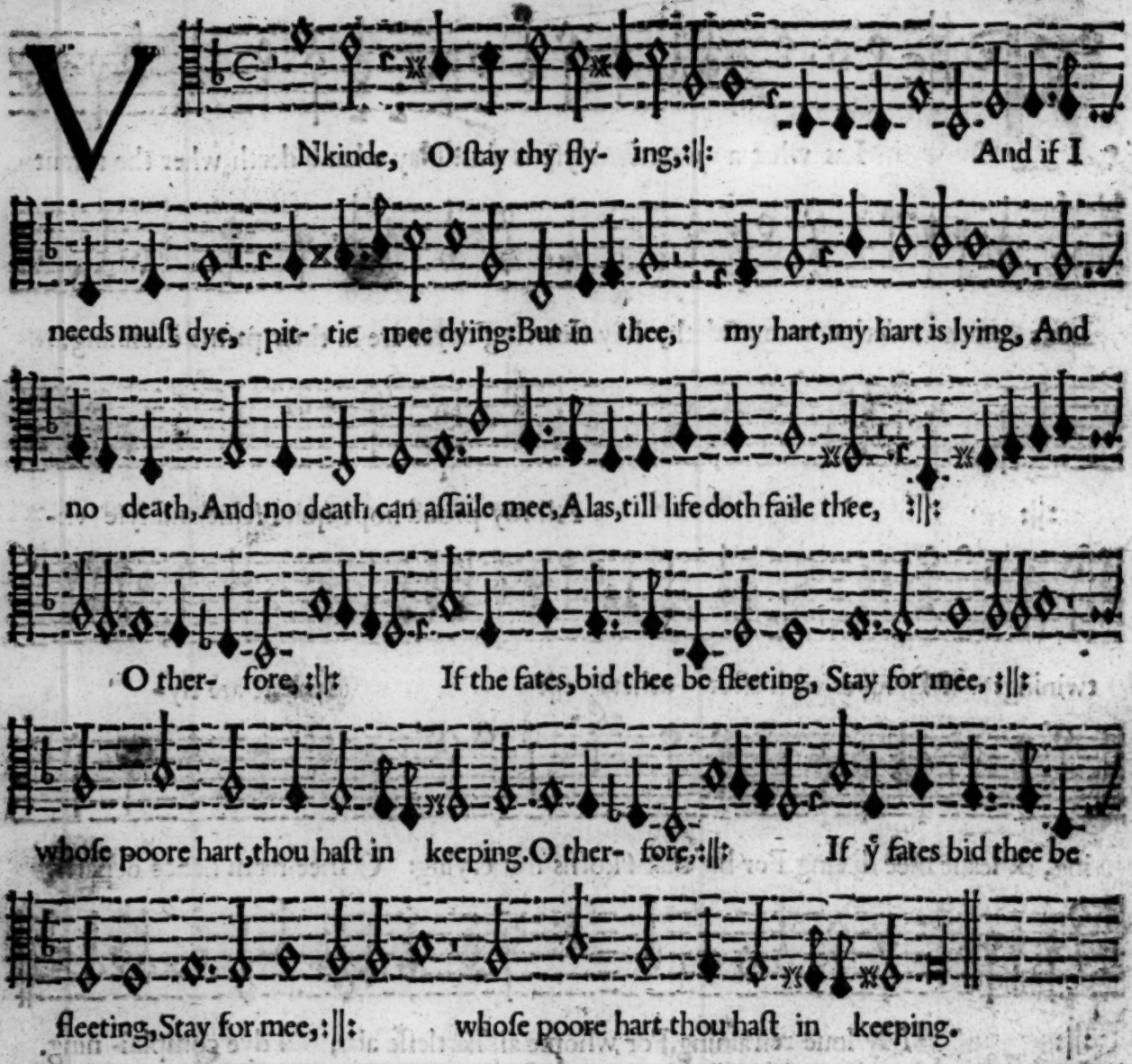


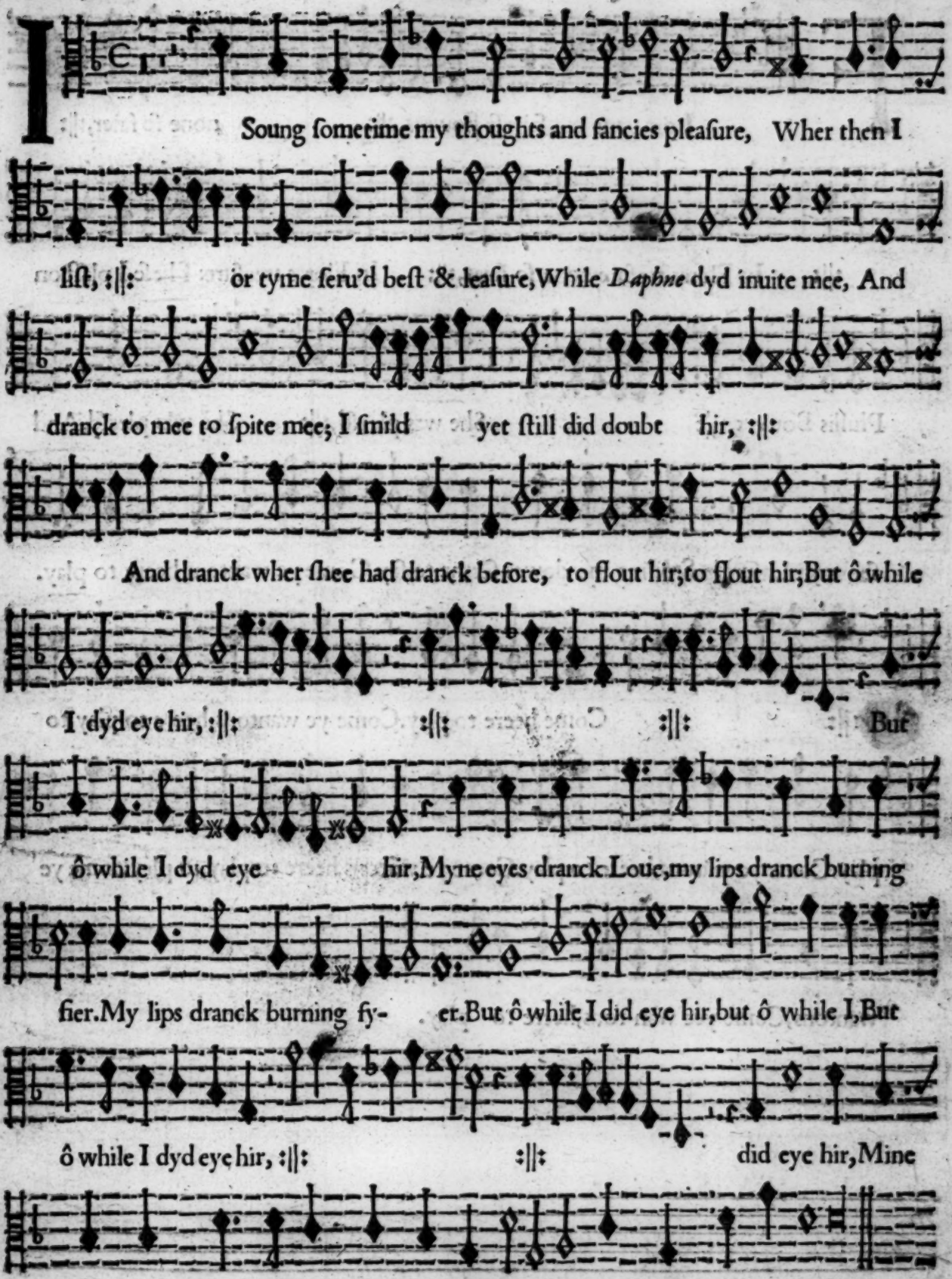
ces, So like Swannes of Leander, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander, Singing & dying.



Singing and dying.


Las what a wretched lyfe is this? Nay what a death, wher the tyrant
Loue commaundeth, commaundeth, My flowring dayes are in their prime declining,
:||: All my proud hope, quite falne, and lyfe vn-
twining: My ioyes each after other, :||: In haſt are fly-
ing, & leaue mee dyeing, For hir that ſkorns my crying: O ſhee from hence departs,
:||: My loue refraining, For whome all hartleſſe alas, I dye complai- ning.


VNkinde, O ſtay thy fly- ing, :||: And if I
needs muſt dye, pit- tie mee dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And
no death, And no death can aſſaile mee, Alas, till life doth faile thee, :||:
O ther- fore, :||: If the fates, bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, :||:
whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O ther- fore, :||: If ỹ fates bid thee be
fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: whoſe poore hart thou haſt in keeping.


I Soung ſometime my thoughts and fancies pleaſure, Wher then I
liſt, :||: or tyme ſeru'd beſt & leaſure, While *Daphne* dyd inuite mee, And
dranck to mee to ſpite mee; I ſmild yet ſtill did doubt hir, :||:
And dranck wher ſhee had dranck before, to flout hir; to flout hir; But ô while
I dyd eye hir, :||: :||: :||: But
ô while I dyd eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning
fier. My lips dranck burning fy- er. But ô while I did eye hir, but ô while I, But
ô while I dyd eye hir, :||: :||: did eye hir, Mine
eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning fyer. My lips dranck burning fyer.

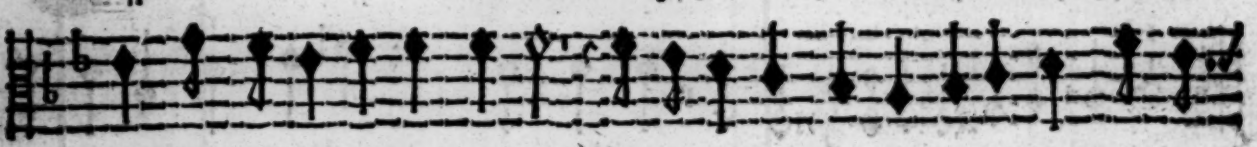
Flora gaue me faireſt flowers, :||: none ſo faier,:||:

:||: In Floras treſure:none ſo faier,:||: In Floras treaſure: Theſe I plaſt on

Phillis Bowers,:||: She was pleaſd,:||: She was pleaſd, And

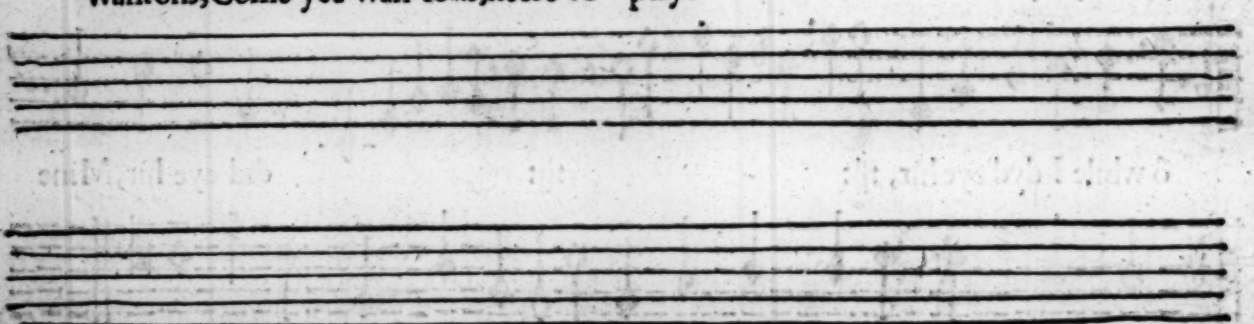
ſhe my pleaſure, Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay, Come ye wantons heere to play.

:||: Come heere to play. Come ye wantons, heere to play, to

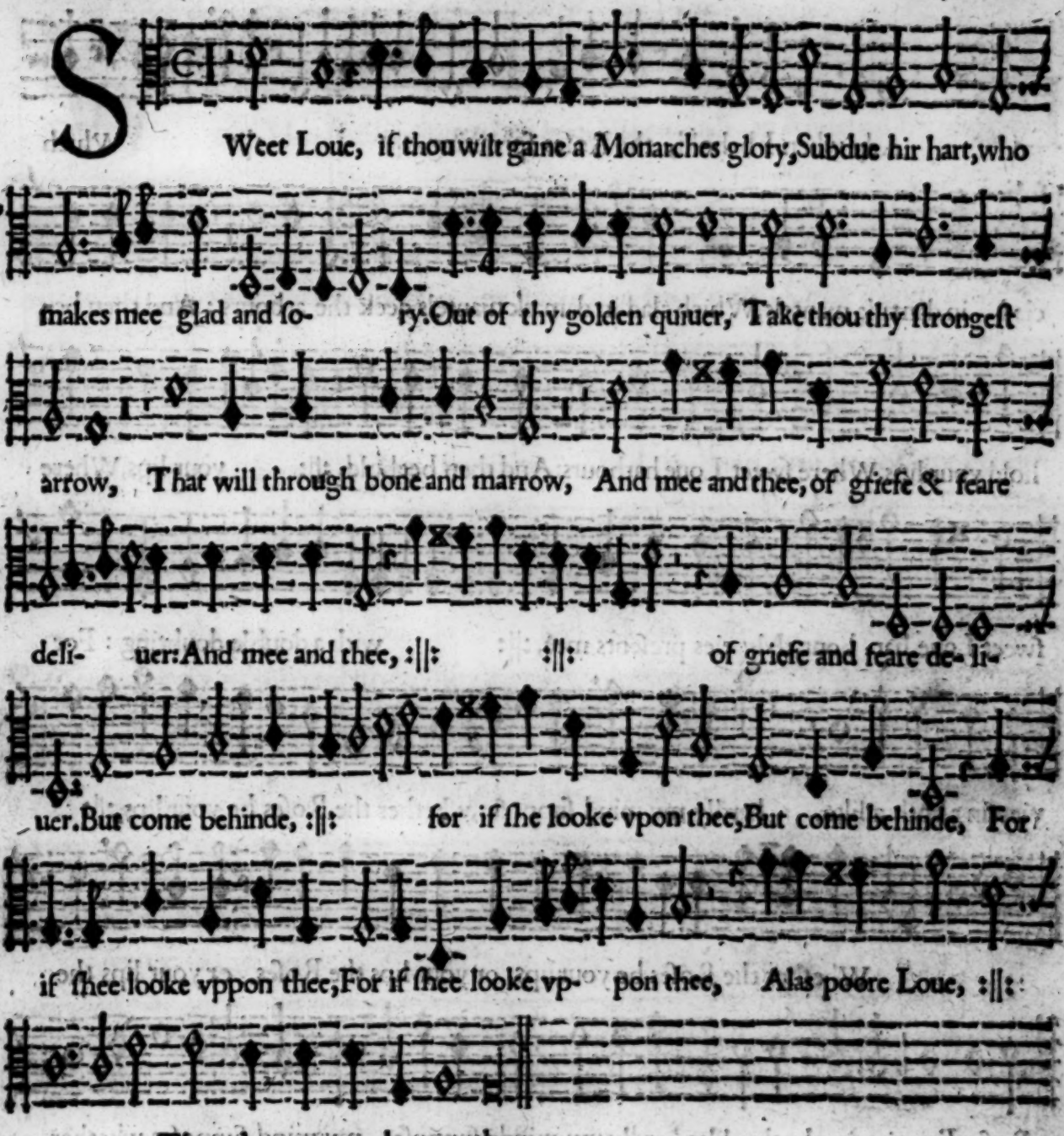


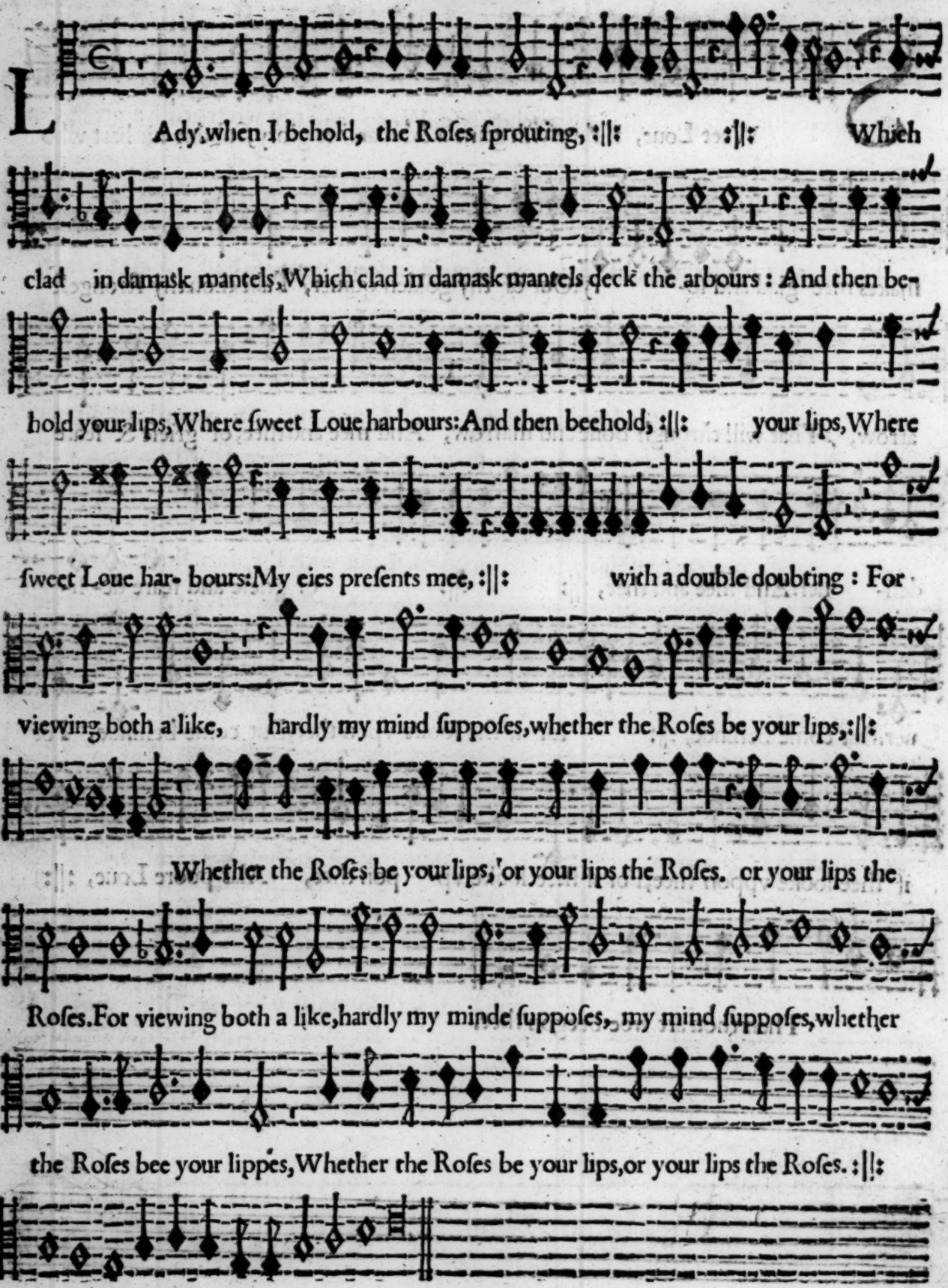
play. Come ye wãtons, heere to play. Come ye wãtons heere to play, to play. come ye

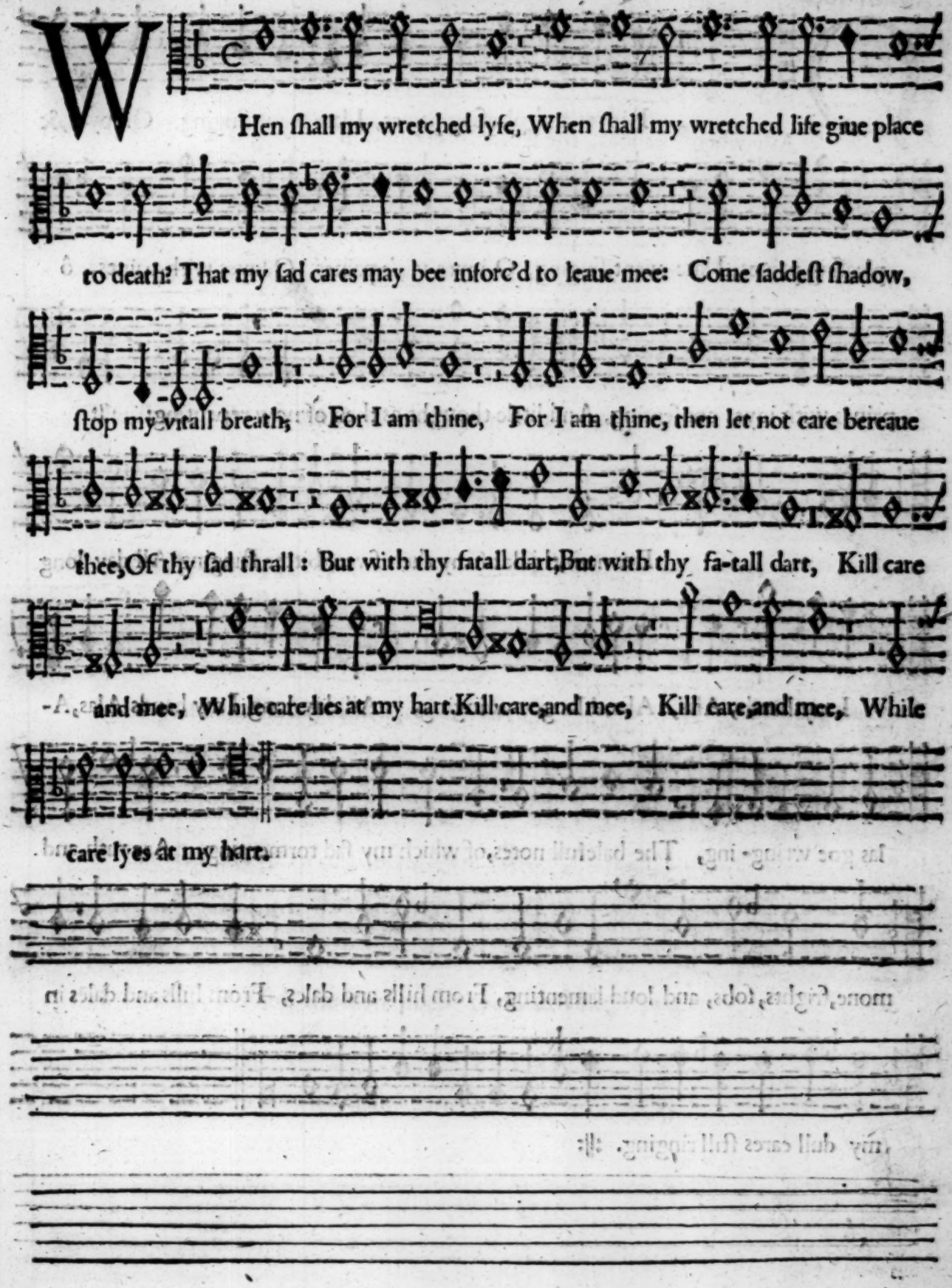
wantons, Come yee wan-tons, heere to play.

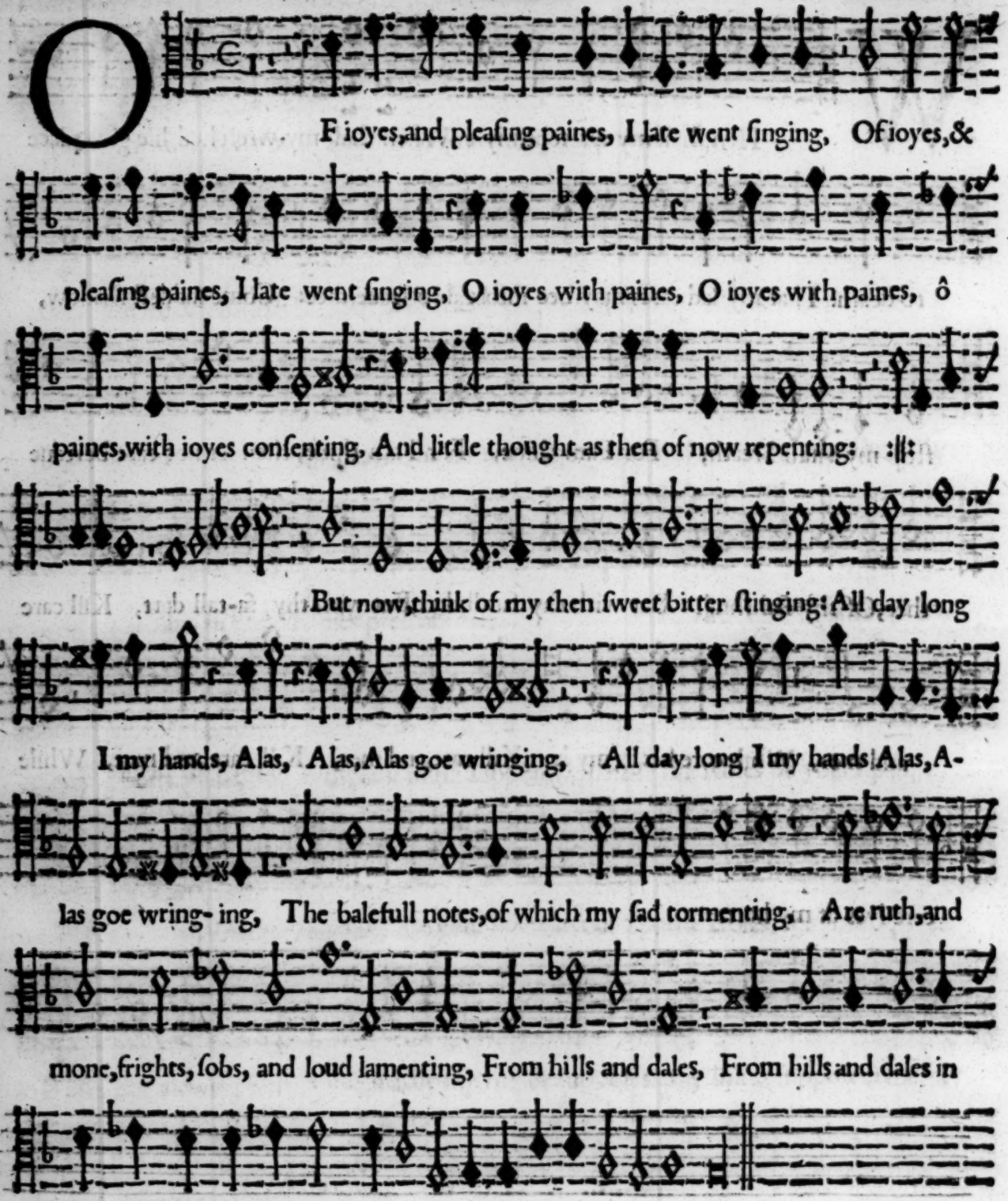


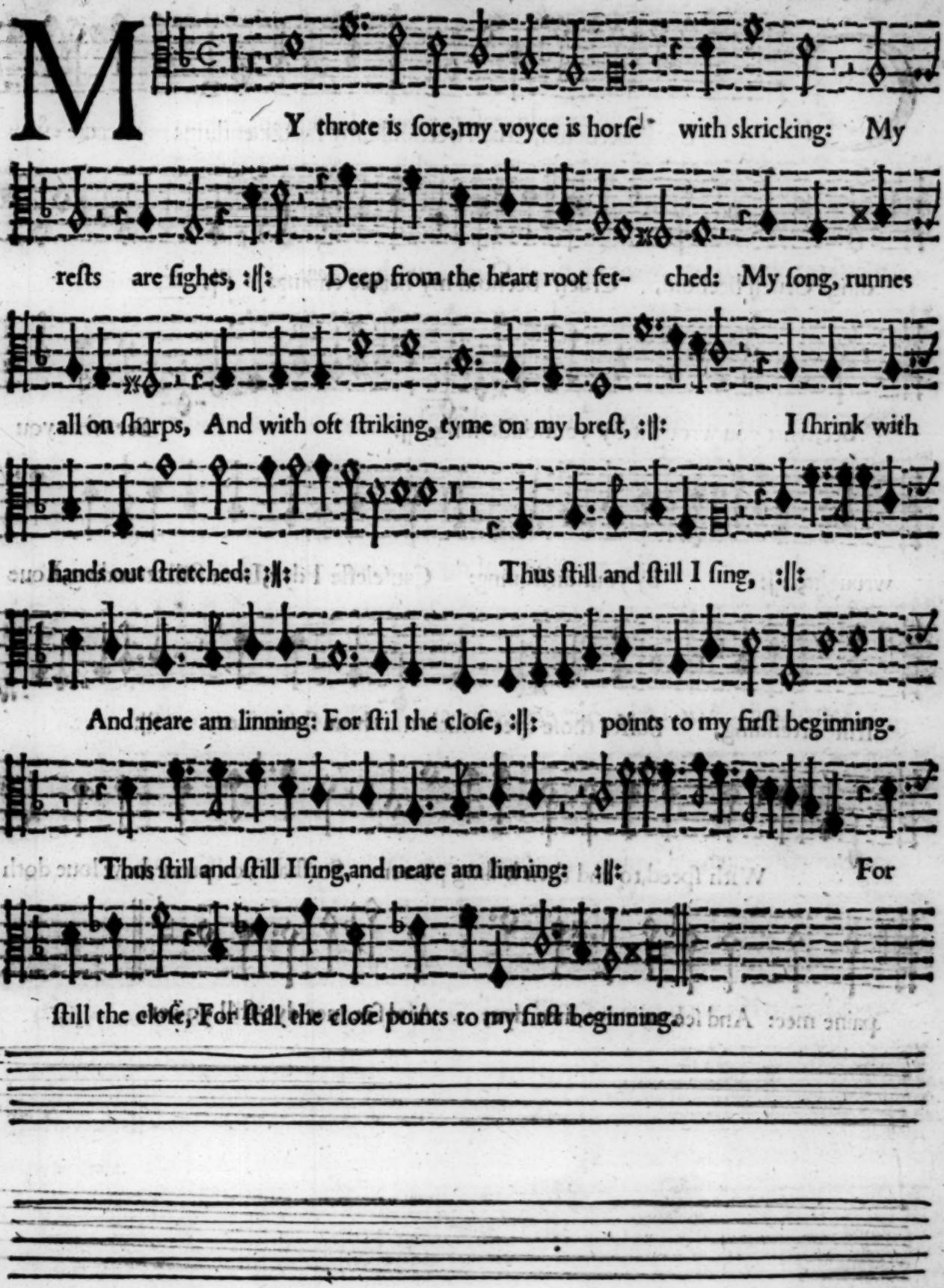
Heere endeth the Songs of 5. parts.

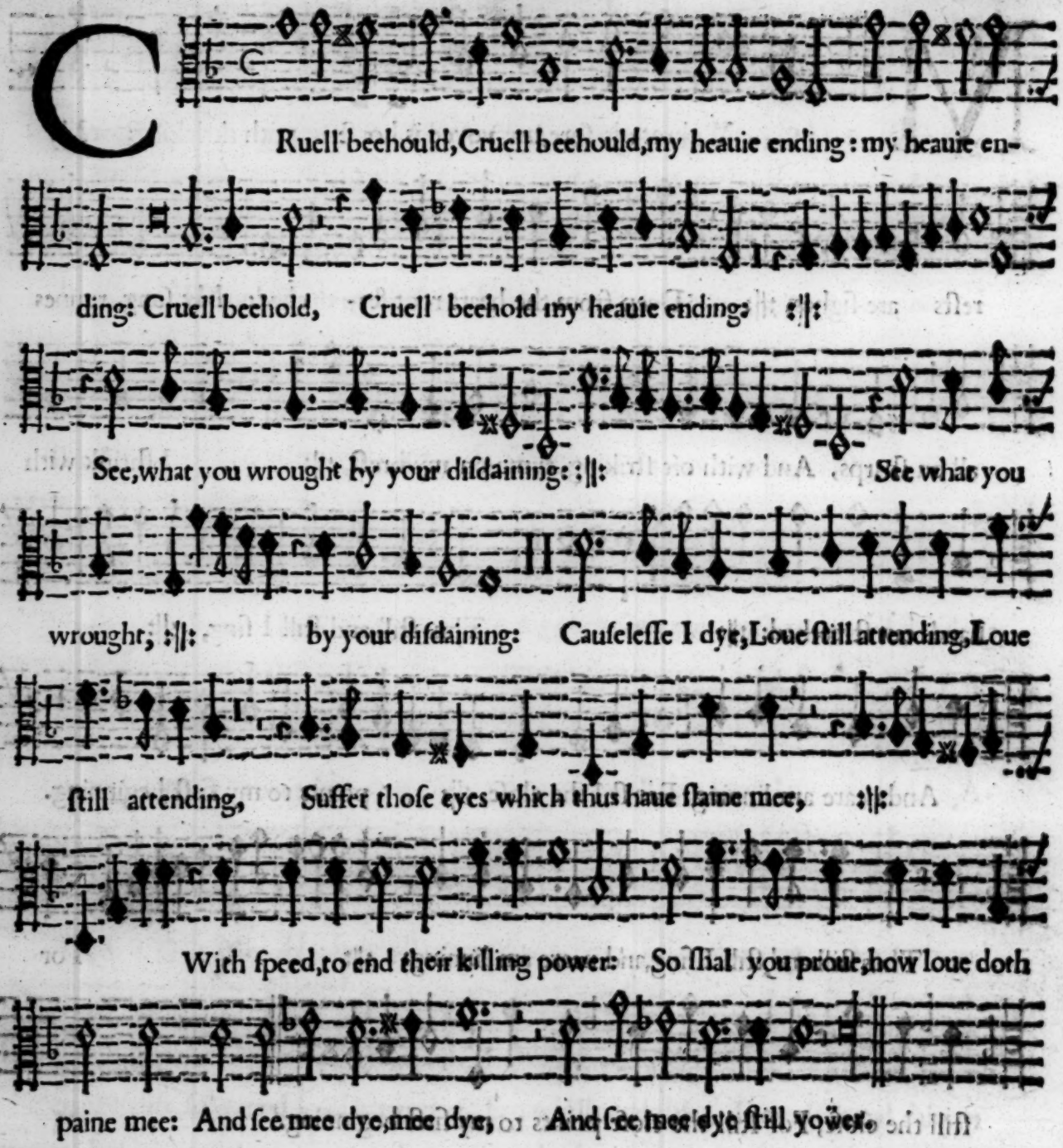

Sweet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue hir hart, who
makes mee glad and so- ry. Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest
arrow, That will through bone and marrow, And mee and thee, of griefe & feare
desi- uer: And mee and thee, :||: :||: of griefe and feare de- li-
uer. But come behinde, :||: for if she looke vpon thee, But come behinde, For
if shee looke vppon thee, For if shee looke vp- pon thee, Alas poore Loue, :||:
Then thou art woe begon thee.

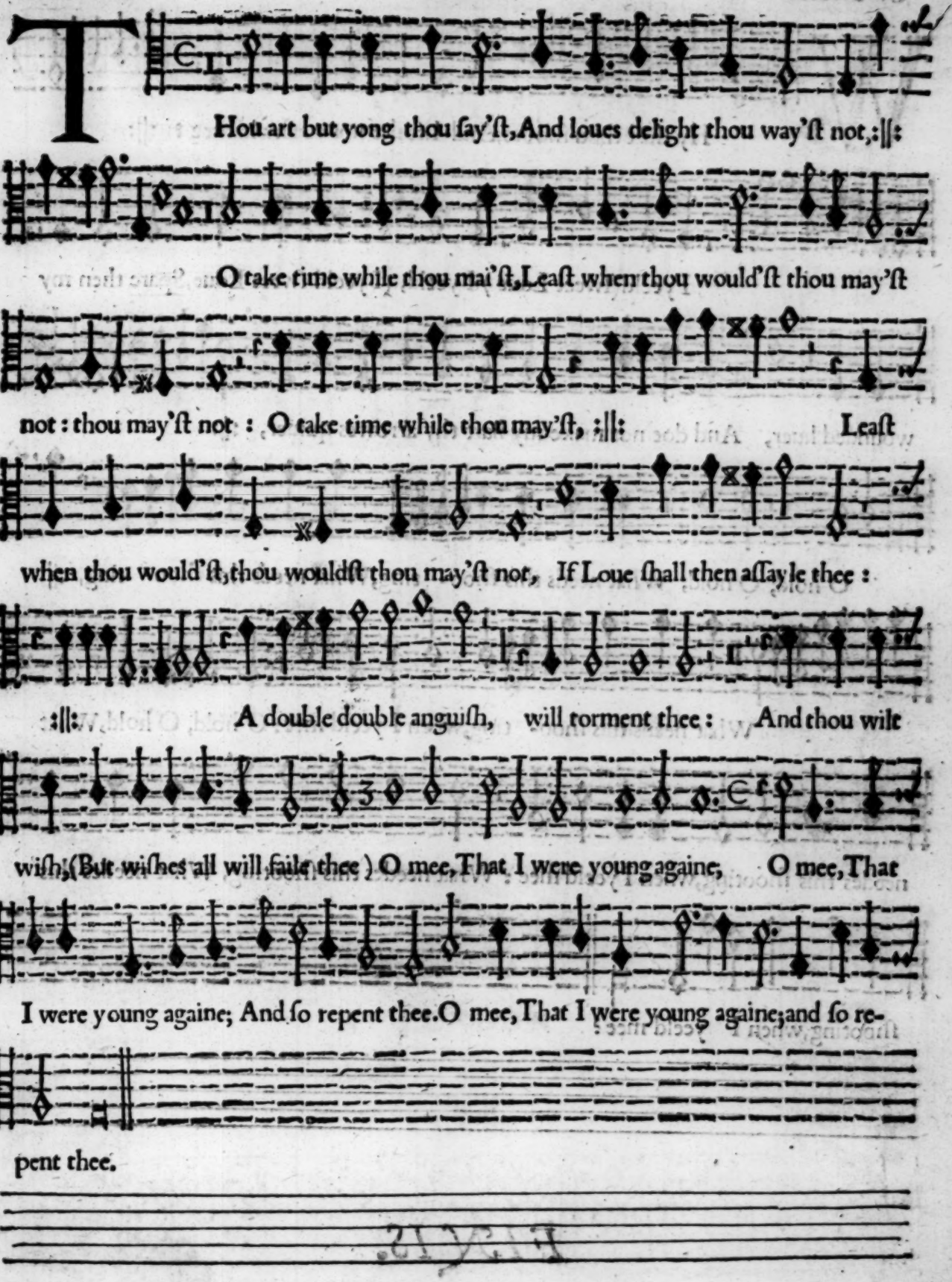

Lady, when I behold, the Roſes ſprouting, :||: :||: Which
clad in damask mantels, Which clad in damask mantels deck the arbours : And then be-
hold your lips, Where ſweet Loue harbours: And then beehold, :||: your lips, Where
ſweet Loue har- bours: My eies preſents mee, :||: with a double doubting : For
viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes be your lips, :||:
Whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. or your lips the
Roſes. For viewing both a like, hardly my minde ſuppoſes, my mind ſuppoſes, whether
the Roſes bee your lippes, Whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:

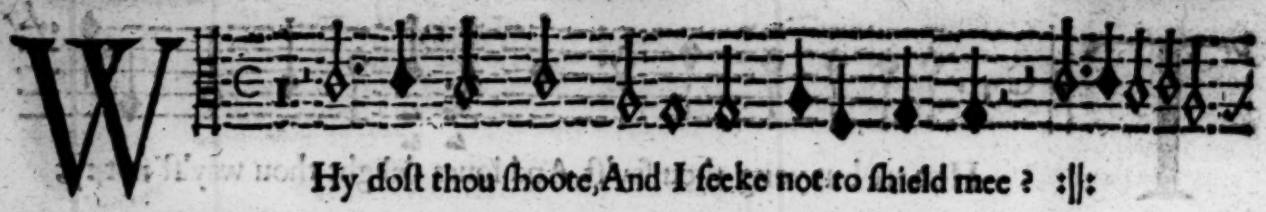

When ſhall my wretched lyfe, When ſhall my wretched life giue place
to death? That my ſad cares may bee inforc'd to leaue mee: Come ſaddeſt ſhadow,
ſtop my vitall breath; For I am thine, For I am thine, then let not care bereaue
thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, But with thy fa-tall dart, Kill care
and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care, and mee, Kill care, and mee, While
care lyes at my hart.


O F ioyes, and pleasing paines, I late went singing, Of ioyes, &
pleasing paines, I late went singing, O ioyes with paines, O ioyes with paines, ô
paines, with ioyes consenting, And little thought as then of now repenting:
But now, think of my then sweet bitter stinging: All day long
I my hands, Alas, Alas, Alas goe wringing, All day long I my hands Alas, A-
las goe wring- ing, The balefull notes, of which my sad tormenting,
Are ruth, and
mone, frights, sobs, and loud lamenting, From hills and dales, From hills and dales in
my dull eares still ringing.


MY throte is ſore, my voyce is horſe with skricking: My
reſts are ſighes, :||: Deep from the heart root fet- ched: My ſong, runnes
all on ſharps, And with oft ſtriking, tyme on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink with
hands out ſtretched: :||: Thus ſtill and ſtill I ſing, :||:
And neare am linning: For ſtil the cloſe, :||: points to my firſt beginning.
Thus ſtill and ſtill I ſing, and neare am linning: :||: For
ſtill the cloſe, For ſtil the cloſe points to my firſt beginning.

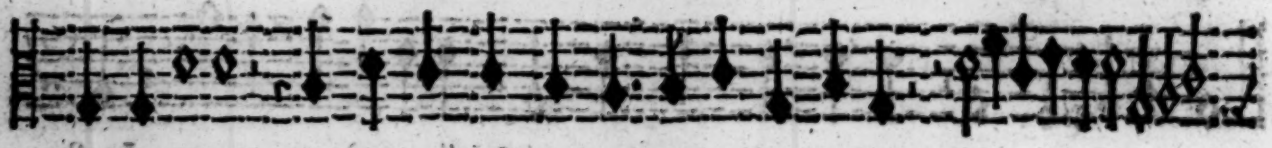

Cruell beehould, Cruell beehould, my heauie ending: my heauie en-
ding: Cruell beehold, Cruell beehold my heauie ending: :||:
See, what you wrought by your diſdaining: :||: See what you
wrought, :||: by your diſdaining: Cauſeleſſe I dye, Loue ſtill attending, Loue
ſtill attending, Suffer thoſe eyes which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||:
With ſpeed, to end their killing power: So ſhal you proue, how loue doth
paine mee: And ſee mee dye, mee dye, And ſee mee dye ſtill yoẅer.


Thou art but yong thou say'st, And loues delight thou way'st not, :||:
O take time while thou mai'st, Least when thou would'st thou may'st
not : thou may'st not : O take time while thou may'st, :||: Least
when thou would'st, thou wouldst thou may'st not, If Loue shall then assayle thee :
:||: A double double anguish, will torment thee : And thou wilt
wish, (But wishes all will faile thee) O mee, That I were young againe, O mee, That
I were young againe; And so repent thee. O mee, That I were young againe; and so re-
pent thee.



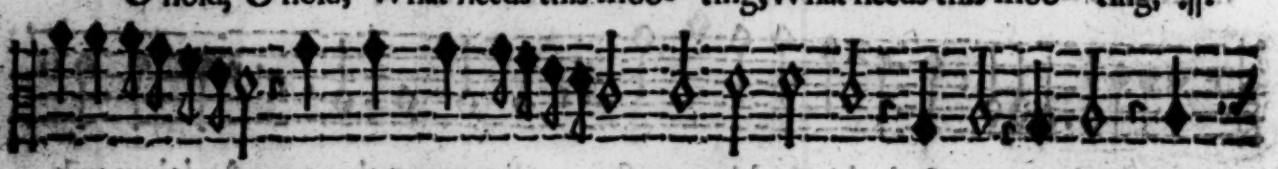
Why doſt thou ſhoote, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee ? :||:

I yeeld (ſweet Loue) I yeeld, (I yeeld ſweet Loue, Spare then my



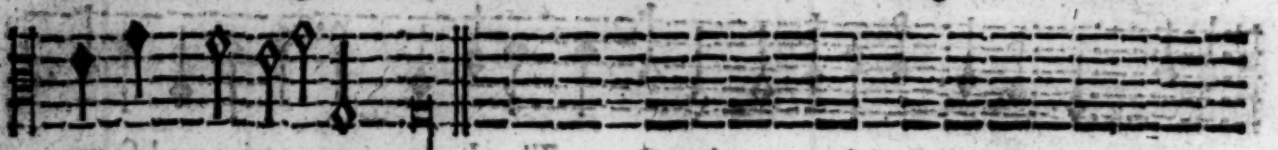
wounded liuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes quiuer, :||:

O hold, O hold; What needs this ſhoo- ting, What needs this ſhoo- ting, :||:

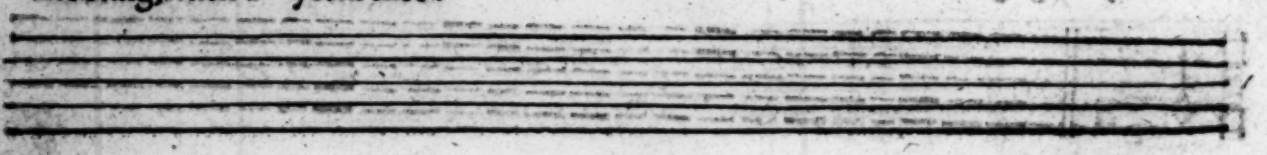


What needs this ſhoo- ting, when I yeeld mee? O hold, O hold, What

needes this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee ? What needes this ſhooting, What needes this



ſhooting, when I yeeld mee?



FINIS.

QVINTVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

RIGHT VVorshipfull and renoumed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit some of my labours to the presse. VVhich, (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perswades mee, (though they seeme not absolute) that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them against sharp tongues & vnfriendly censures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accomplishments to be such: as may iustly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it shall please you to Patronize. If perchance they shall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, and honour I owe to all other your most singuler vertues; and especially also for your excellent skill in Musicke, and your great loue and fauour of Musicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with protestation of all dutye, and seruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Augustinè Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your VVorships: euer most bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn VVilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away, thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee reſtleſſe thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4. voices.

WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The firſt part. VII.
O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew, ſweet Amarillis. XII.

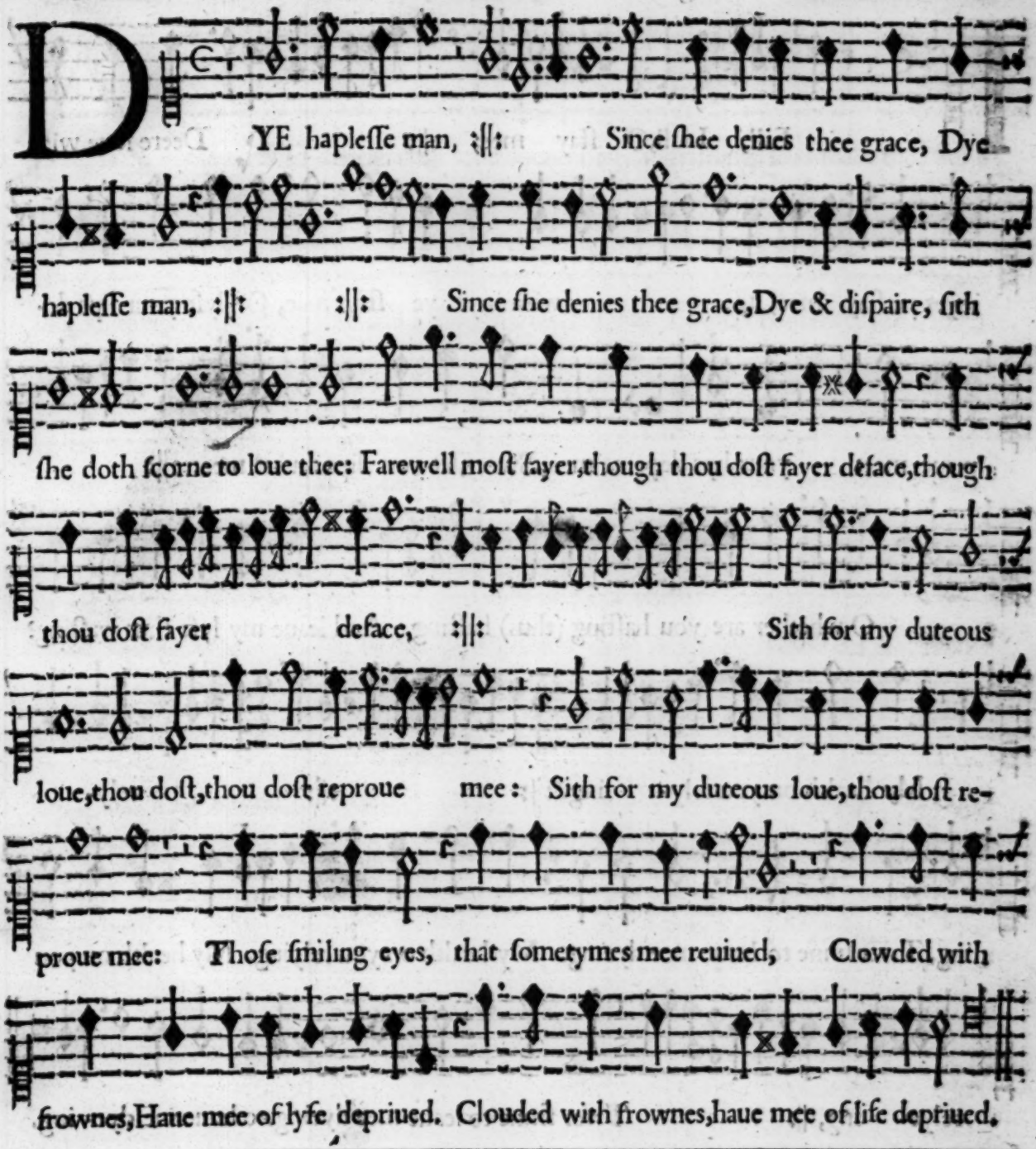
Songs to 5. voices.

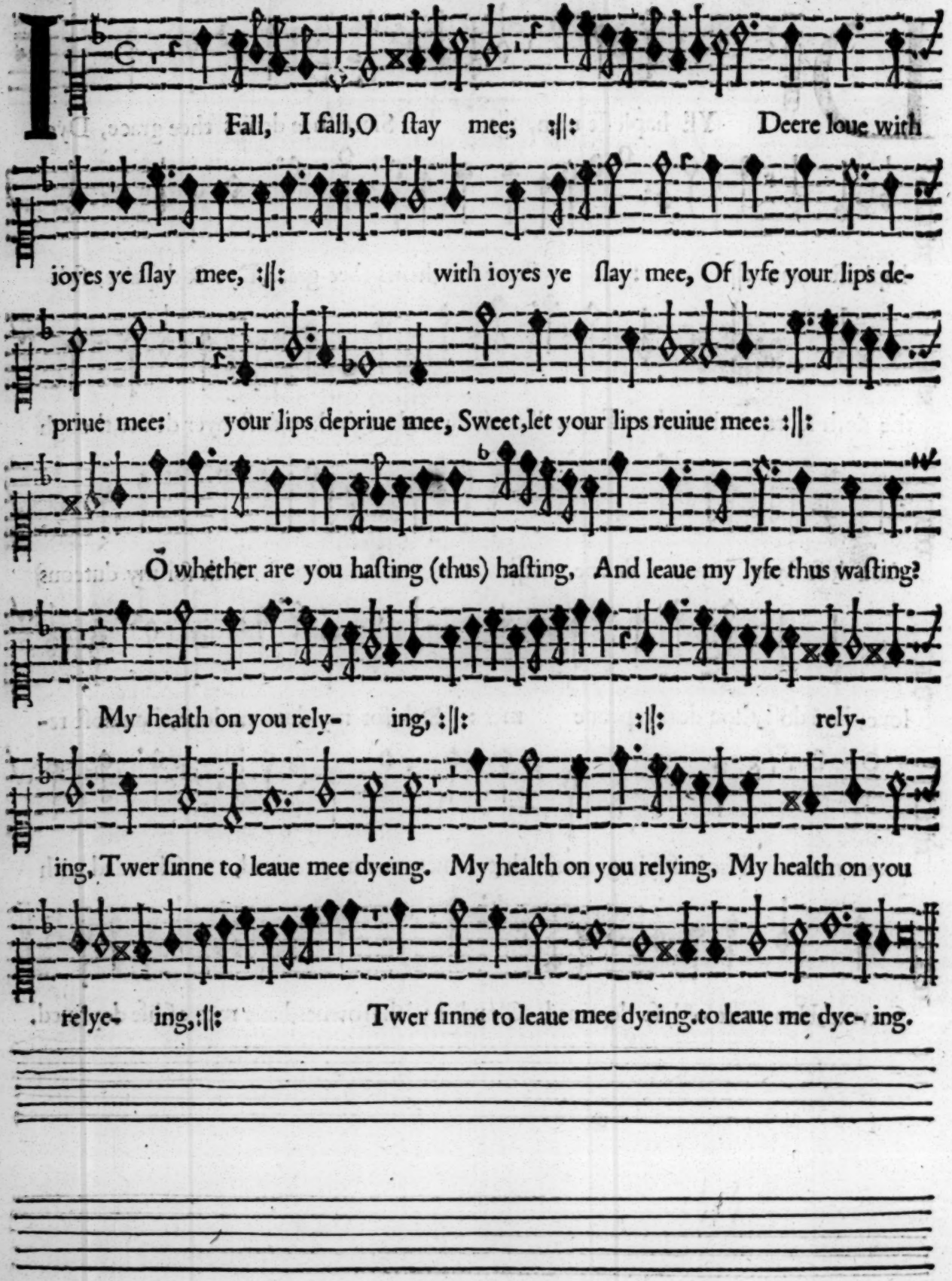
DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhee denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
And though my loue abounding. The ſecond part. XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The firſt part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying. XX.
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue mee faireſt flowers. XXII.

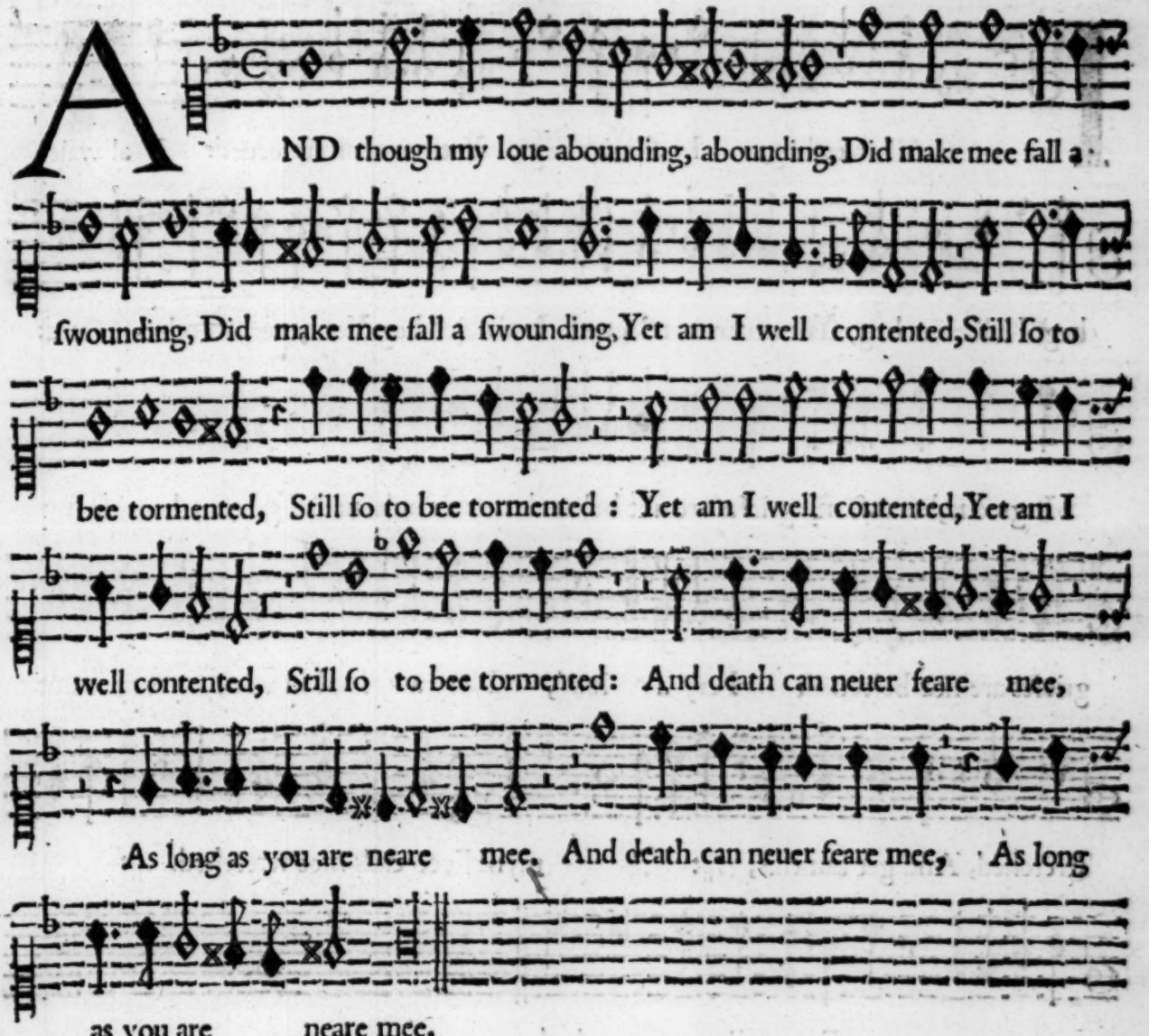
Songs to 6. voices.

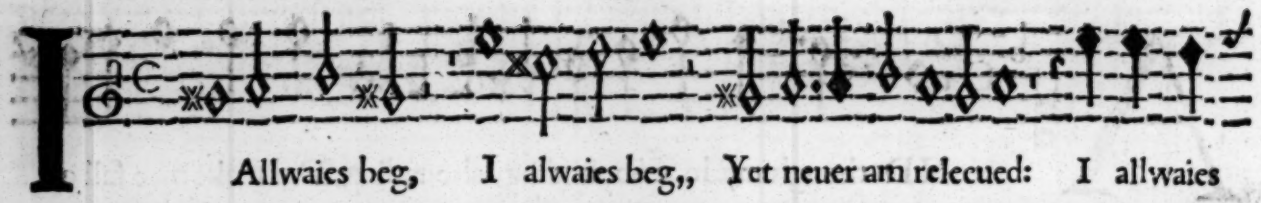
SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady, when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life, giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking. The ſecond part. XXVII.
Cruell, behold my heauie ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but young thou ſayſt. XXIX.
Why doeſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee. XXX.

FINIS.


DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Since ſhee denies thee grace, Dye
hapleſſe man, :||: :||: Since ſhe denies thee grace,Dye & diſpaire, ſith
ſhe doth ſcorne to loue thee: Farewell moſt fayer,though thou doſt fayer deface,though
thou doſt fayer deface, :||: Sith for my duteous
loue,thou doſt,thou doſt reproue mee: Sith for my duteous loue,thou doſt re-
proue mee: Thoſe ſmiling eyes, that ſometymes mee reuiued, Clowded with
frownes,Haue mee of lyfe depriued. Clouded with frownes,haue mee of life depriued.


I Fall, I fall, O ſtay mee; :||: Deere loue with
ioyes ye ſlay mee, :||: with ioyes ye ſlay mee, Of lyfe your lips de-
priue mee: your lips depriue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee: :||:
O whether are you haſting (thus) haſting, And leaue my lyfe thus waſting?
My health on you rely- ing, :||: :||: rely-
ing, Twer ſinne to leaue mee dyeing. My health on you relying, My health on you
relye- ing, :||: Twer ſinne to leaue mee dyeing, to leaue me dye- ing.

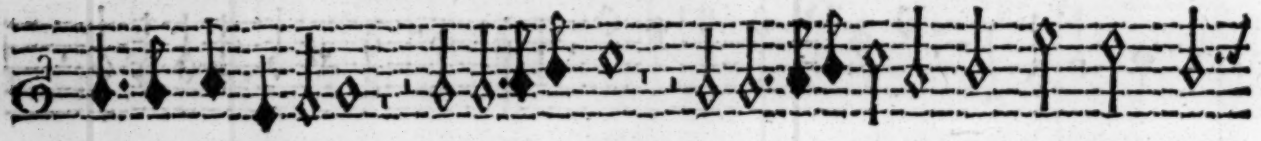

AND though my loue abounding, abounding, Did make mee fall a
ſwounding, Did make mee fall a ſwounding, Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to
bee tormented, Still ſo to bee tormented : Yet am I well contented, Yet am I
well contented, Still ſo to bee tormented: And death can neuer feare mee,
As long as you are neare mee. And death can neuer feare mee, As long
as you are neare mee.



I Allwaies beg, I alwaies beg,, Yet neuer am relecued: I allwaies

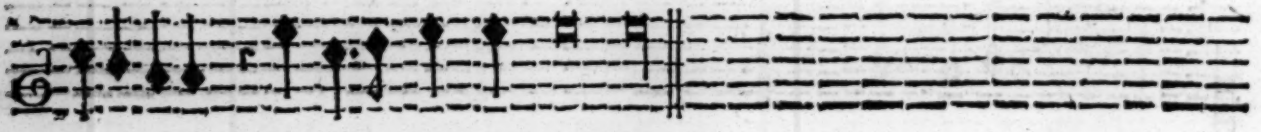
beg, I allwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued: I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am relee- ued:

I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleued: are not beleeued: I greeue, becauſe my

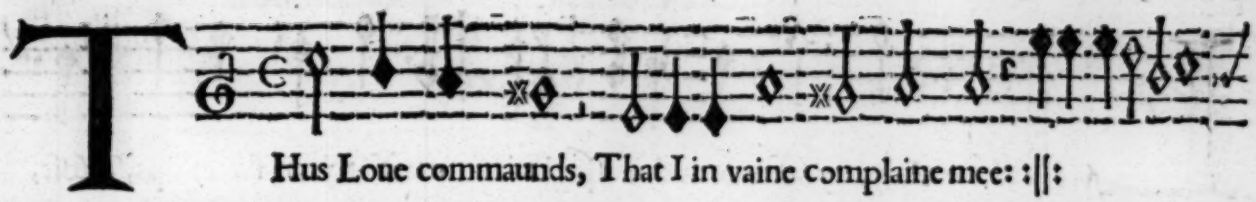


griefes are not beleeued: I cry a loud, I cry a loud in vaine, my voyce out

ſtretched, And get but this, :||: myne Ecco calls mee wretched. :||:



myne Ecco calls mee wretched.



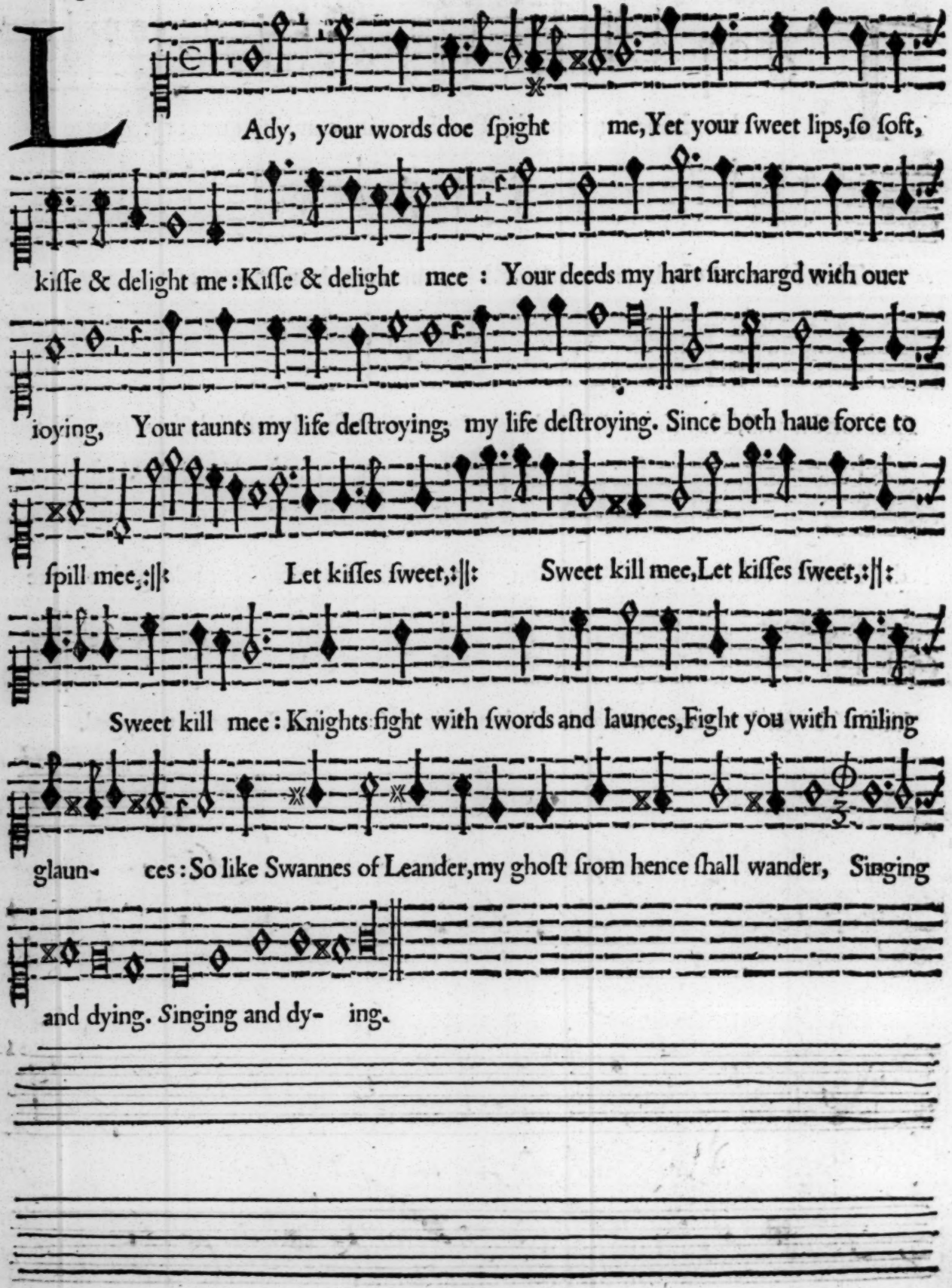
THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee: :||:

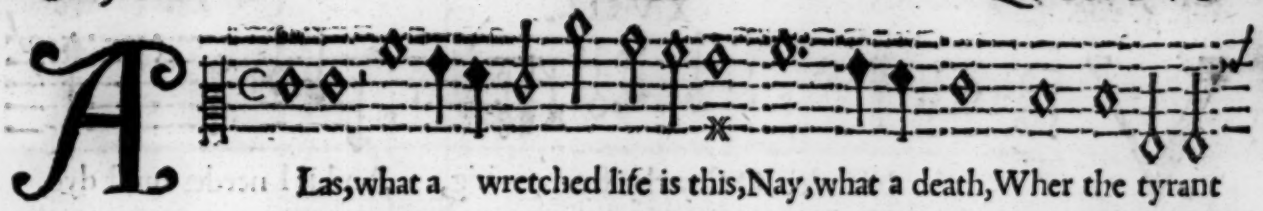
That I in vaine cõplaine mee: That I in vaine complaine mee: :||:

And ſorrow will, That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: Yet

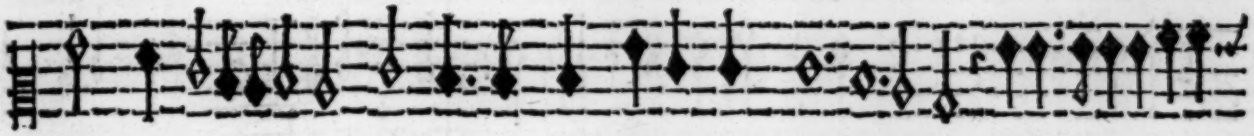
did I hope, which hope my life pro-lon- ged, Which hope my life prolonged, to heare

hir ſay (alas) his Loue was wronged. To heare hir ſay (a- las) his Loue was wronged.

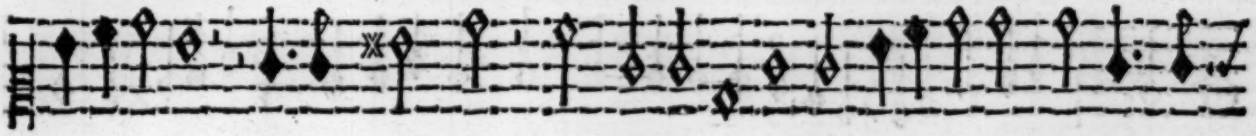

LAdy, your words doe ſpight me, Yet your ſweet lips, ſo ſoft,
kiſſe & delight me: Kiſſe & delight mee : Your deeds my hart ſurchargd with ouer
ioying, Your taunts my life deſtroying; my life deſtroying. Since both haue force to
ſpill mee,:||: Let kiſſes ſweet,:||: Sweet kill mee, Let kiſſes ſweet,:||:
Sweet kill mee: Knights fight with ſwords and launces, Fight you with ſmiling
glaun- ces: So like Swannes of Leander, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander, Singing
and dying. Singing and dy- ing.



ALas, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant

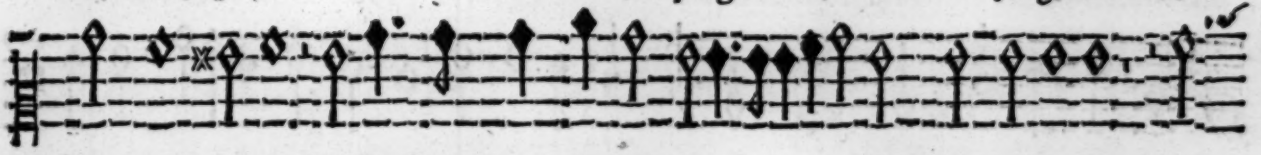


Loue commaun- deth? My flouring daies are in their prime declining, :||:

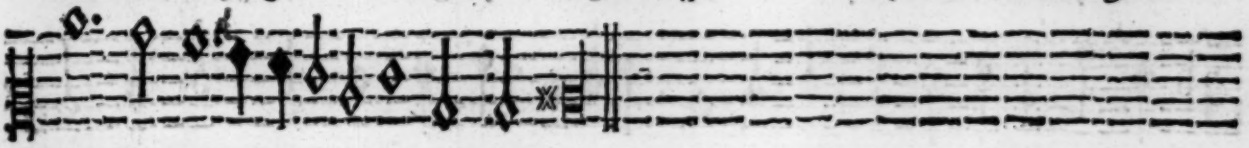


All my proud hope, quite falne, :||: and life vn- twining: My ioys each

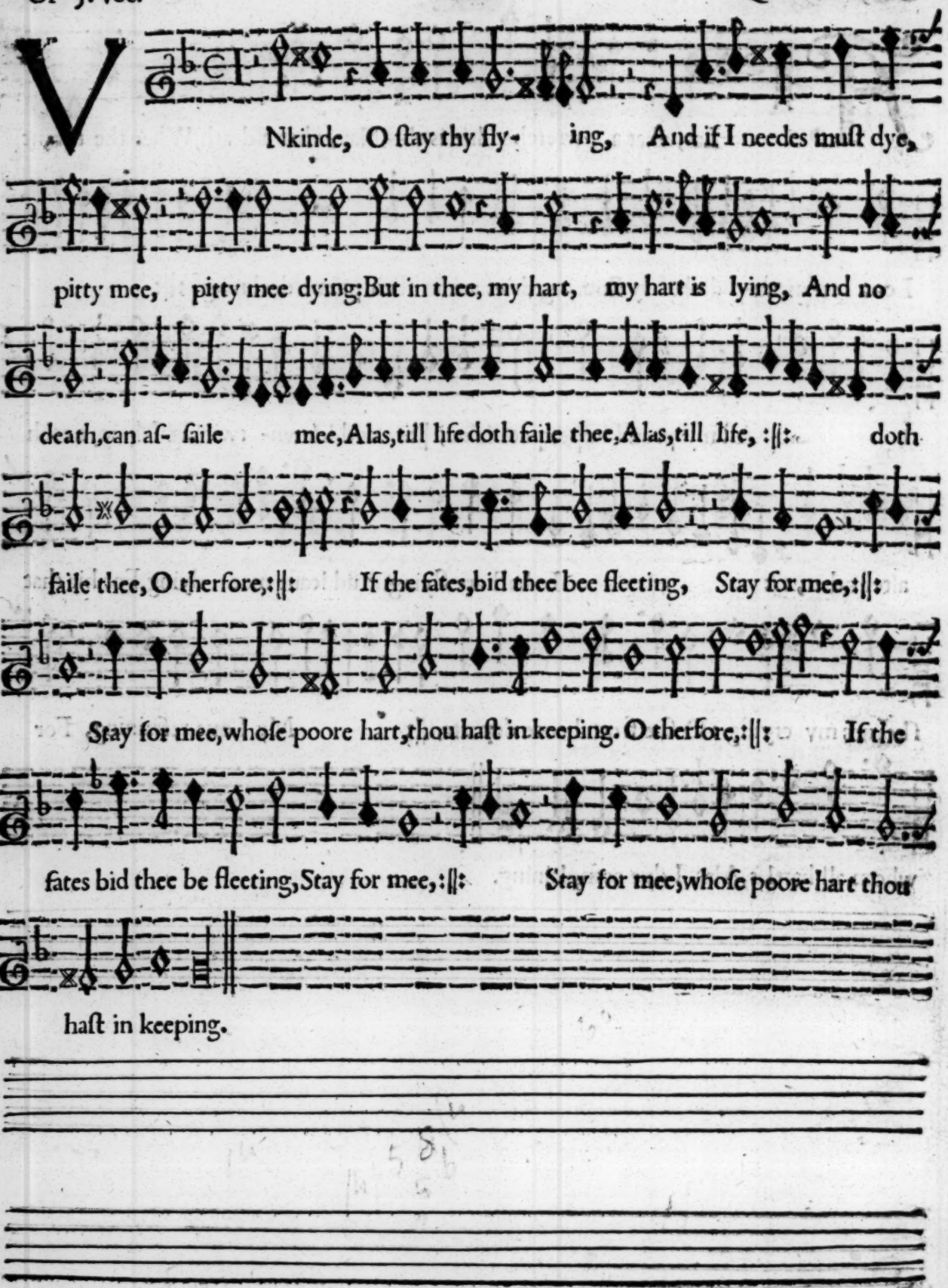
after other, :||: In haſt are flying, And leaue mee dying, For hir that

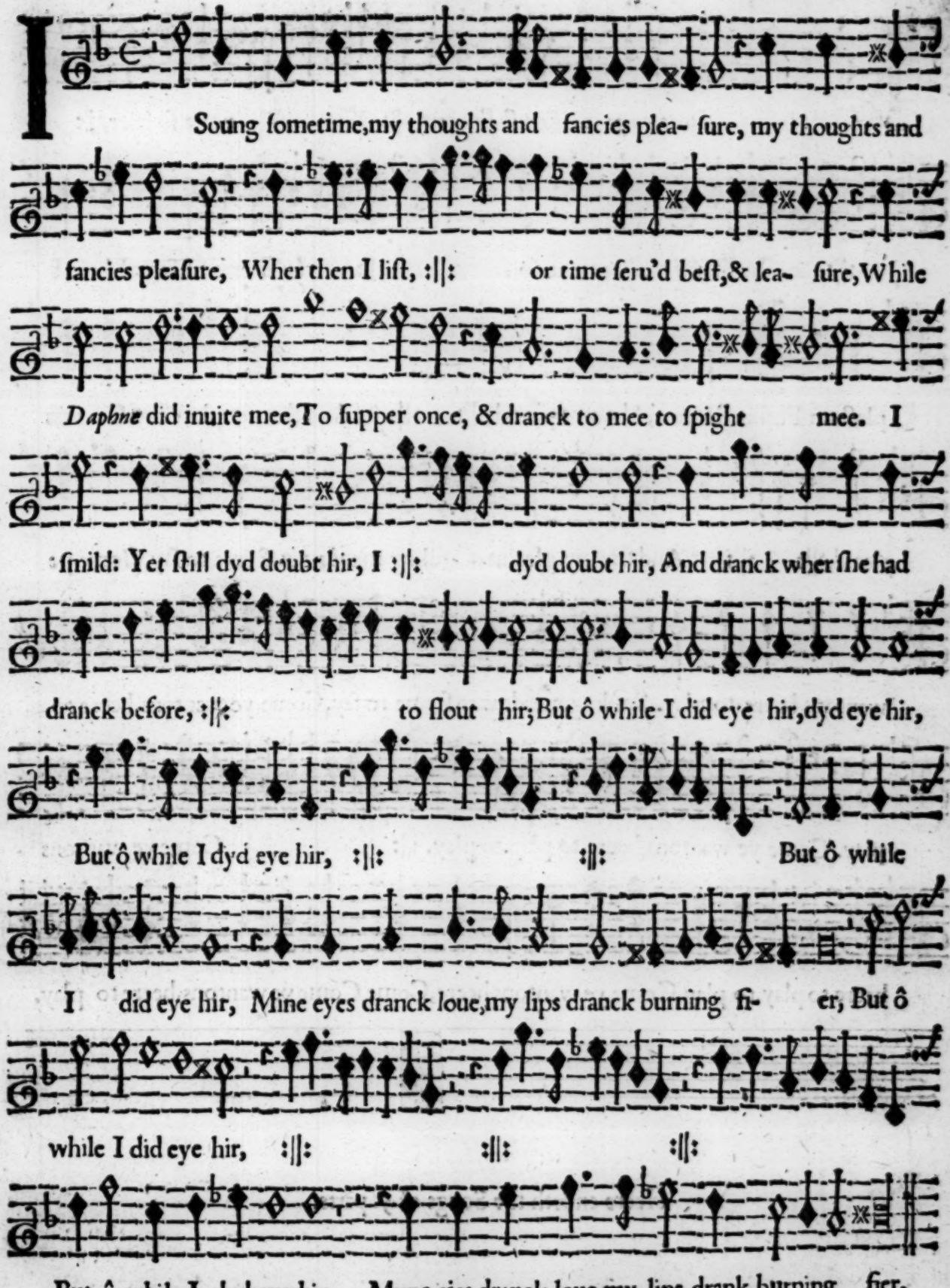


ſkornes my crying: O ſhe from hence departs, :||: My Loue refraining, For



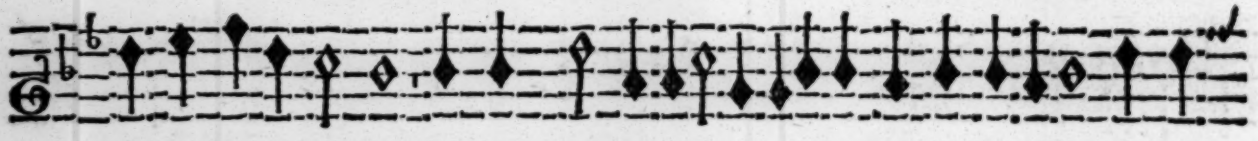
whom all hartles, Alas, I dye complaining.


VNkinde, O ſtay thy fly- ing, And if I needes muſt dye,
pitty mee, pitty mee dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart is lying, And no
death, can aſ- ſaile mee, Alas, till life doth faile thee, Alas, till life, :||: doth
faile thee, O therfore, :||: If the fates, bid thee bee fleeting, Stay for mee, :||:
Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O therfore, :||: If the
fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, :||: Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart thou
haſt in keeping.


I Soung ſometime, my thoughts and fancies plea- ſure, my thoughts and
fancies pleaſure, Wher then I liſt, :||: or time ſeru'd beſt,& lea- ſure, While
Daphne did inuite mee, To ſupper once, & dranck to mee to ſpight mee. I
ſmild: Yet ſtill dyd doubt hir, I :||: dyd doubt hir, And dranck wher ſhe had
dranck before, :||: to flout hir; But ô while I did eye hir, dyd eye hir,
But ô while I dyd eye hir, :||: :||: But ô while
I did eye hir, Mine eyes dranck loue, my lips dranck burning fi- er, But ô
while I did eye hir, :||: :||: :||:
But ô while I dyd eye hir, Myne eies dranck loue, my lips drank burning fier.

Flora gaue me faireſt flowers, :||: none ſo faier,:||:

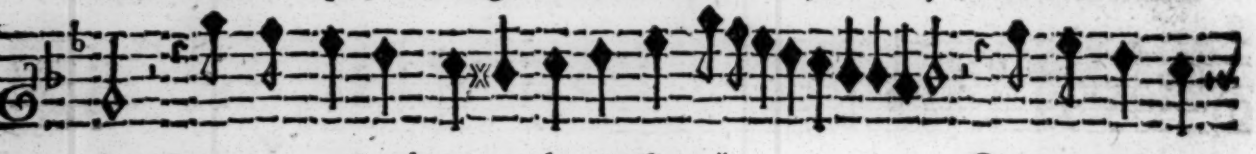
:||: In Floras treſure:none ſo faier,:||: :||: In Floras treſure: Theſe I



plaſt on Phillis Bowers, She was pleaſd,:||: :||: And ſhe my plea-ſure,She was

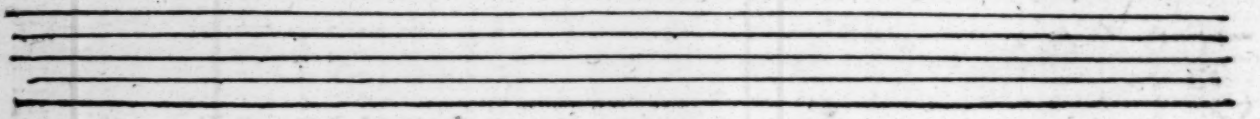
pleaſd,:||: :||: And ſhe my pleaſure:Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay,Come ye

wantons heere to play. Smiling meadowes ſeeme to ſay,Come ye wantons,heere to

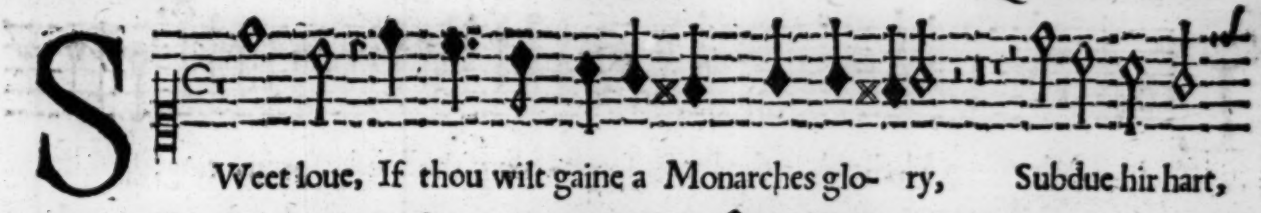


play. Come ye wantons,heere to play.to play. :||: Come ye wantons

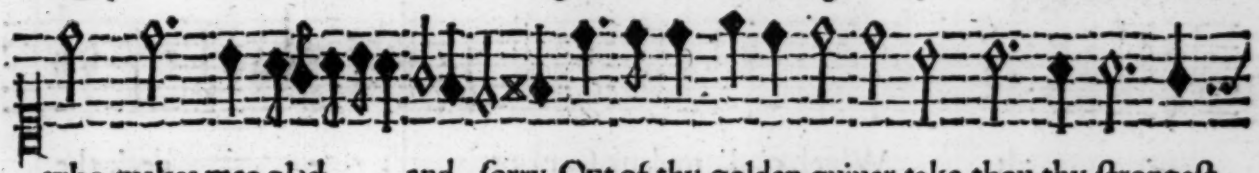
heere to play.to play.Come ye wantons heere,Come,Come ye wantons,heere to play.



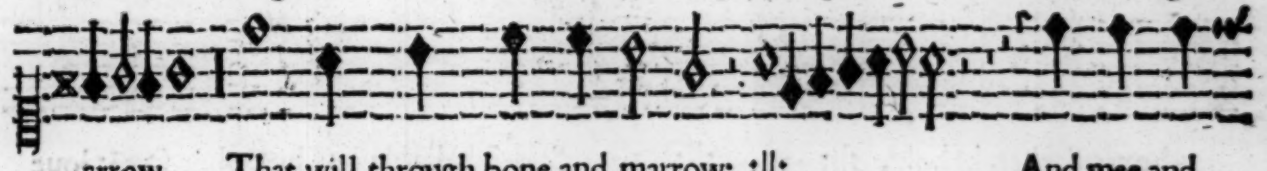
Heere endeth the Songs of 5. parts.



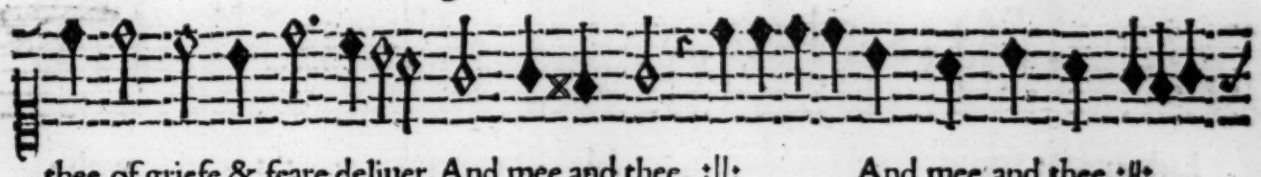
Sweet loue, If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glo- ry, Subdue hir hart,



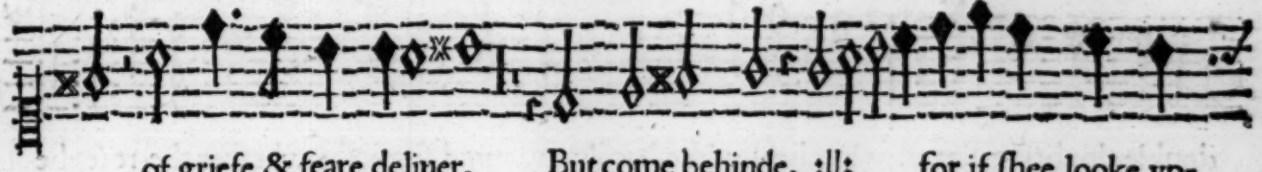
who makes mee glad and ſorry, Out of thy golden quiuer take thou thy ſtrongeſt



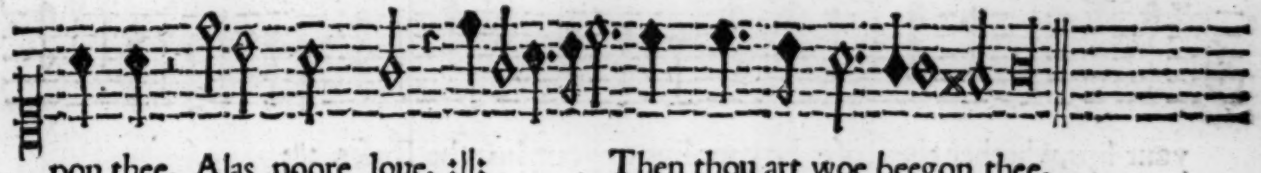
arrow, That will through bone and marrow: :‖: And mee and



thee of griefe & feare deliuer. And mee and thee, :‖: And mee and thee,:‖:



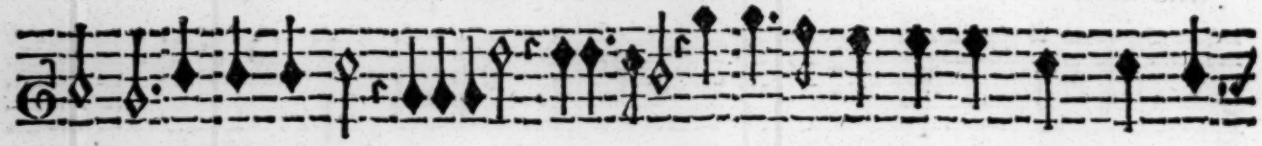
of griefe & feare deliuer. But come behinde, :‖: for if ſhee looke vp-



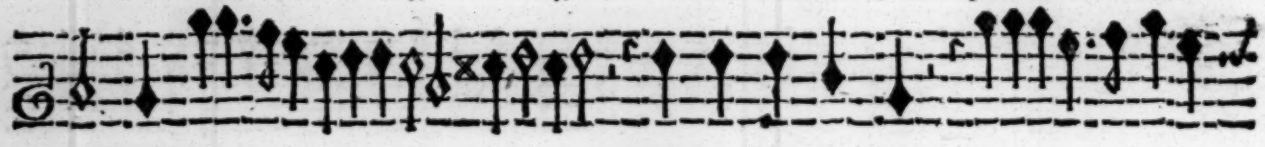
pon thee, Alas poore loue, :‖: Then thou art woe beegon thee.

Lady, when I behold, the Roſes ſprou- ting, the Roſes ſprou- ting, :||:

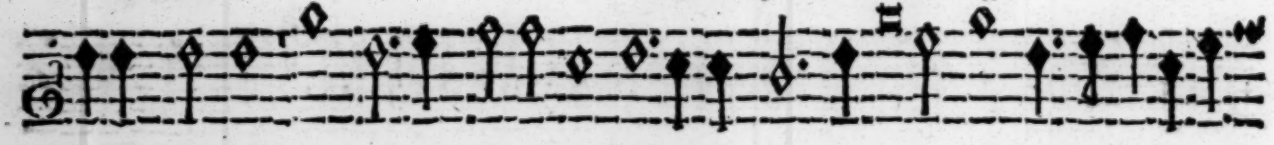
:||: Which clad in damaſk mantels, :||: deck the



arbours: & then behold, :||: :||: & thē behold your lips, wher ſweet loue

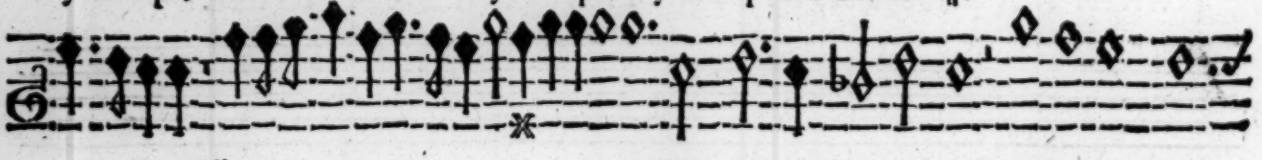


harbours, :||: My eies preſents mee, :||: with a

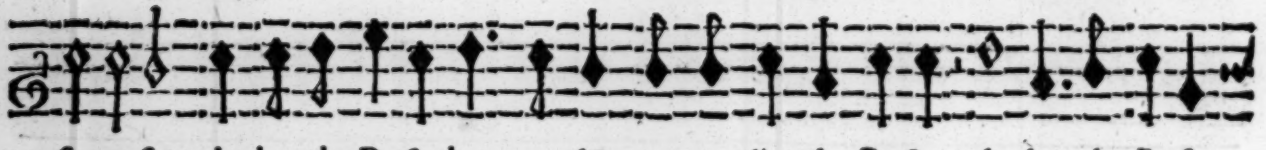


double doubting, For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, whether the roſes be

your lips, whether the Roſes be your lips or your lips the Roſes. :||:

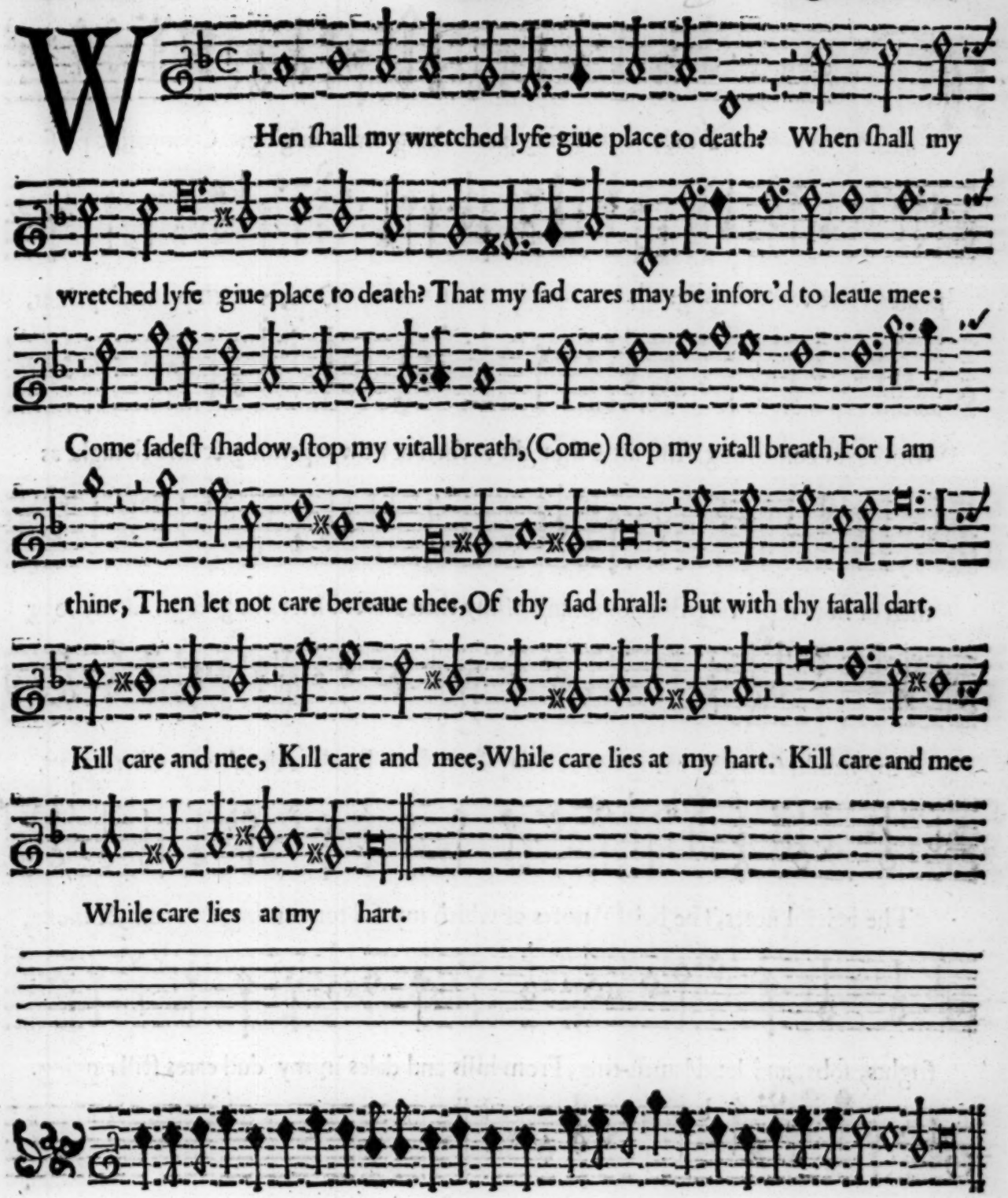


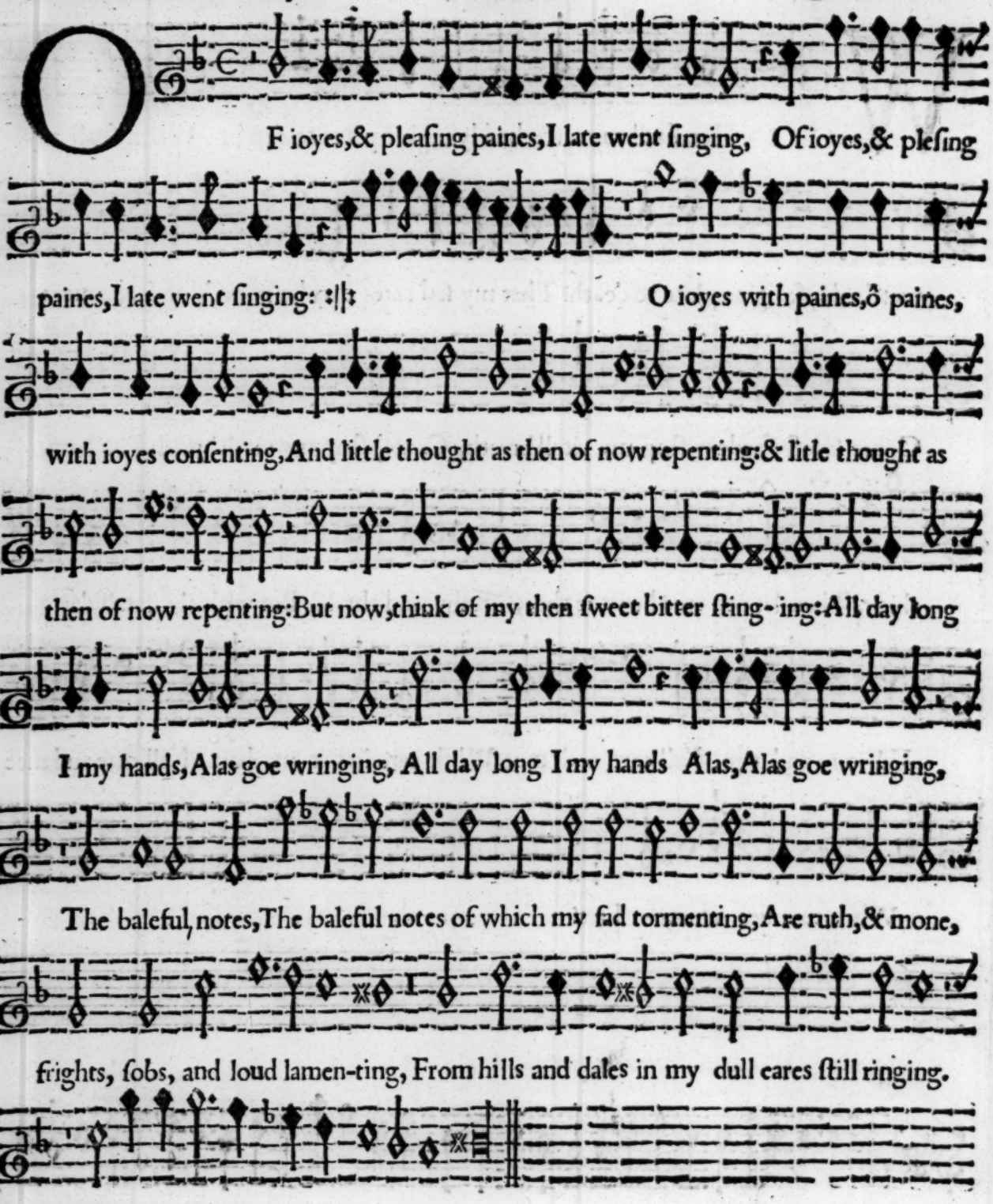
:||: For viewing both a like, hardly my mind

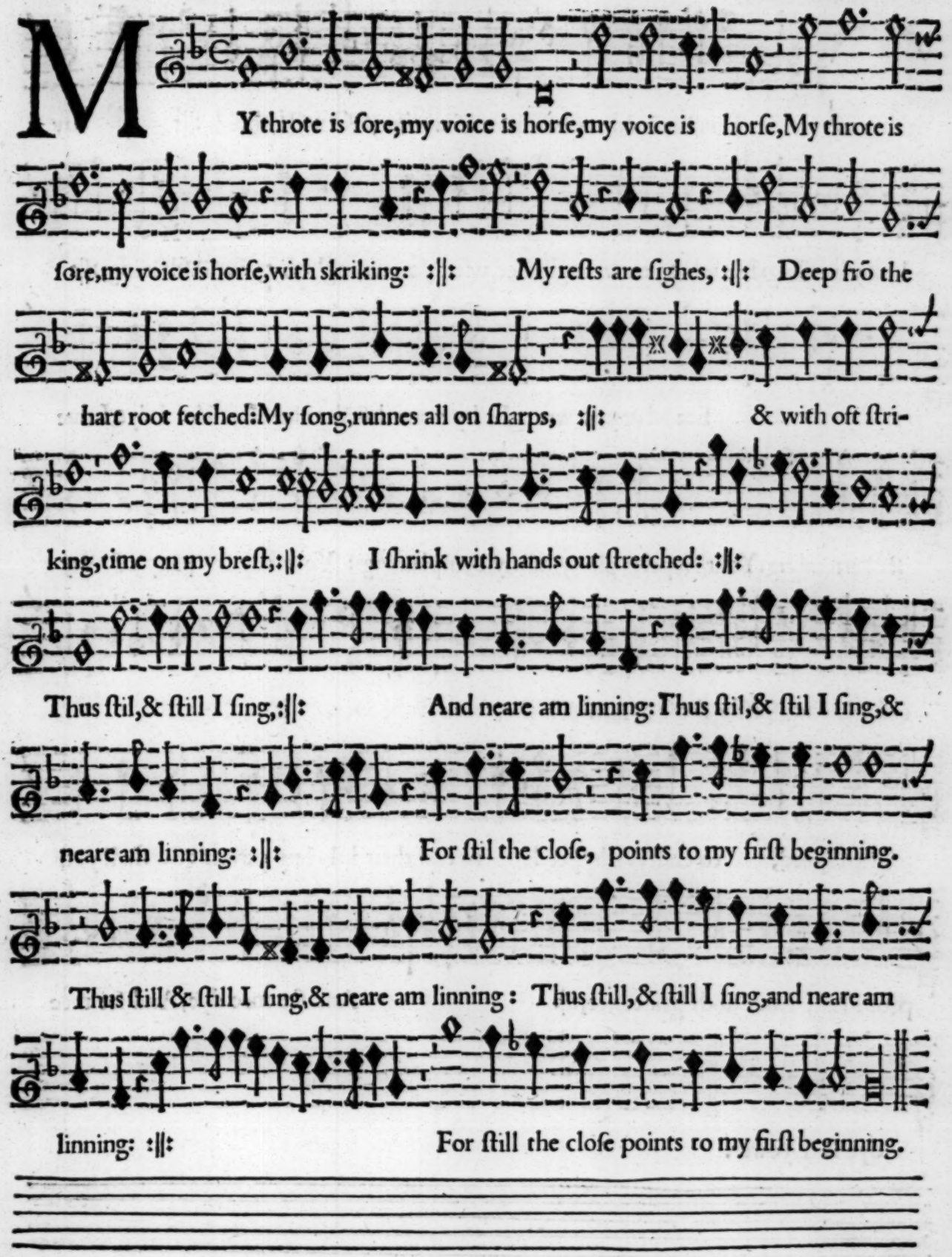


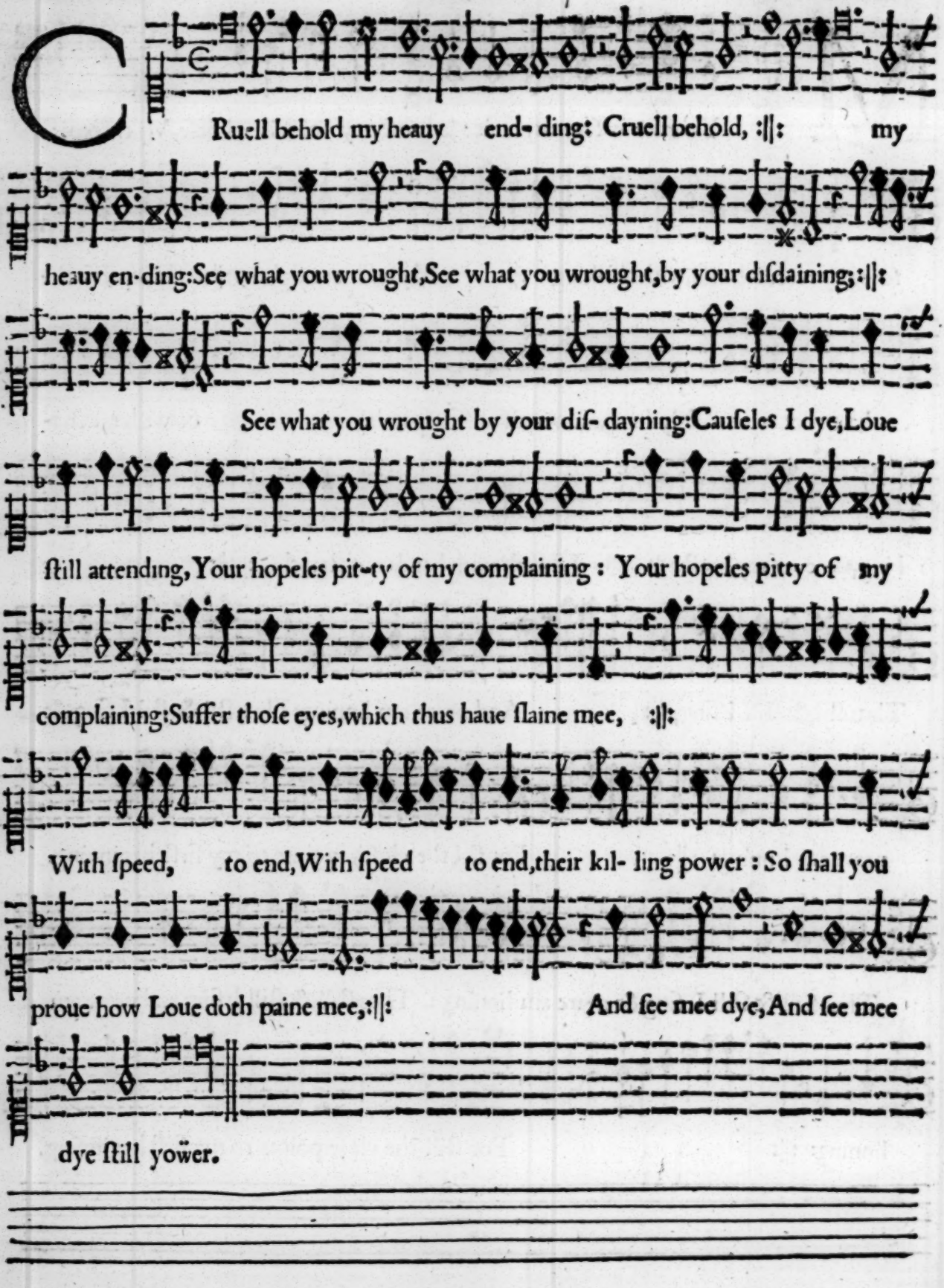
ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes bee your lips, or your lips the Roſes. whether the Roſes

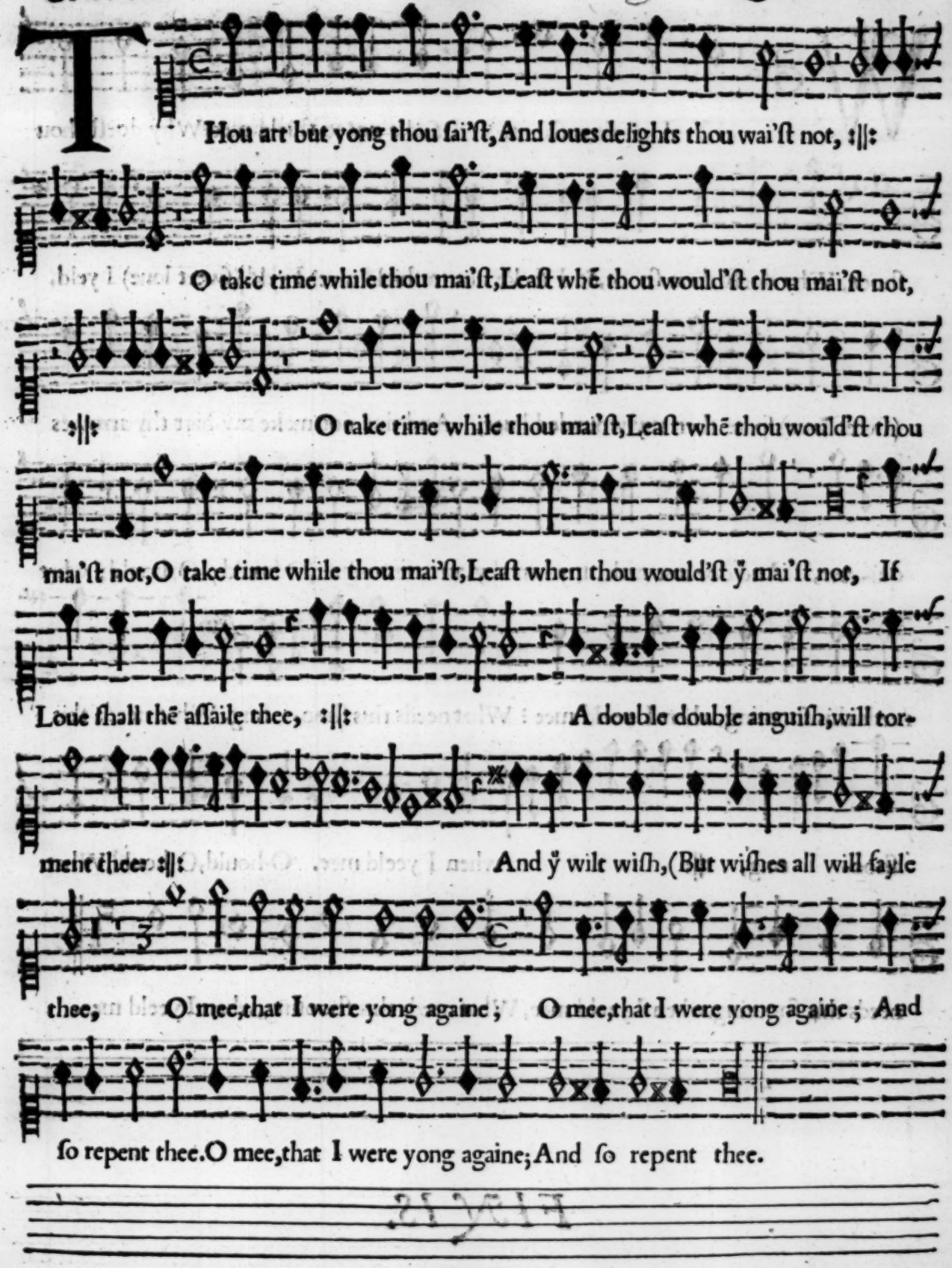
be your lippes, whether the Roſes bee your lippes, or your lippes the Roſes.


When ſhall my wretched lyfe giue place to death? When ſhall my
wretched lyfe giue place to death? That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee:
Come ſadeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, (Come) ſtop my vitall breath, For I am
thine, Then let not care bereaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart,
Kill care and mee, Kill care and mee, While care lies at my hart. Kill care and mee
While care lies at my hart.


O F ioyes,& pleasing paines,I late went singing, Of ioyes,& plesing
paines,I late went singing: :||: O ioyes with paines,ô paines,
with ioyes consenting,And little thought as then of now repenting:& litle thought as
then of now repenting:But now,think of my then sweet bitter sting- ing:All day long
I my hands,Alas goe wringing, All day long I my hands Alas,Alas goe wringing,
The baleful notes,The baleful notes of which my sad tormenting,Are ruth,& mone,
frights, sobs, and loud lamen-ting, From hills and dales in my dull eares still ringing.
:||:


MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe, my voice is horſe, My throte is
ſore, my voice is horſe, with skriking: :||: My reſts are ſighes, :||: Deep frō the
hart root fetched: My ſong, runnes all on ſharps, :||: & with oft ſtri-
king, time on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched: :||:
Thus ſtil, & ſtill I ſing, :||: And neare am linning: Thus ſtil, & ſtil I ſing, &
neare am linning: :||: For ſtil the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning.
Thus ſtill & ſtill I ſing, & neare am linning: Thus ſtill, & ſtill I ſing, and neare am
linning: :||: For ſtill the cloſe points to my firſt beginning.


Cruell behold my heauy end- ding: Cruell behold, :||: my
heauy en-ding:See what you wrought,See what you wrought,by your diſdaining;:||:
See what you wrought by your diſ- dayning:Cauſeles I dye,Loue
ſtill attending,Your hopeles pit-ty of my complaining : Your hopeles pitty of my
complaining:Suffer thoſe eyes,which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||:
With ſpeed, to end,With ſpeed to end,their kil- ling power : So ſhall you
proue how Loue doth paine mee,:||: And ſee mee dye,And ſee mee
dye ſtill yower.


THou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, And loues delights thou wai'ſt not, :||:
O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt whē thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not,
:||: O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt whē thou would'ſt thou
mai'ſt not, O take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt ỹ mai'ſt not, If
Loue ſhall thē aſſaile thee, :||: A double double anguiſh, will tor-
ment thee: :||: And ỹ wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all will fayle
thee, O mee, that I were yong againe; O mee, that I were yong againe; And
ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And ſo repent thee.

SEXTVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

RIGHT VVorſhipfull and renoumed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit ſome of my labours to the preſſe. VVhich, (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perſwades mee, (though they ſeeme not abſolute) that your Countenance is a ſufficient warrant for them againſt ſharp tongues & vnfriendly cenſures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accompliſhments to be ſuch, as may iuſtly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it ſhall pleaſe you to Patronize. If perchance they ſhall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, and honour I owe to all other your moſt ſinguler vertues; and eſpecially alſo for your excellent skill in Muſicke, and your great loue and fauour of Muſicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with proteſtation of all dutye, and ſeruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Auguſtinè Fryers the XII. of Aprill. 1598.

Your VVorſhips: euer moſt bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn VVilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away, thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee reſtleſſe thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4. voices.

WHat needeth all this trauile and turmoiling. The firſt part. VII.
O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew, ſweet Amarillis. XII.

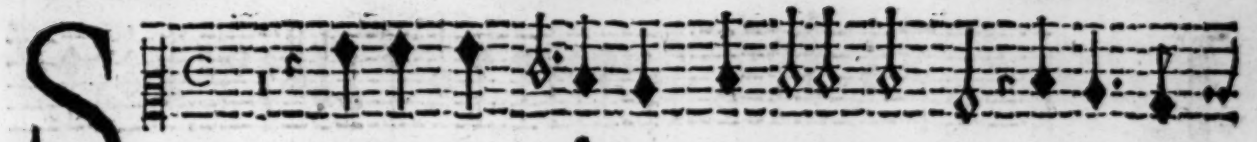
Songs to 5. voices.

DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhee denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
And though my loue abounding. The ſecond part. XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The firſt part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying. XX.
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue mee faireſt flowers. XXII.

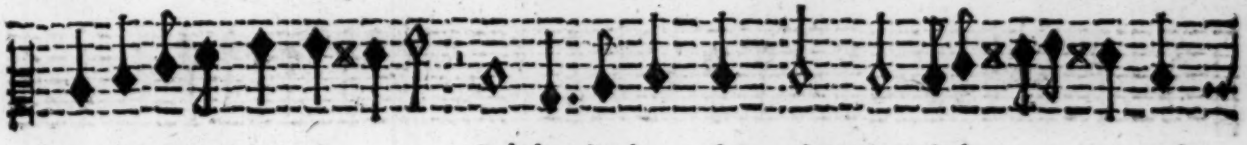
Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady, when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life, giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking. The ſecond part. XXVII.
Cruell, behold my heauie ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but young thou ſayſt. XXIX.
Why doeſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee. XXX.

FINIS.

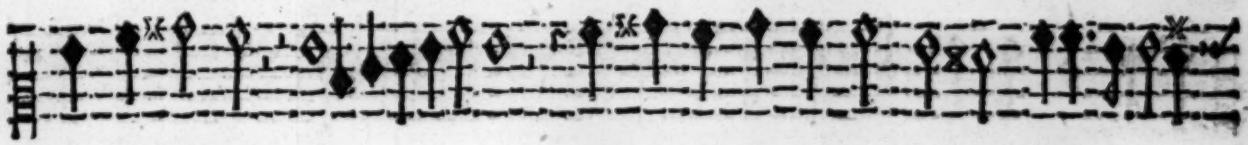


Sweet loue: If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Sweet loue, if thou wilt

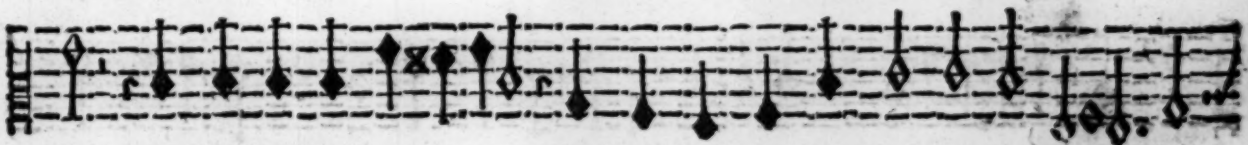


gaine a Monarches glo- ry, Subdue hir hart, who makes mee glad and

ſo- ry, Out of thy golden qui- uer, Take ỹ thy ſtrõgeſt arrow, That wil through

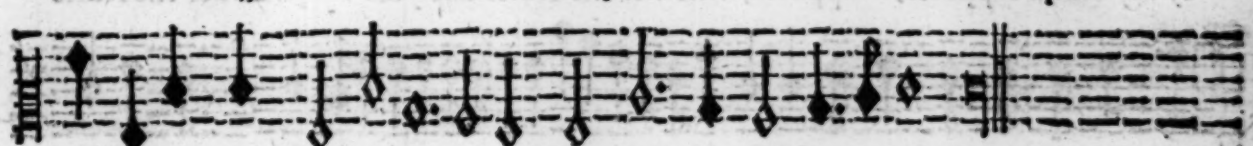


bone & marrow: :||: And mee & thee of griefe & feare deli-

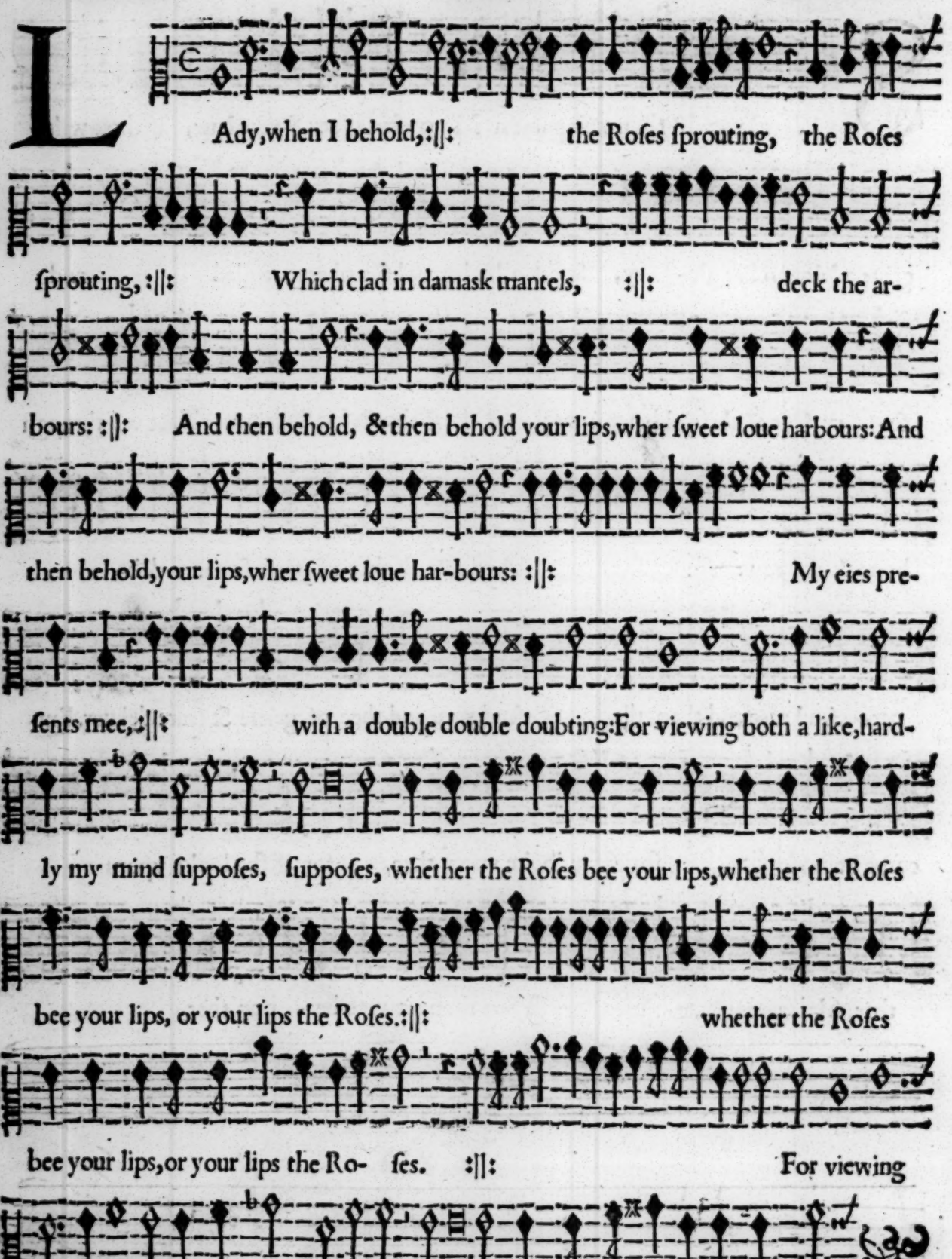


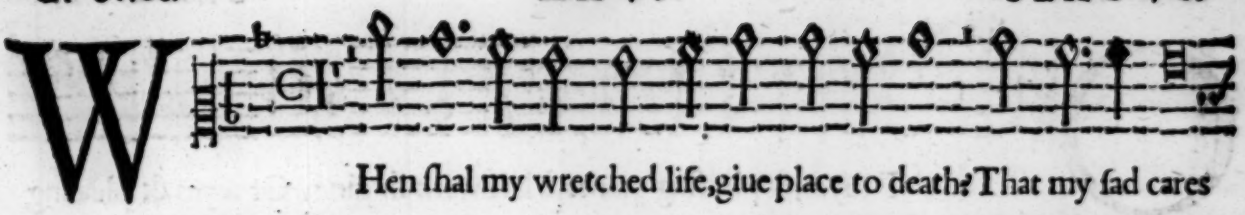
uer, And mee and thee, :||: And mee and thee, of griefe & feare deliuer. But

come behinde, :||: for if ſhe looke vpon thee, for if ſhe looke vpon



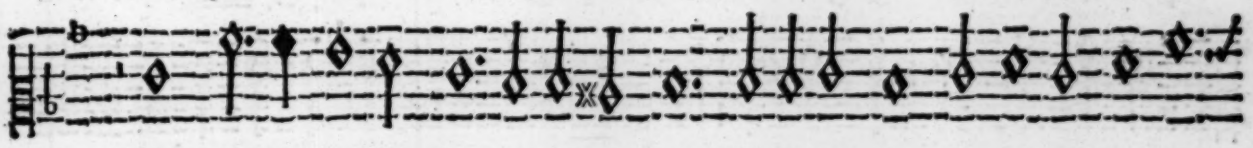
thee, Alas poore loue, :||: Then thou art woe bee- gon thee.


LAdy,when I behold,:||: the Roſes ſprouting, the Roſes
ſprouting,:||: Which clad in damask mantels, :||: deck the ar-
bours: :||: And then behold, & then behold your lips,wher ſweet loue harbours: And
then behold,your lips,wher ſweet loue har-bours: :||: My eies pre-
ſents mee,:||: with a double double doubting:For viewing both a like,hard-
ly my mind ſuppoſes, ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes bee your lips,whether the Roſes
bee your lips, or your lips the Roſes.:||: whether the Roſes
bee your lips,or your lips the Ro- ſes. :||: For viewing
both alike,hardly my minde ſuppoſes, ſuppoſes,whether the Roſes be your lips,



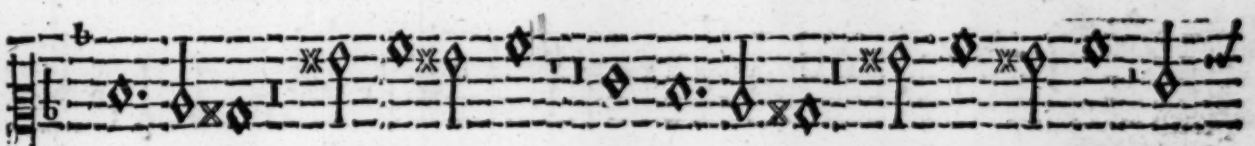
When ſhal my wretched life, giue place to death? That my ſad cares

may bee inforc'd to leaue mee: Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, Come ſaddeſt ſhadow,

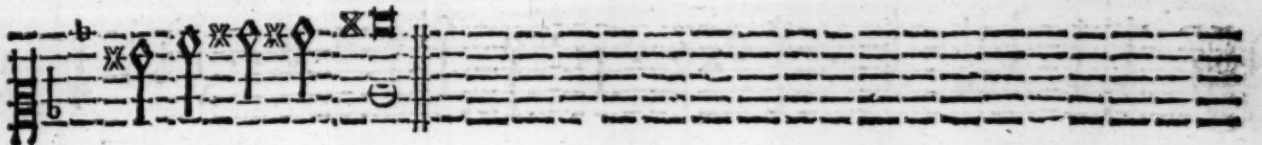


Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine, then let not care be-

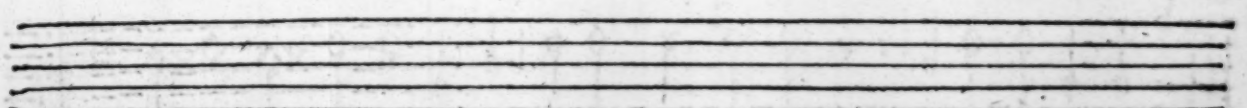
reaue thee, Of thy ſad thrall: Of thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill



care, and mee, Kill care, and mee, Kill care and mee, Kill care, and mee, While

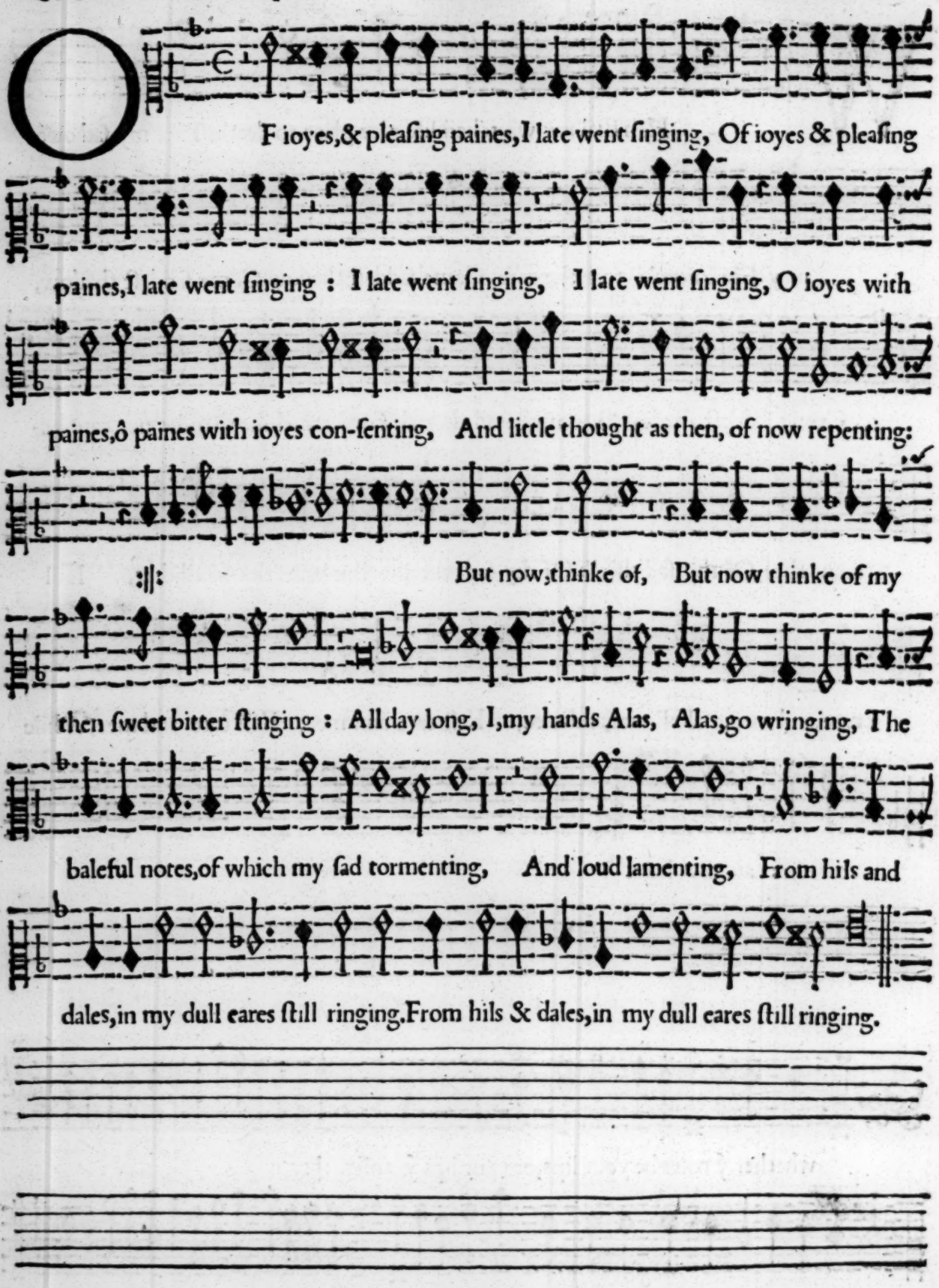


care lies at my hart.

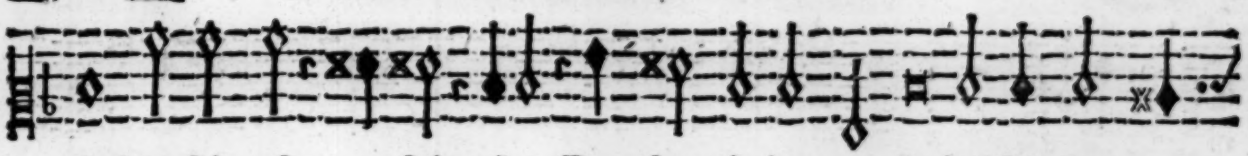


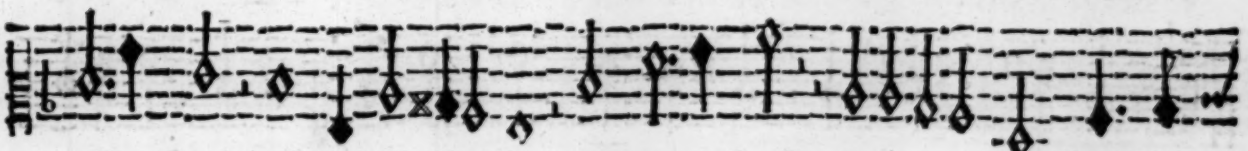
whether ỹ roſes be your lips, or your lips ỹ roſes. :‖:

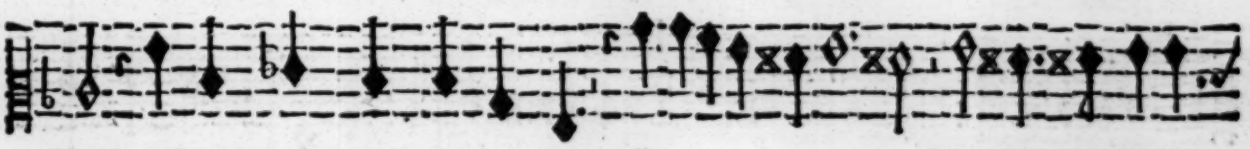
whether ỹ Roſes be your lips, or your lips ỹ Ro- ſes. :‖:


OF ioyes,& pleasing paines,I late went singing, Of ioyes & pleasing
paines,I late went singing : I late went singing, I late went singing, O ioyes with
paines,ô paines with ioyes con-senting, And little thought as then, of now repenting:
But now,thinke of, But now thinke of my
then sweet bitter stinging : All day long, I,my hands Alas, Alas,go wringing, The
baleful notes,of which my sad tormenting, And loud lamenting, From hils and
dales,in my dull eares still ringing.From hils & dales,in my dull eares still ringing.

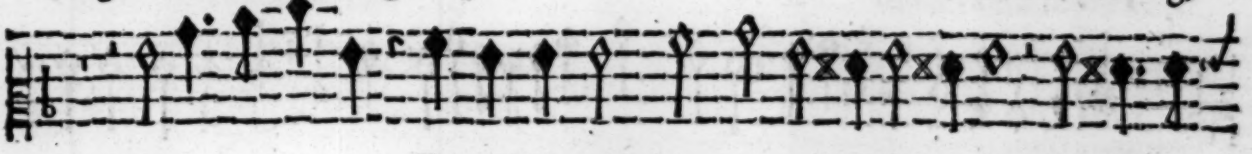
MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe, :||: with


skriking:My reſts, are ſighes,:||: Deep from the hart root fetched:My ſong runnes


all on ſharps,and with oft ſtriking, time on my breſt, :||: I ſhrink, I

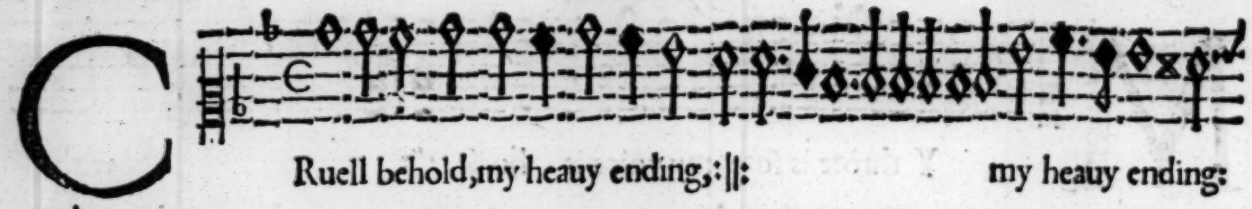

ſhrink, I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched, :||: Thus ſtill and ſtill I

ſing,and neare am linning: :||: And neare am linning,

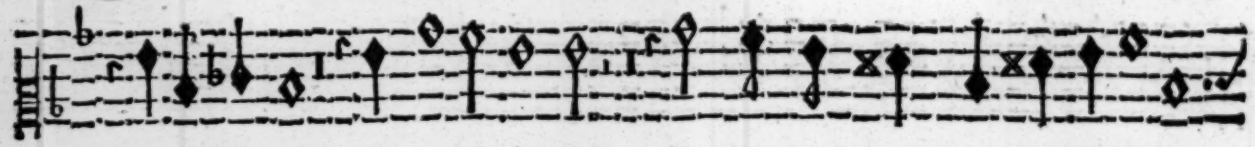

:||: For ſtil the cloſe,points to my firſt beginning.Thus ſtill &

ſtill I ſing,& neare am linning: :||: and neare am linning,

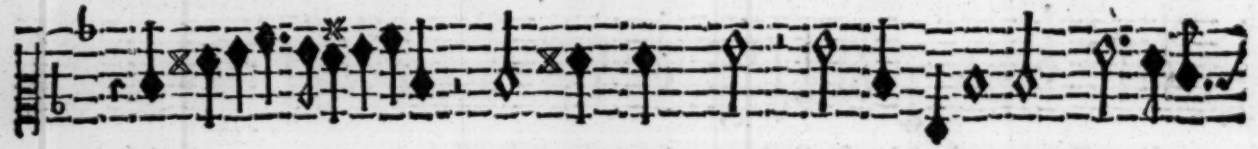
:||: For ſtill the cloſe,points to my firſt beeginning.



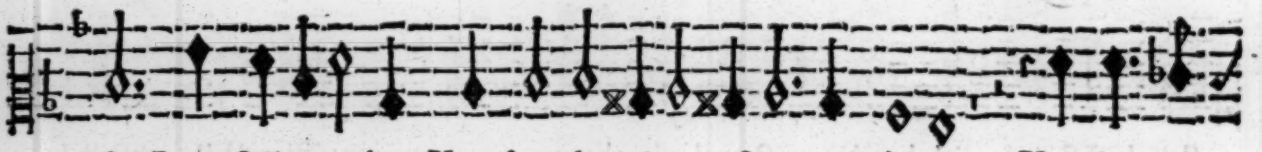
Ruell behold, my heauy ending, :||: my heauy ending:



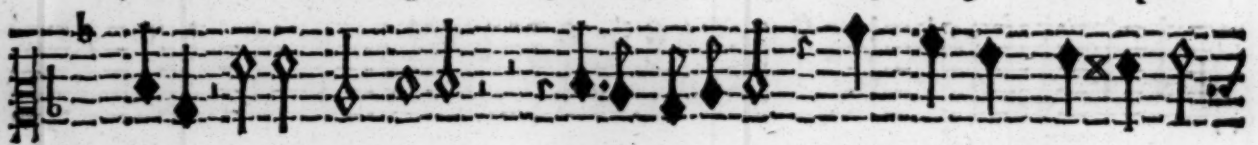
Cruell behold, my heauie ending, See what you wrought, by your diſdaining;



:||: See what you wrought by your diſdayning: Cauſeles I

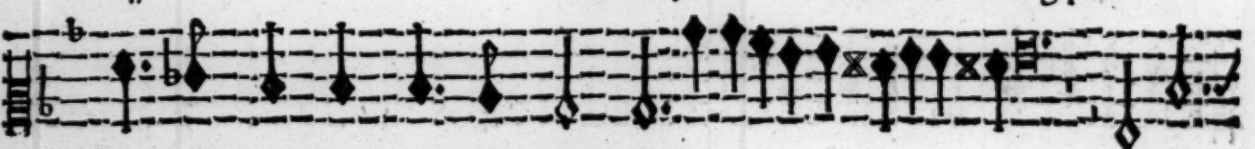


dye, Loue ſtill attending, Your hopeles pitty of my complaining: Your hopeles

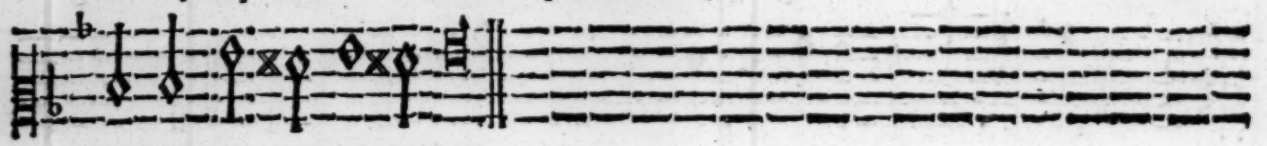


pitty, of my complaining: Suffer thoſe eyes, which thus haue ſlaine mee,

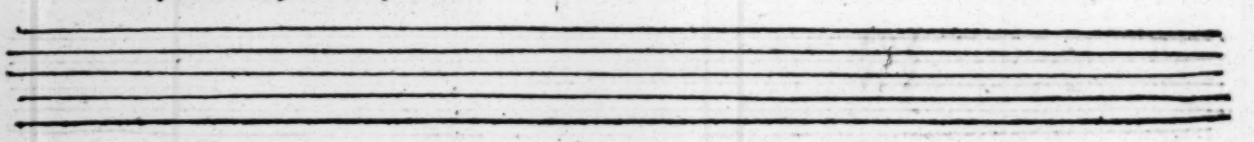
:||: With ſpeed to end, their killing power: So

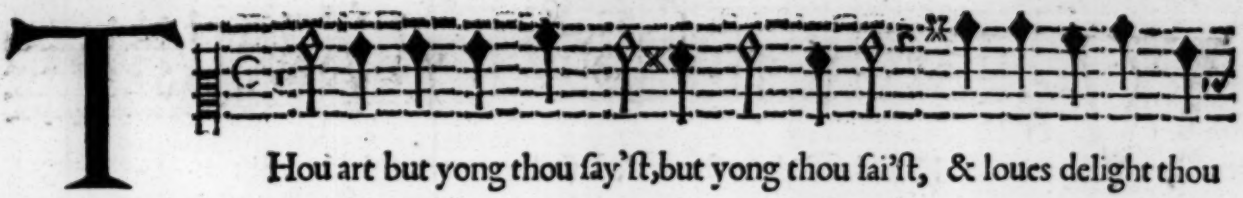


ſhall you proue how Loue doth paine mee, :||: And ſee



mee dye, mee dye ſtill yo͞wer.





THou art but yong thou ſay'ſt, but yong thou ſai'ſt, & loues delight thou

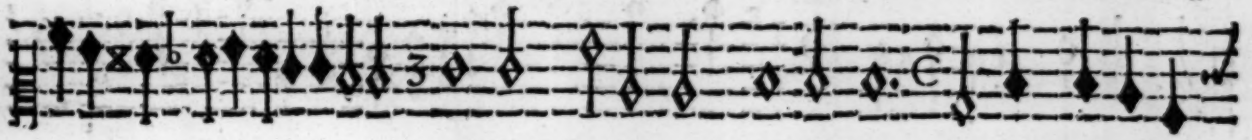
way'ſt not,:||: O take time while thou mai'ſt,:||: Leaſt

when thou would'ſt thou may'ſt not,:||: O take time while thou may'ſt,

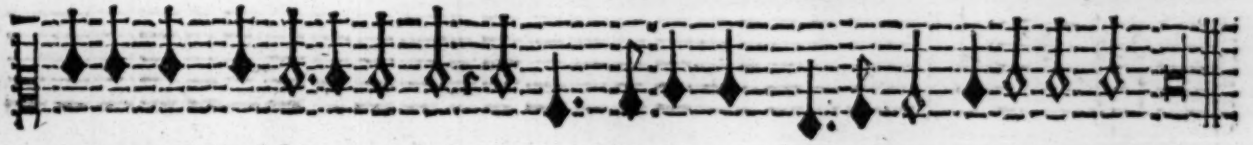
Leaſt when thou would'ſt, thou may'ſt not, Leaſt when thou wouldſt,:||: thou

mai'ſt not. If Loue ſhall then aſſayle thee: :||: A duble duble anguiſh,:||:

will tor- ment thee: And thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all will faile thee) :||:



O mee, That I were young againe; O mee, That I were



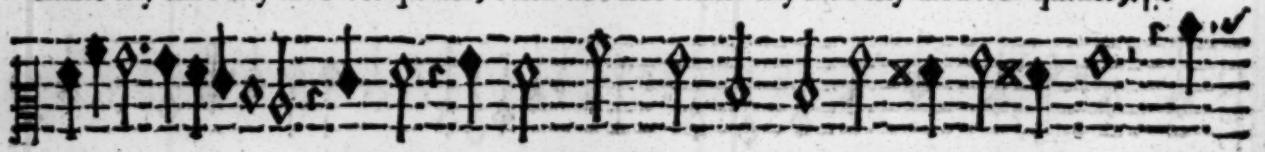
yong againe; And ſo repent thee. O mee, That I were young againe; and ſo repent thee.

WHY doeſt thou ſhoot,& I ſeeke not to ſhield mee?:||:

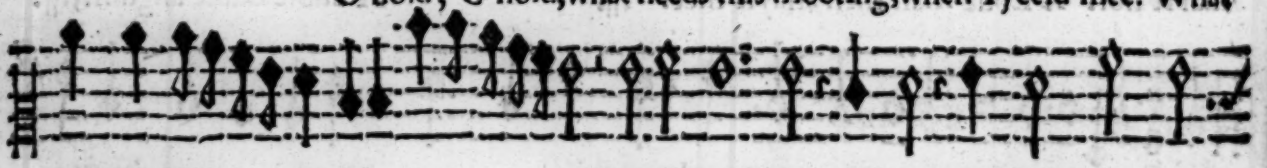
Why doſt thou ſhoot & I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? :||:

I yeld(ſweet loue) I yeeld(ſweet loue)ſpare then my wounded liuer,And do not

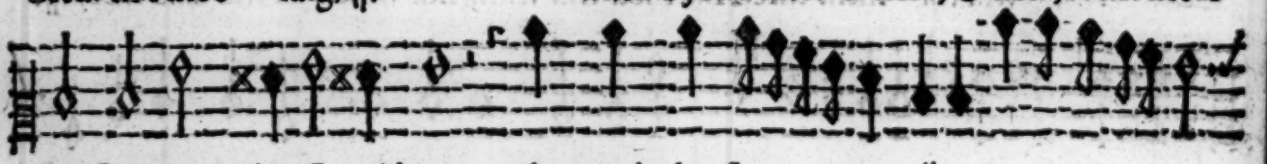
make my hart thy arrowes quiuer, And doe not make my hart thy arrowes quiuer,:||:



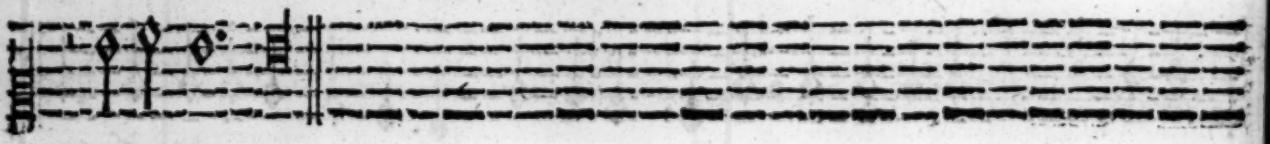
O hold; O hold;what needs this ſhooting,when I yeeld mee? What



needs this ſhoo- ting.:||: when I yeeld mee. O hold, O hold,What needs



this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee ? what needs this ſhoo- ting, :||:



.when I yeeld mee.

FINIS.

BASSVS.

THE FIRST SET *OF ENGLISH* MADRIGALS TO 3. 4. 5. and 6. voices:

Newly Composed

BY

IOHN WILBYE

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este.
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORshipfull and vallerous Knight Sir *Charles Cauendish.*

IGHT VVorshipfull and renoumed Knight: It hath happened of late, I know not how; whether by my folly, or fortune, to commit some of my labours to the presse. VVhich, (the weaker the work is) haue more need of an Honorable Patron. Euery thing perswades mee, (though they seeme not absolute) that your Countenance is a sufficient warrant for them against sharp tongues & vnfriendly censures; Knowing your rare vertues, and honorable accomplishments to be such: as may iustly challenge their better regard and opinion, whom it shall please you to Patronize. If perchance they shall proue worthie your patronage: My affection, dutie, and good will, bind mee rather to Dedicate them to you, then to any other: both for the reuerence, and honour I owe to all other your most singuler vertues; and especially also for your excellent skill in Musicke, and your great loue and fauour of Musicke. There remaineth onely your fauorable acceptance, which humbly crauing at your hands, with protestation of all dutye, and seruice: I humbly take my leaue. From th' Augustine Fryers the XII. of aprill. 1598.

Your VVorships: euer most bounden

and dutifull in all humilitie.

Iohn VVilbye.

THE TABLE.

Songs to 3. voices

FLY Loue aloft. I.
Away, thou ſhalt not loue mee. II.
Ay mee, can euery rumour. III.
Weepe O mine eies. IIII.
Deere pittie how? ah how? V.
Yee reſtleſſe thoughts. VI.

Songs to 4, voices.

WHat needeth all this trauaile and turmoiling. The firſt part. VII.
O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer. The ſecond part. VIII.
Alas what hope of ſpeeding. IX.
Lady when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. X.
Thus ſaith my Cloris bright. XI.
Adew, ſweet Amarillis. XII.

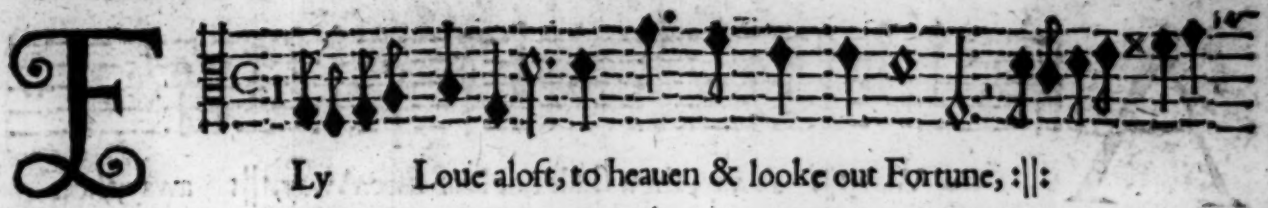
Songs to 5. voices.

DYE hapleſſe man, Since ſhee denies thee grace. XIII.
I fall, I fall, O ſtay mee. The firſt part. XIIII.
And though my loue abounding. The ſecond part. XV.
I alwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued. The firſt part. XVI.
Thus Loue commaunds. The ſecond part. XVII.
Lady, your words doe ſpight mee. XVIII.
Alas, what a wretched life is this. XIX.
Vnkinde, O ſtay thy flying. XX.
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure. XXI.
Flora gaue mee faireſt flowers. XXII.

Songs to 6. voices.

SWeet Loue, if thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory. XXIII.
Lady, when I beehold the Roſes ſprouting. XXIIII.
When ſhall my wretched life, giue place to death? XXV.
Of ioyes and pleaſing paines, I late went ſinging. The firſt part. XXVI.
My throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking. The ſecond part. XXVII.
Cruell behold my heauie ending. XXVIII.
Thou art but young thou ſayſt. XXIX.
Why doeſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee. XXX.

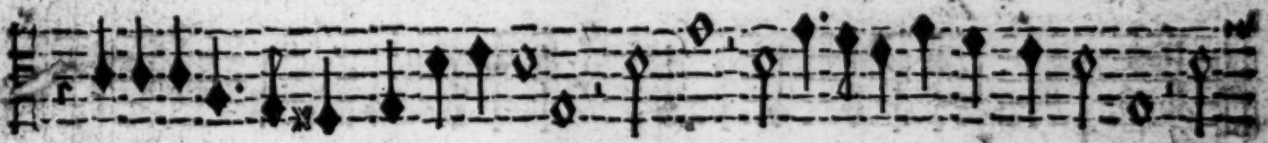
FINIS.



FLy Loue aloft, to heauen & looke out Fortune, :||:

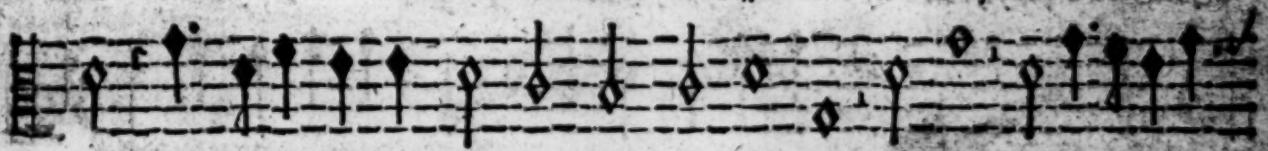
Then ſweetly, ſweetly, ſweetly hir importune, That I from my Ca-

liſto beſt beeloued, As you & ſhe ſet downe, be neuer moued, As you & ſhe ſet downe,

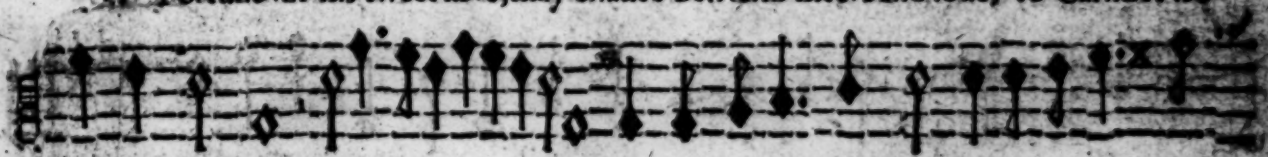


:||: be neuer moued, And loue, to Carimel ſee you cõmend me, :||:

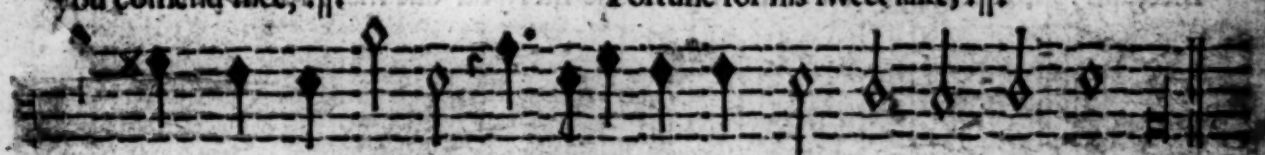
Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||: may chaunce befriend



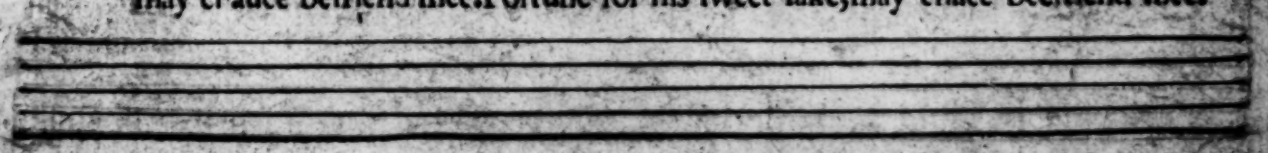
me. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, may chaũce befriend mee. And loue, to Carimel ſee

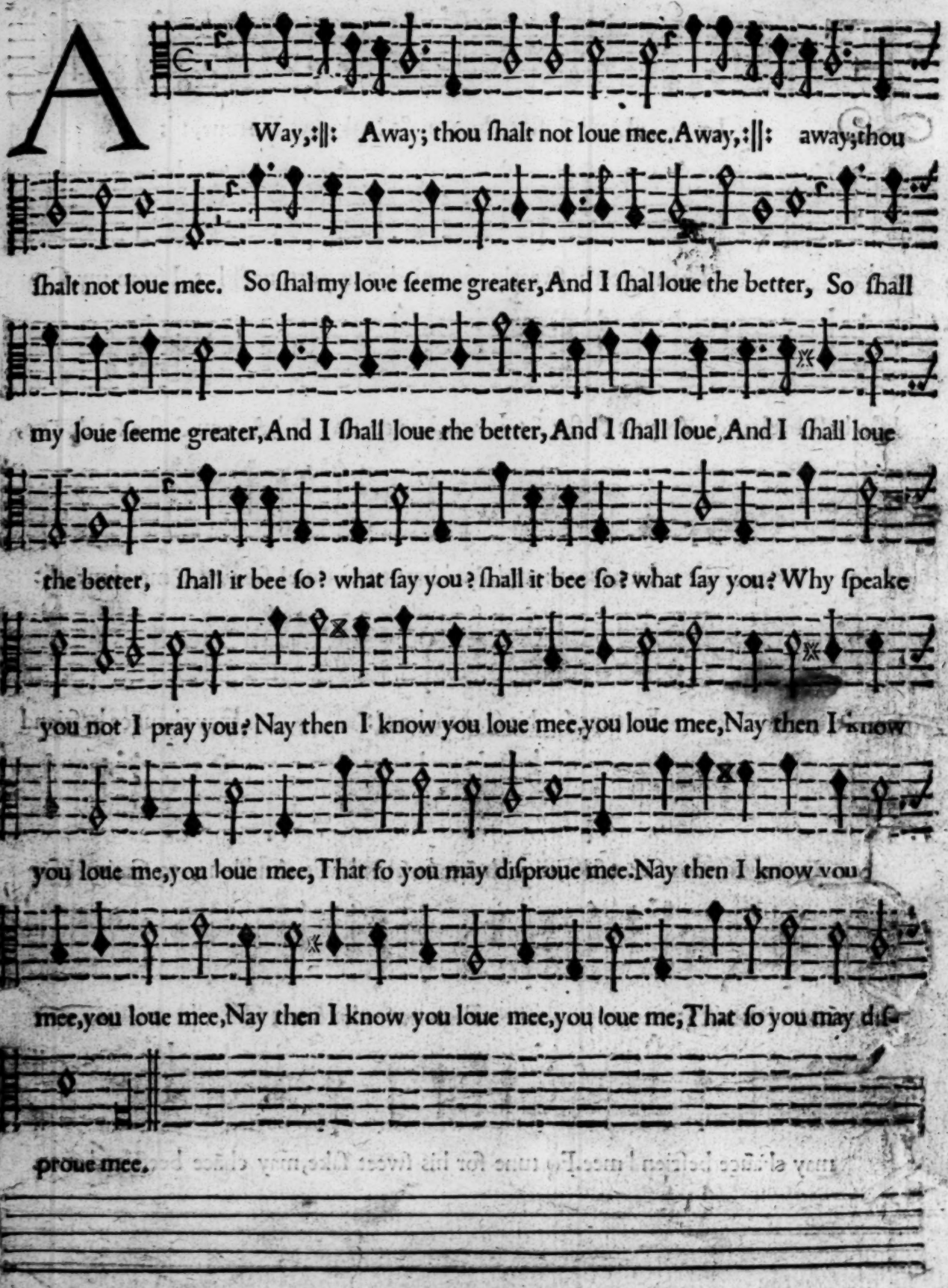


you cõmend mee, :||: Fortune for his ſweet ſake, :||:



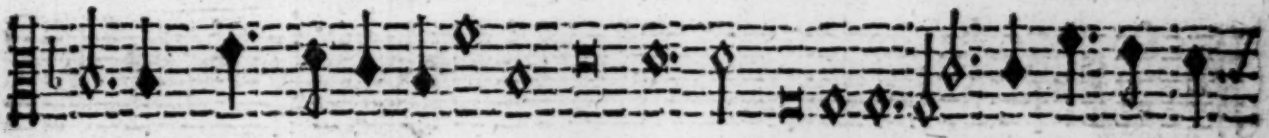
may chaũce befriend mee. Fortune for his ſweet ſake, may chãce beefriend mee.




Away, :||: Away; thou ſhalt not loue mee. Away, :||: away; thou
ſhalt not loue mee. So ſhal my loue ſeeme greater, And I ſhal loue the better, So ſhall
my loue ſeeme greater, And I ſhall loue the better, And I ſhall loue, And I ſhall loue
the better, ſhall it bee ſo? what ſay you? ſhall it bee ſo? what ſay you? Why ſpeake
you not I pray you? Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know
you loue me, you loue mee, That ſo you may diſproue mee. Nay then I know you
mee, you loue mee, Nay then I know you loue mee, you loue me, That ſo you may di-
proue mee.

AY mee, Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart my Ladyes humor? Ay mee,

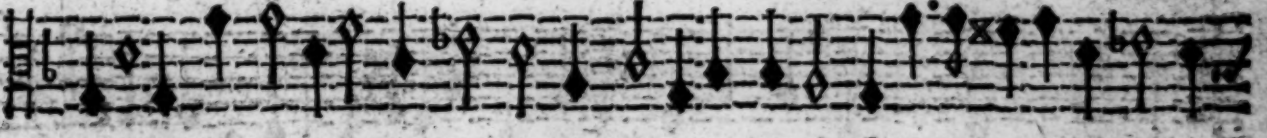
Can euery rumor, Thus ſtart, :||: my Ladies humor? Name yee ſome gallant to



hir; why ſtraight forſooth I woe hir, Then burſt ſhe forth in paſſion, You men loue but

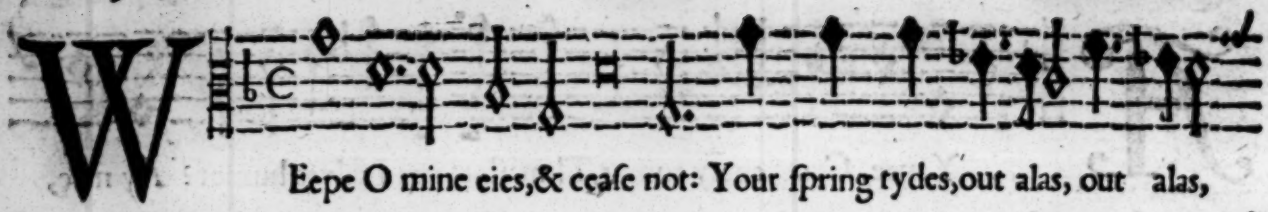
for faſhion, You men loue but for faſhion, Yet ſure I am that no man, Yet ſure I am

that no man, euer ſo loued woman, Yet -alas Loue be wary, be wary, For women be



contrary. Yet ſure I am that no man, Yet ſure I am that no man, euer ſo loued woman,

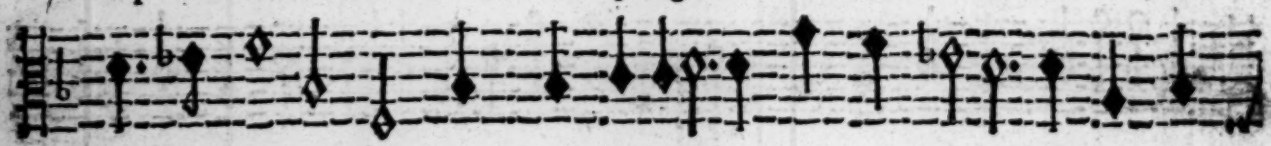
Yet a-las Loue be wary, be wary, For women be contrary.



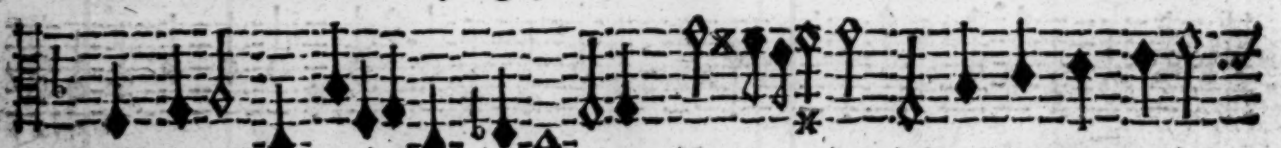
Weepe O mine eies,& ceaſe not: Your ſpring tydes,out alas, out alas,

out a- las,me thinks increaſe not,Your ſpring tydes,out alas me thinks increaſe not.

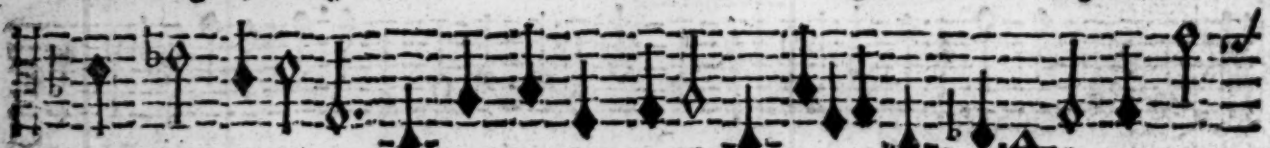
Weep ô mine eies,and ceaſe not : Your ſpring tides,out alas,out alas,out a- las,mee



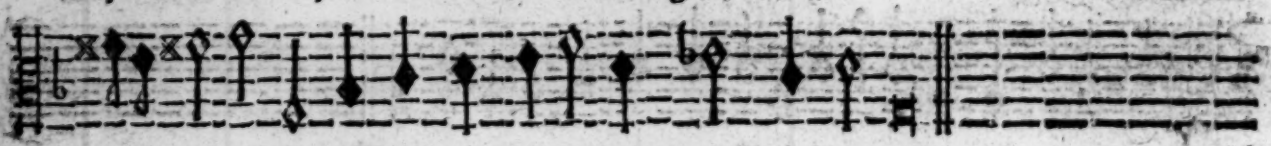
thinks increaſe not.Your ſpring tydes out alas, me thinks increaſe not. O when, ô



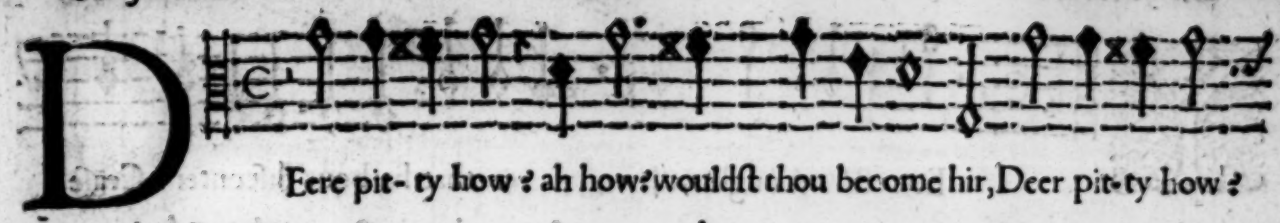
when begin you, :||: To ſwell ſo high,to ſwell ſo high,that



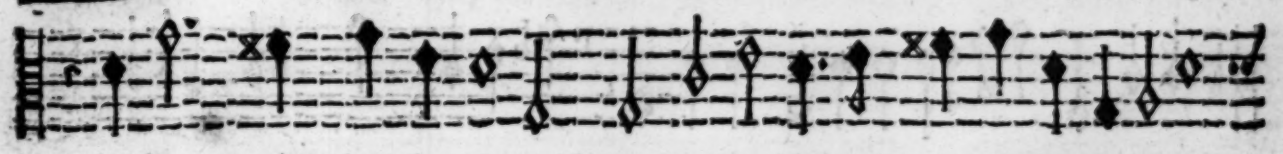
may drown me in you ? O when,O when begin you, :||: To ſwell



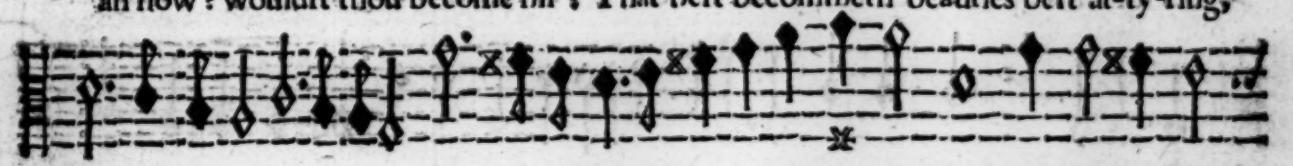
ſo high,to ſwell ſo high,that I may drowne mee in you ?



Deere pit- ty how? ah how? wouldst thou become hir, Deer pit-ty how?



ah how? wouldst thou become hir? That best becommeth beauties best at-ty-ring,



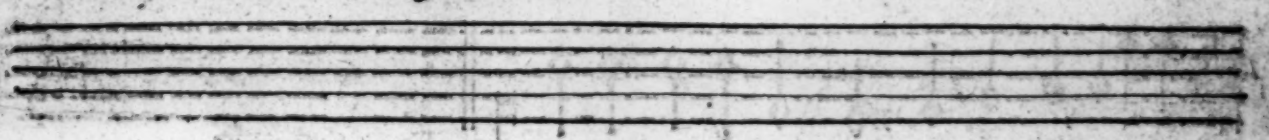
Shall my desert, :||: Shall my desert deserue no fauour from hir? But still to wast

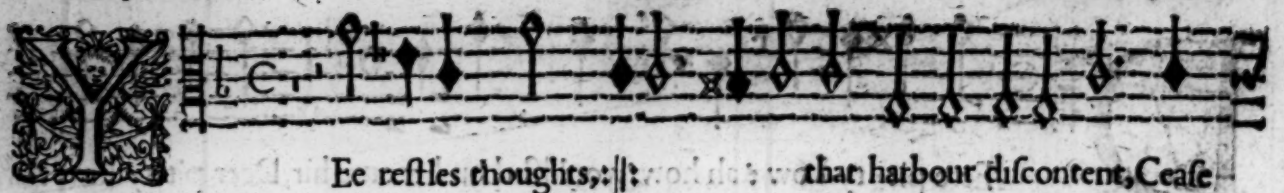
my selfe in deepe admiring, :||: Like him that calls to Eccho to re-

lieue him. :||: Still tels & heares the tale, Oh tale that greeues him.

Like him that calls to Eccho to releeue him, :||: Still tels and

heares the tale, Oh tale that greeues him.





Yee reſtles thoughts,:||: that harbour diſcontent, Ceaſe your aſſaults: :||: & let my hart lament, Yee reſtles thoughts,:||: that harbour diſcontent, Ceaſe your aſſaults::||: & let my hart lament; And let my tongue haue leaue to tell my griefe, That ſhe may pittie, though not graunt reliefe.:||:

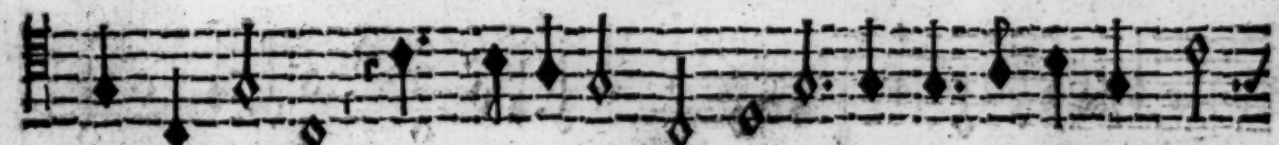
Pitty would help, Pitty would help what loue hath almoſt ſlaine, Pitty would help, what loue hath almoſt ſlaine, And ſalue the wound, that feſt'red this diſ-daine.

Pittie would help, Pitty would help, what loue hath almoſt ſlaine,:||:

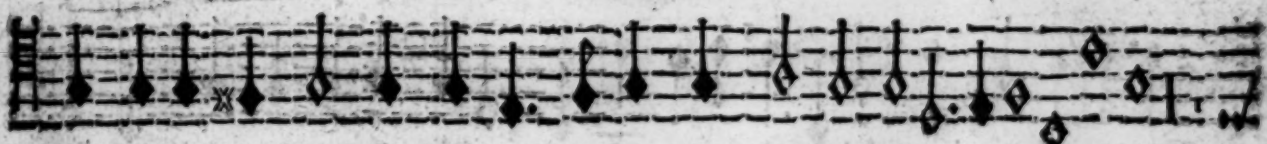
And ſalue the wound that feſt'red this diſdaine.

Heere endeth the Songs of 3. parts.

What needeth all this trauayle and turmoyling, Shortning the

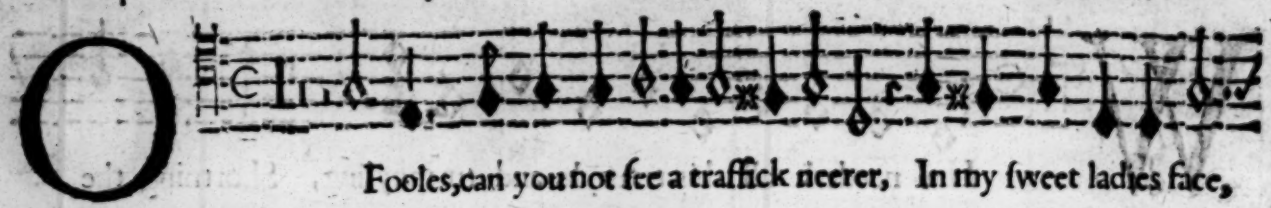


lyfes ſweet pleaſure, Shortning the lifes ſweet pleaſure, To ſeeke this far fetcht trea-

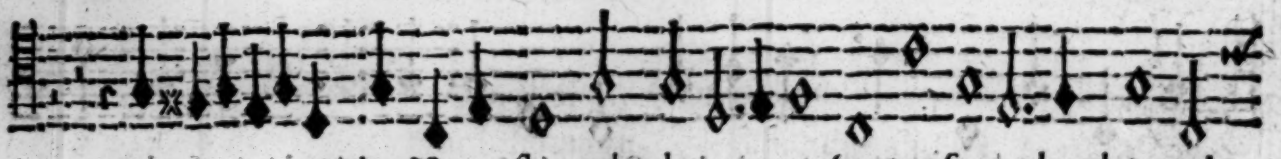


ſure, this far fetcht treaſure, To ſeeke this far fetcht treaſure, :||:

In thoſe hot clymats, In thoſe hot cly- mats, Vnder Phœbus broyling?

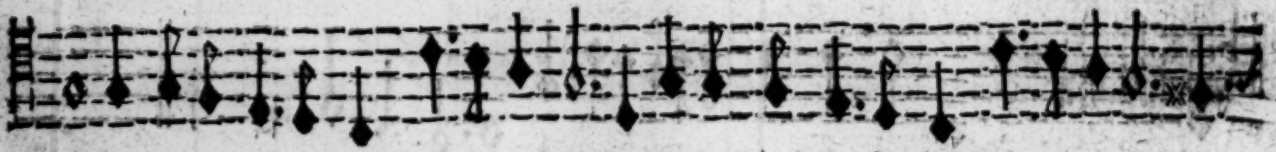


O Fooles, can you not ſee a traffick neerer, In my ſweet ladies face,

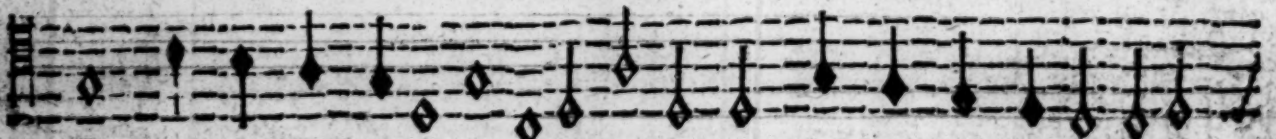


Wher Nature ſhoweth, what euer treaſure eye ſees, or hart knoweth?

Rubies & Diamonds dainty, Rubies & Diamonds dainty, And orient Perles ſuch plen-

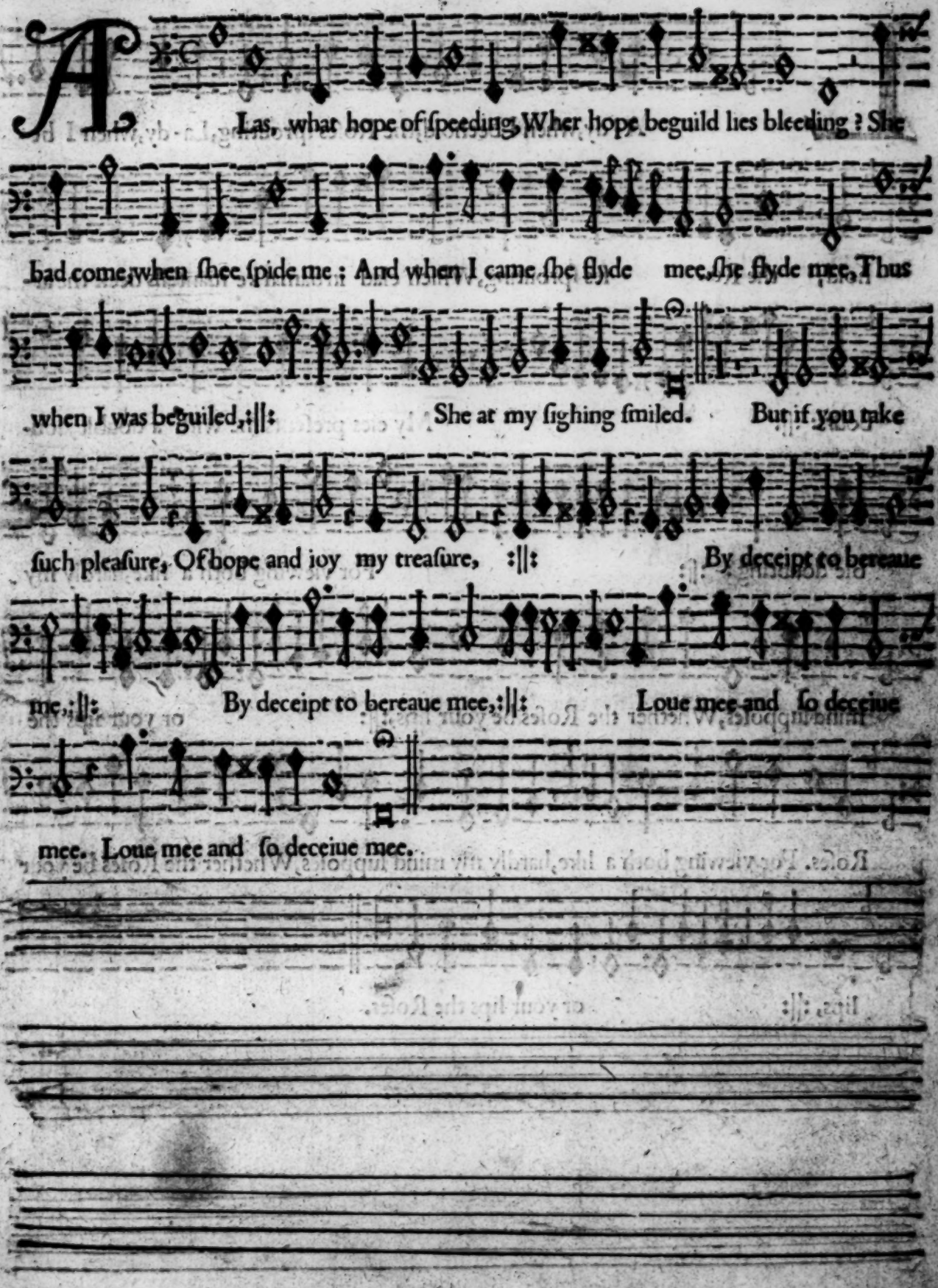


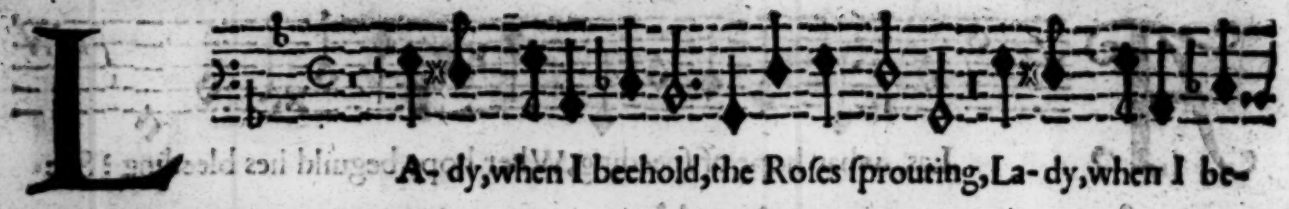
tie, Corral & Ambergris, ſweeter and deerer, Corrall and Ambergris, ſweeter & deerer,



Then which the South ſeas or Moluccas lend vs, Then which the South ſeas or Moluc-

cas lend vs, or either Indies, Eaſt or Weſt, doe ſend vs.

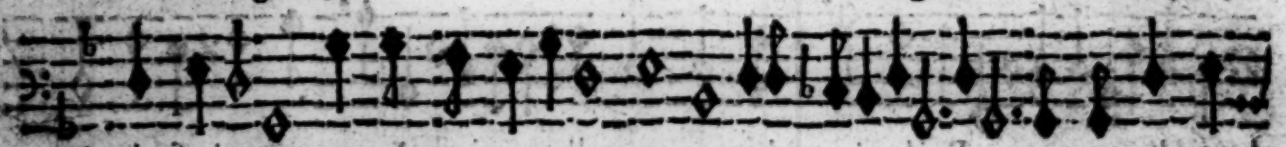

Las, what hope of ſpeeding, Wher hope beguild lies bleeding? She
had come, when ſhee ſpide me; And when I came ſhe flyde mee, ſhe flyde mee, Thus
when I was beguiled, :||: She at my ſighing ſmiled. But if you take
ſuch pleaſure, Of hope and joy my treaſure, :||: By deceipt to bereaue
me, :||: By deceipt to bereaue mee, :||: Loue mee and ſo deceiue
mee. Loue mee and ſo deceiue mee.

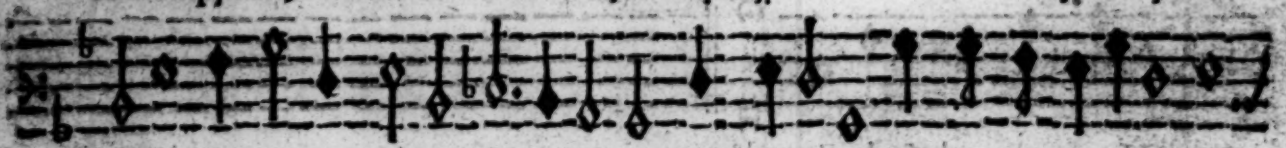

La- dy, when I behold, the Roſes ſprouting, La- dy, when I be-

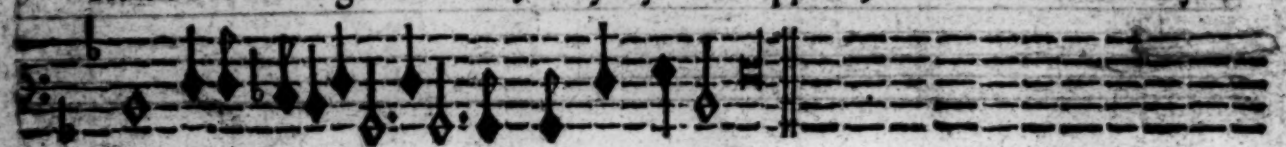
hold, the Ro- ſes ſprouting, Which clad in damaſke mantells deck the ar-

bours: :||: My eies preſents me with a double, dou-

ble doubting: :||: For viewing both a like, hardly my


mind ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes be your lips, :||: or your lips the


Roſes. For viewing both a like, hardly my mind ſuppoſes, Whether the Roſes be your


lips, :||: or your lips the Roſes.

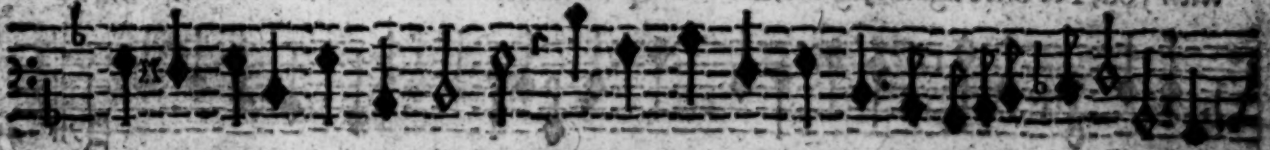
THus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe and talke

together, & talke together, Thus ſaith my Cloris bright, when we of Loue ſit downe

and talke together, & talke together, Beware, of Loue, (deere) Loue is a walking ſprite,

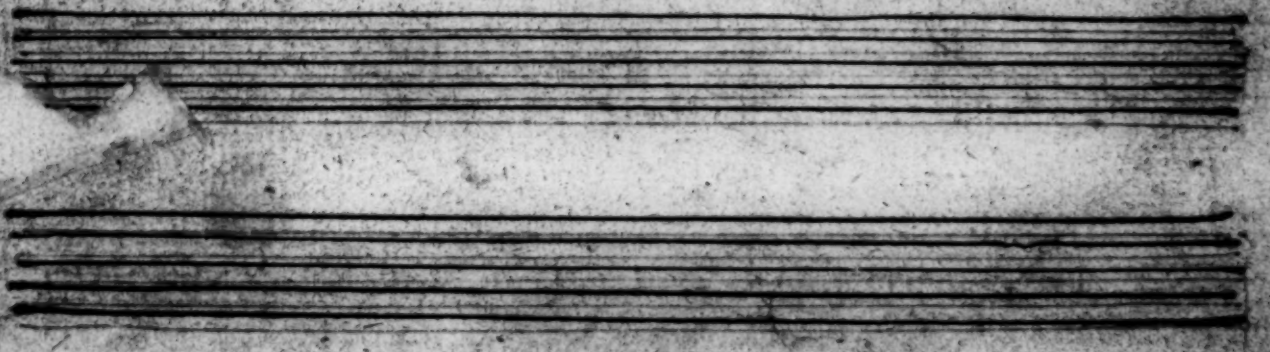
a walking ſprite, And Loue is this and that, :|: And O I wot not what,

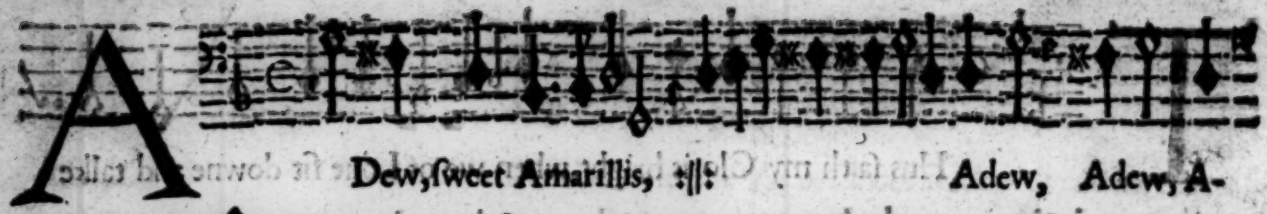
:|: And comes and goes agayne, I wot not whether, And comes and

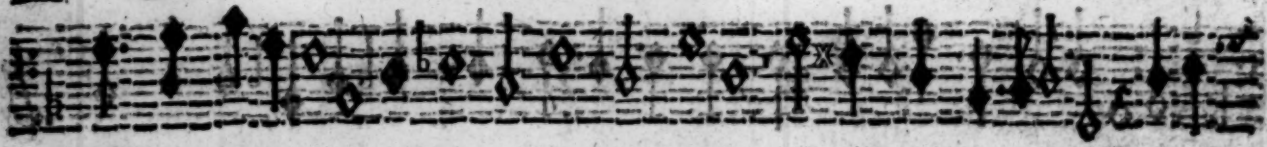


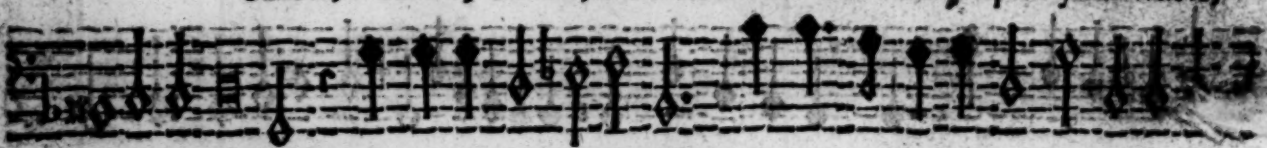
goes againe, I wot not whether: No no, theſe are but bugs to breed amazing, to

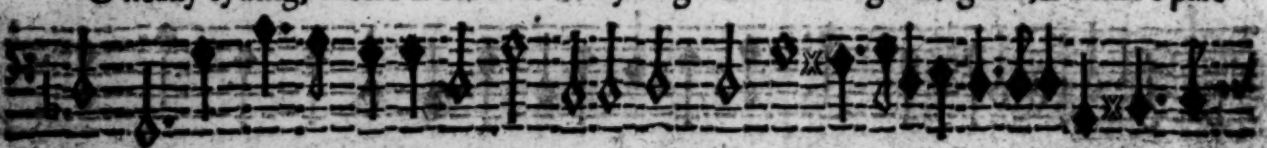
breed amazing, For in hir eies I ſaw his torch light blazing.

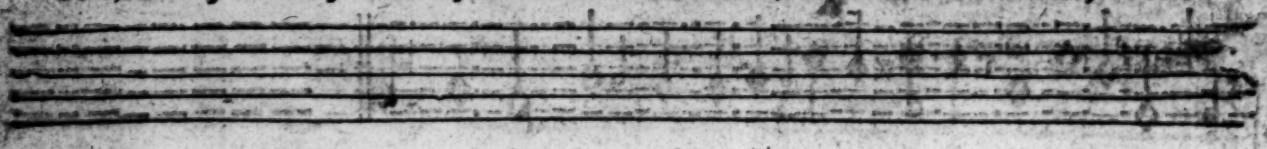


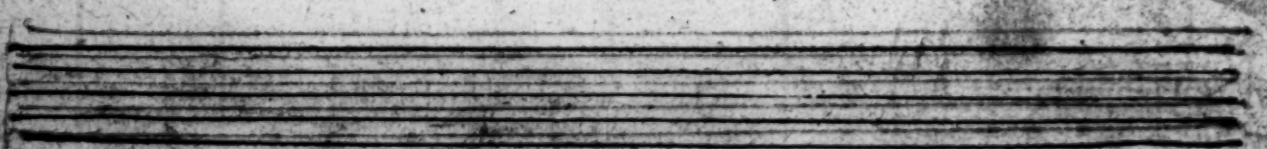




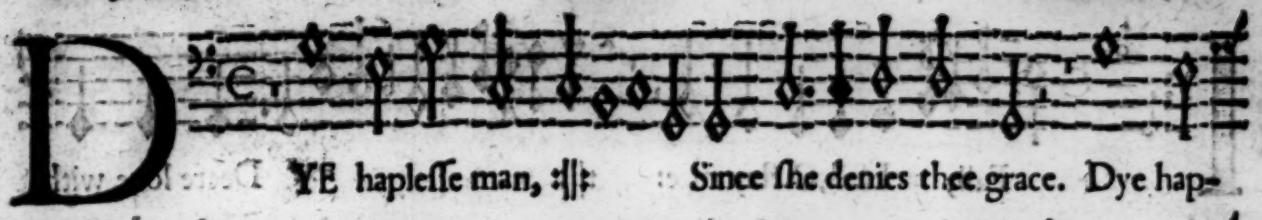




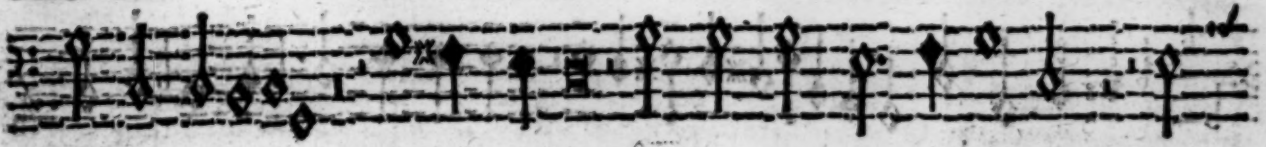




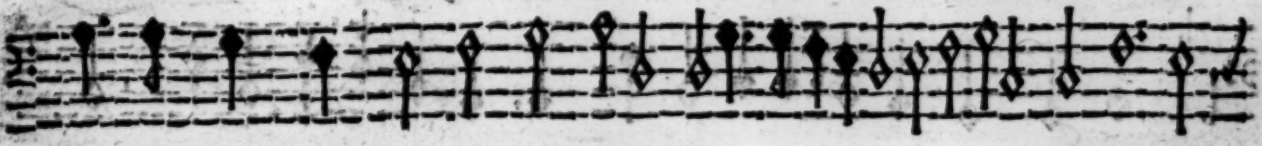
Heere endeth the Songs of 4. parts.



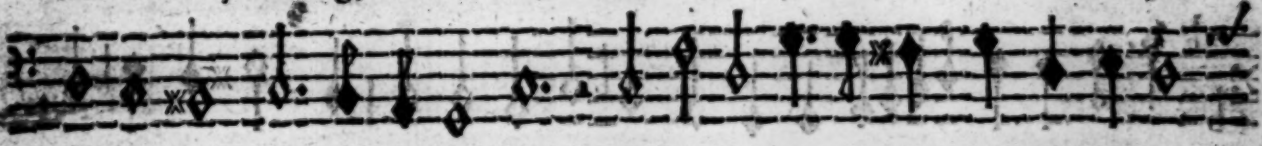
DYE hapleſſe man, :||: Sinee ſhe denies thee grace. Dye hap-



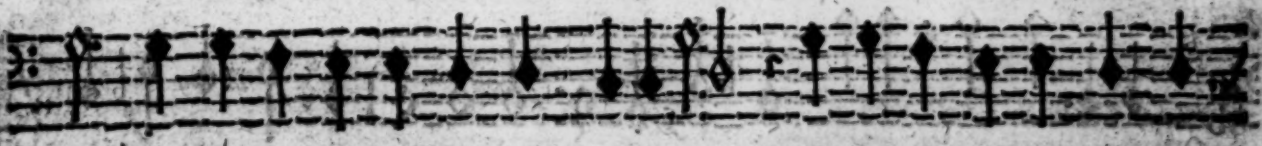
leſſe man, :||: Dye and diſpaire, ſith ſhee doth ſcorne to loue thee: Fare-



well moſt fayer, though thou doſt fayer deface, :||: Sith for my

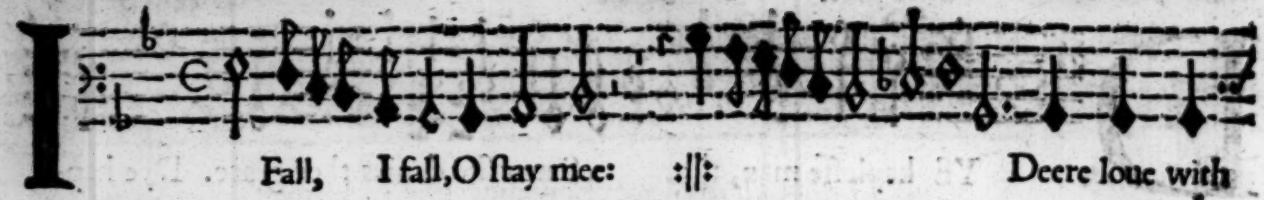


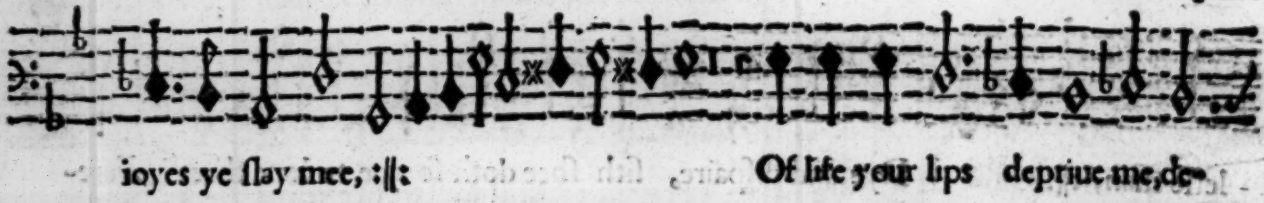
duteous loue, thou doſt reproue mee: Sith for my duteous loue, thou doſt reproue

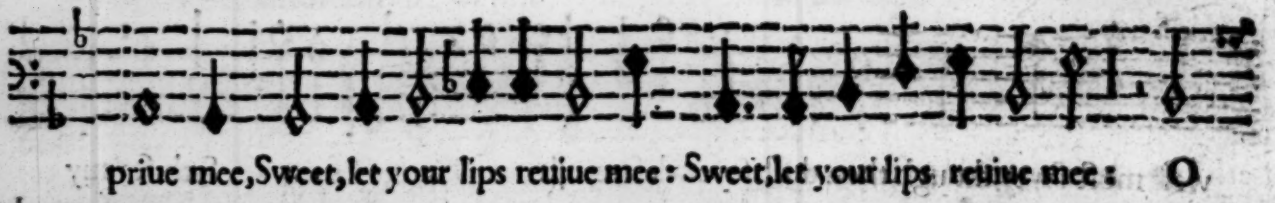


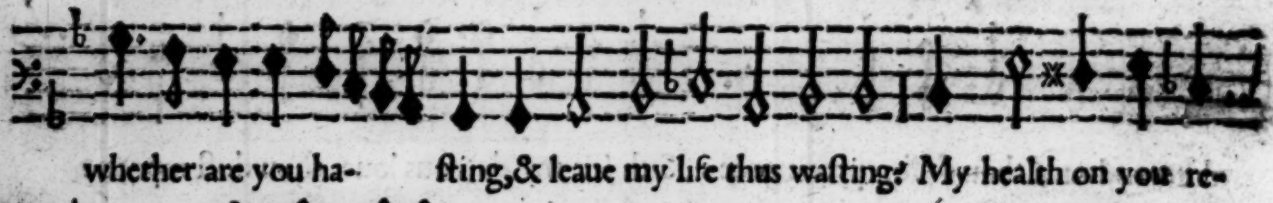
mee: Thoſe ſmiling eies, that ſometimes mee reuiued, Thoſe ſmiling eies, that ſometimes

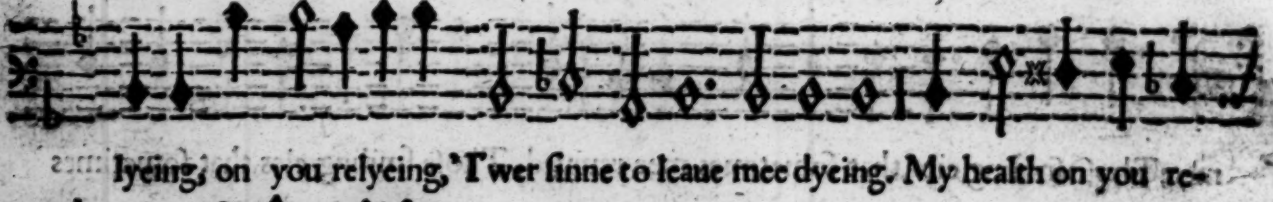
mee reui- ued, Clowded with frownes, haue mee of lyfe de- priued.

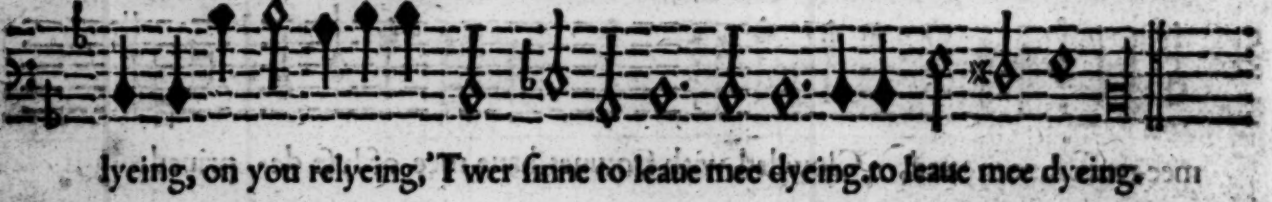

I Fall, I fall, O stay mee: :||: Deere loue with

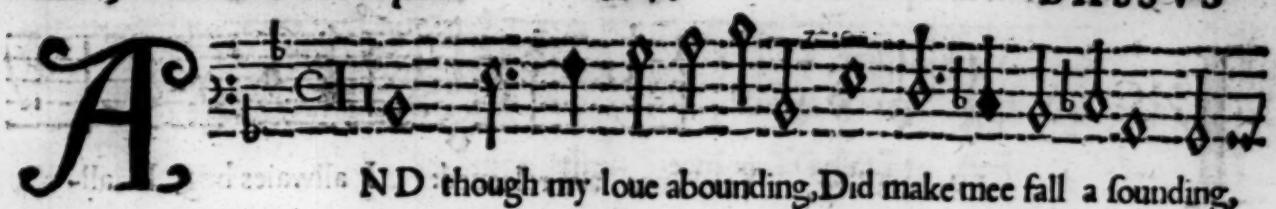

ioyes ye slay mee, :||: Of life your lips depriue me, de-


priue mee, Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee: Sweet, let your lips reuiue mee: O,

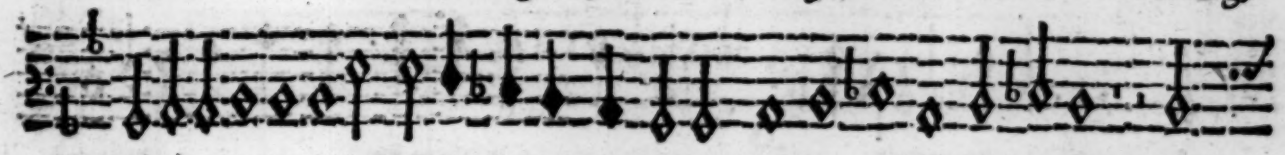

whether are you ha- sting, & leaue my life thus wasting? My health on you re-


lying, on you relying, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dying. My health on you re-

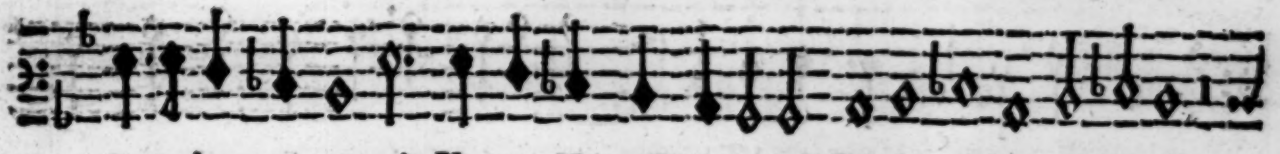

lying, on you relying, 'Twer sinne to leaue mee dying. to leaue mee dying.



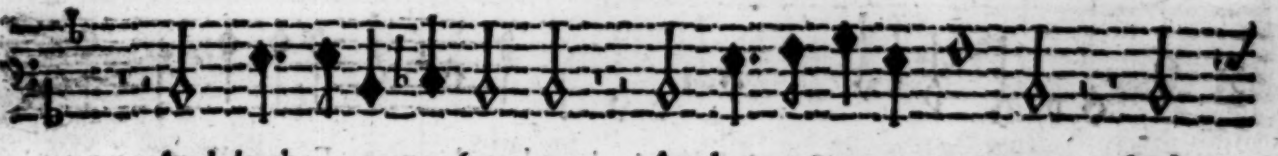
AND though my loue abounding, Did make mee fall a ſounding,



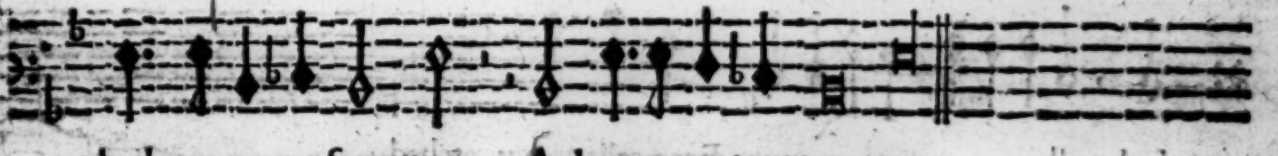
Yet am I well contented, Still ſo to bee tormented: Still



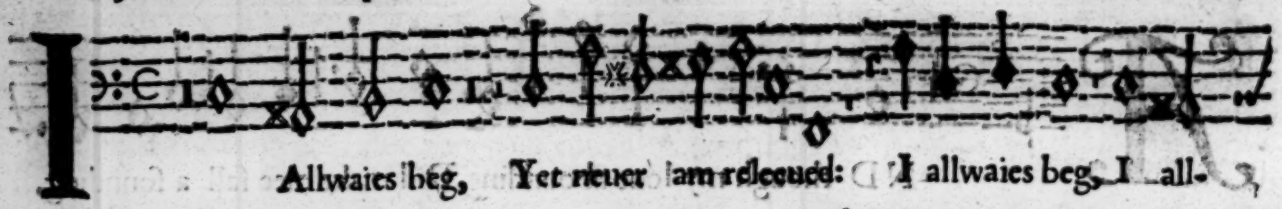
ſo to bee tormented: Yet am I well contented, ſtill ſo to bee tormented,



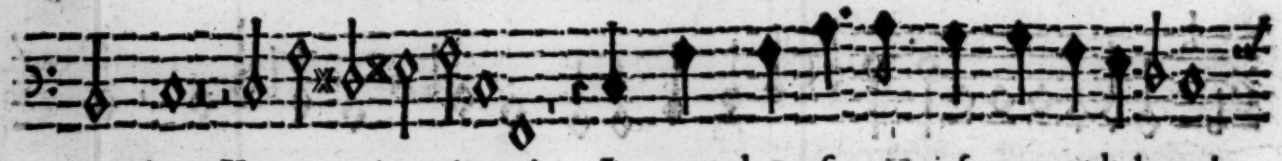
And death can neuer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee. And



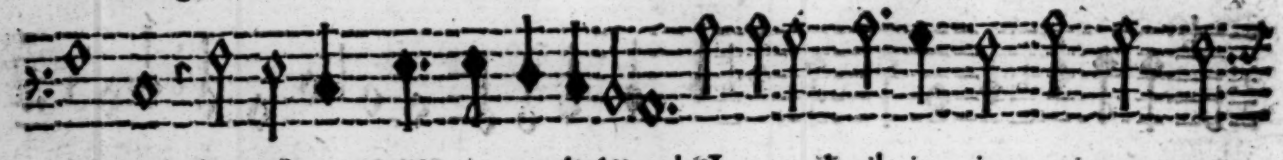
death can ne-uer feare mee, As long as you are neare mee.



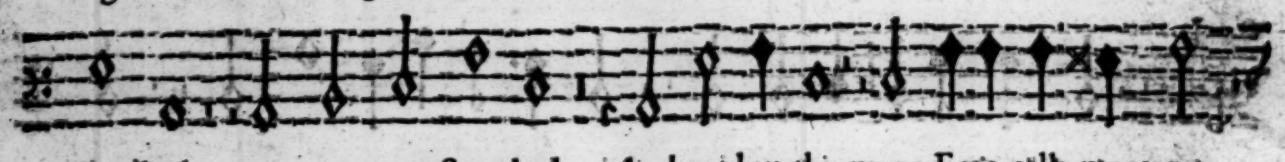
I Allwaies beg, Yet neuer am releeued: I allwaies beg, I all-



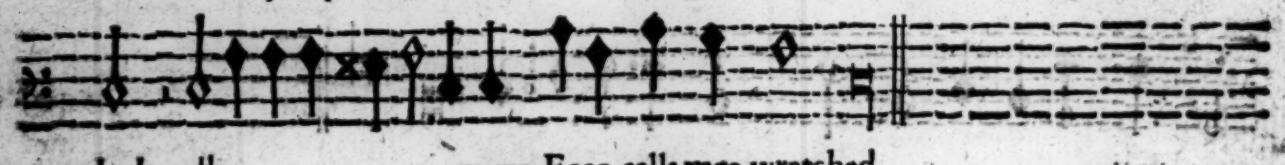
waies beg, Yet neuer am releeued: I greeue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued:



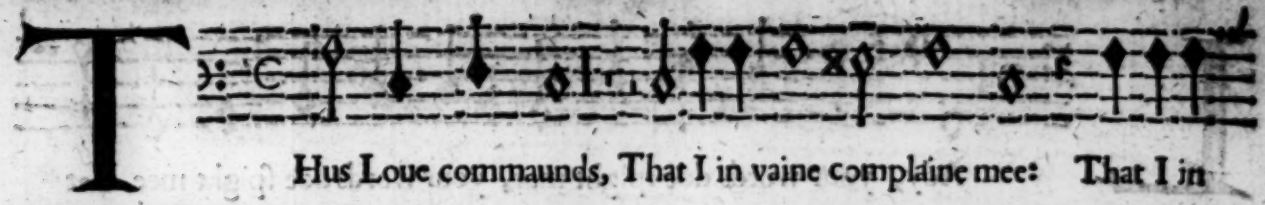
I grieue, becauſe my griefes are not beleeued: I cry a loude in vaine, my voyce out



ſtretched, my voyce our ſtretched, And get but this, myne Ecco calls mee wret-



ched, :||: myne Ecco calls mee wretched.

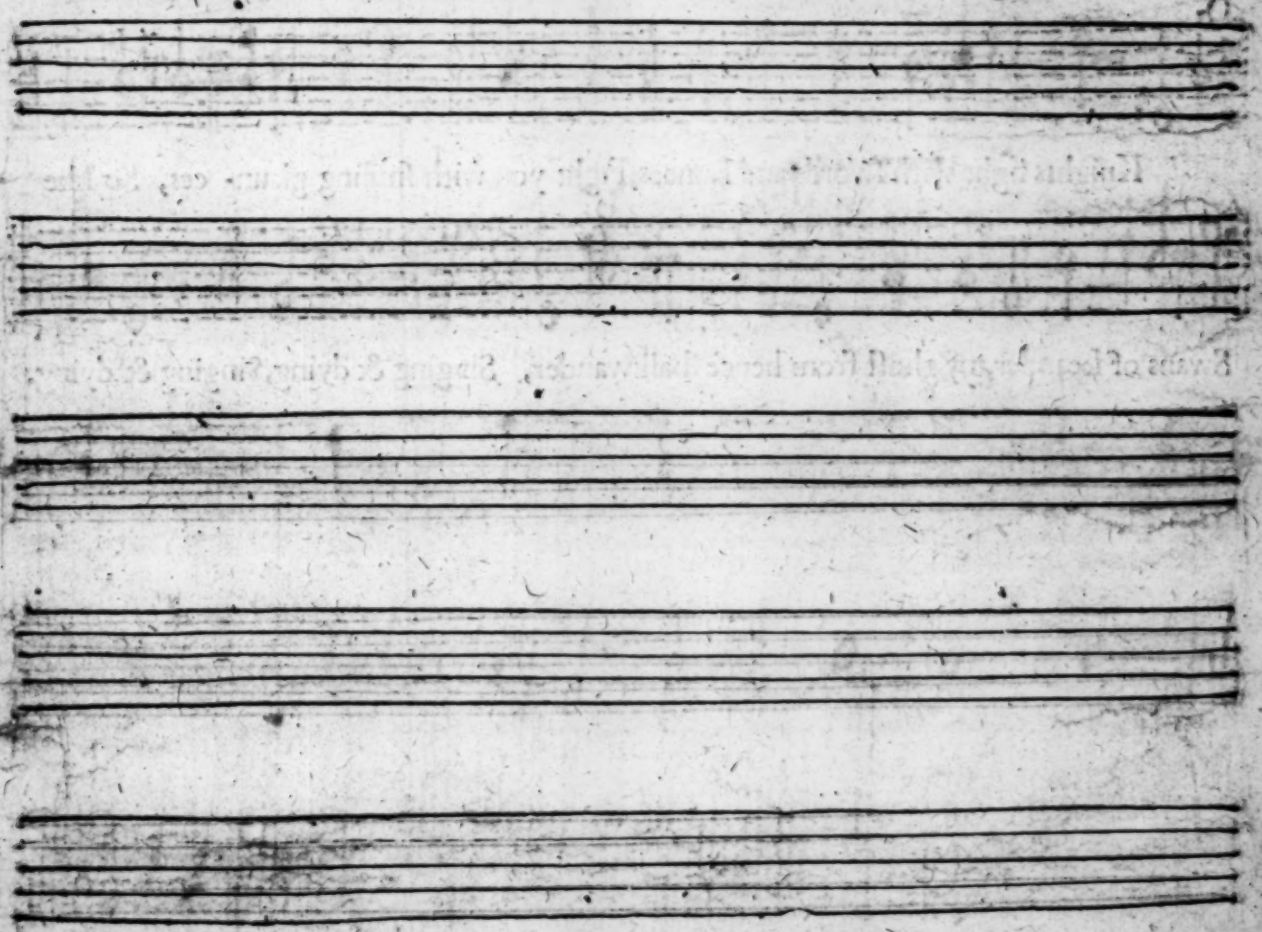


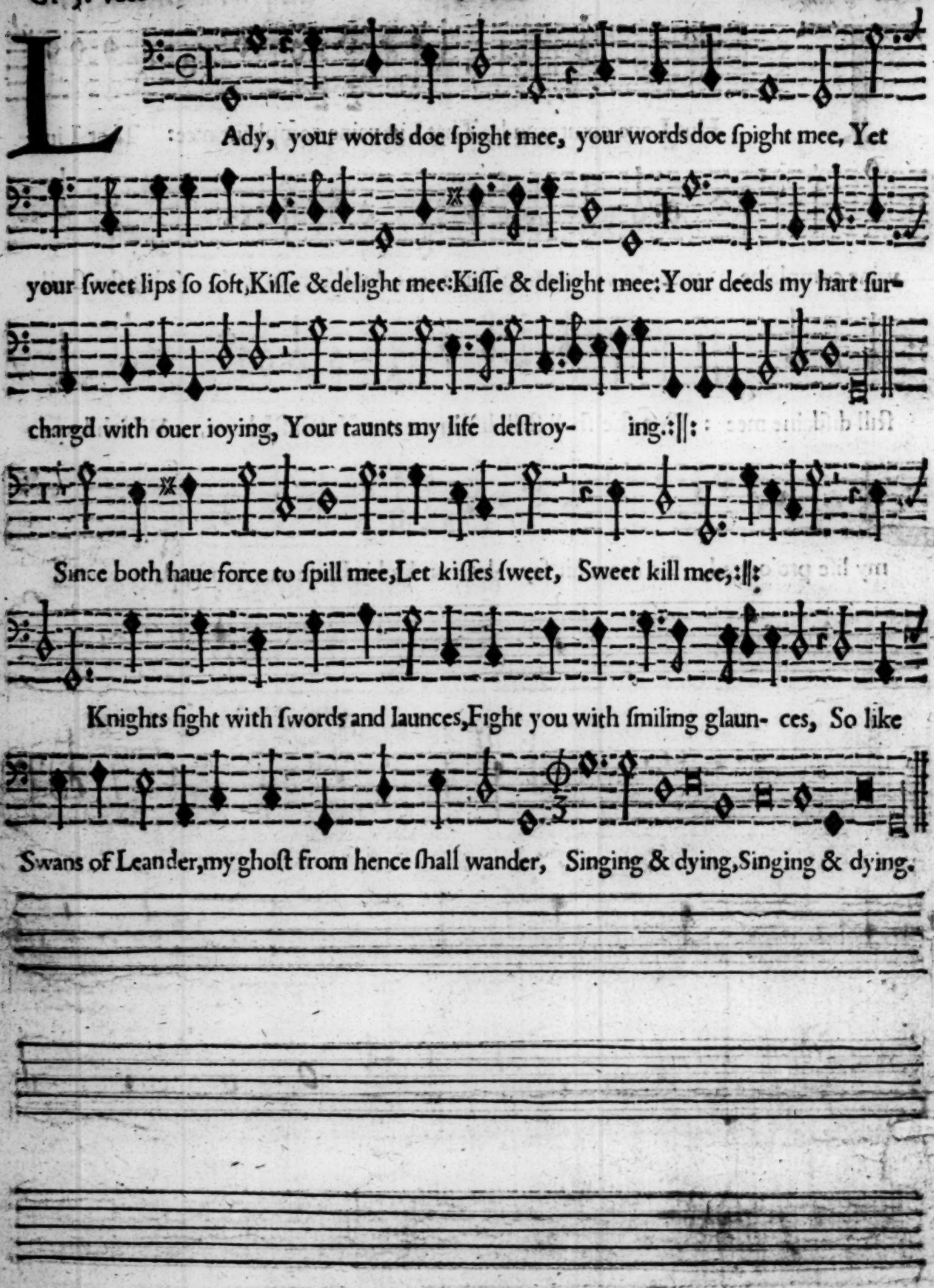
THus Loue commaunds, That I in vaine complaine mee: That I in

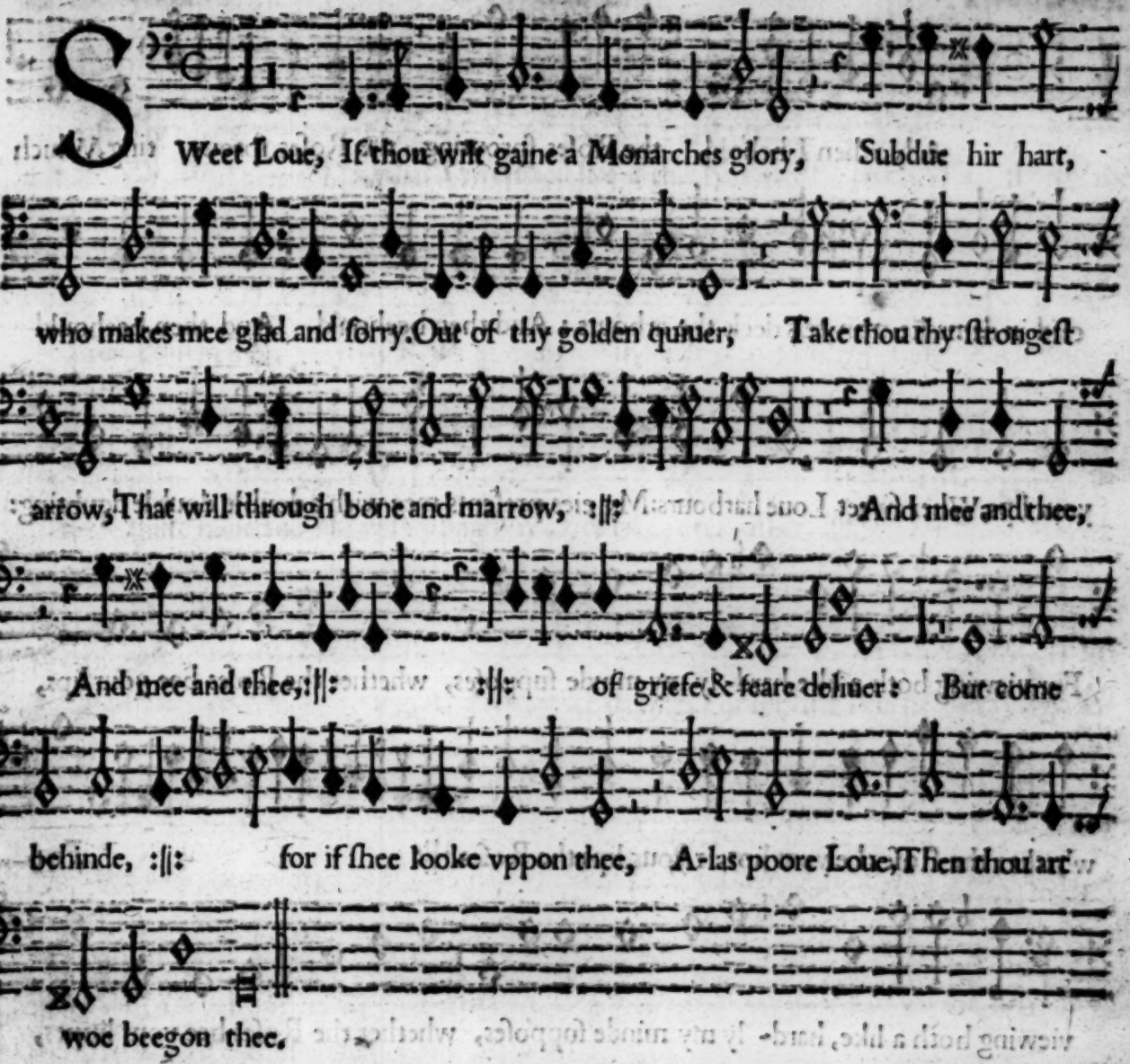
vaine complaine mee: In vaine complaine mee: And ſorrow will, That ſhe ſhall

ſtill diſdaine mee: That ſhe ſhall ſtill diſdaine mee: Yet did I hope, Which hope

my life prolonged, To heare hir ſay a-las a-las his Loue was wronged.




LAdy, your words doe ſpight mee, your words doe ſpight mee, Yet
your ſweet lips ſo ſoft, Kiſſe & delight mee: Kiſſe & delight mee: Your deeds my hart ſur-
chargd with ouer ioying, Your taunts my life deſtroy- ing.:||:
Since both haue force to ſpill mee, Let kiſſes ſweet, Sweet kill mee,:||:
Knights fight with ſwords and launces, Fight you with ſmiling glaun- ces, So like
Swans of Leander, my ghoſt from hence ſhall wander, Singing & dying, Singing & dying.


Sweet Loue, If thou wilt gaine a Monarches glory, Subdue hir hart,
who makes mee glad and sorry. Out of thy golden quiuer, Take thou thy strongest
arrow, That will through bone and marrow, :||: And mee and thee,
And mee and thee, :||: of griefe & feare deliuer: But come
behinde, :||: for if shee looke vppon thee, A-las poore Loue, Then thou art
woe beegon thee.

Lady, when I behold, the Roſes ſprouting, the Roſes ſprou- ting, Which

clad in damaske man-tels deck the arbours: And then beehould, And then beehould

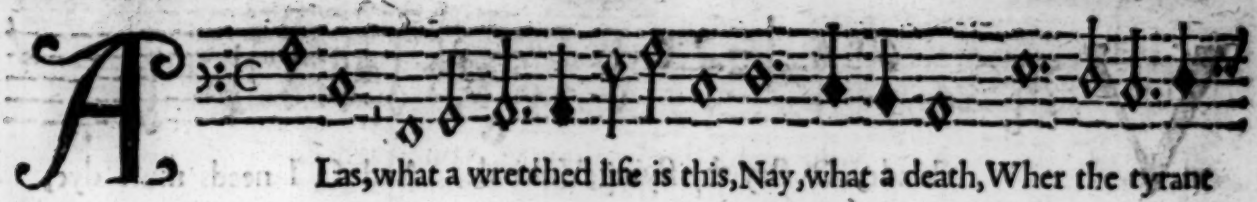
your lips, Wher ſweet Loue harbours: My eies preſents mee with a double double doubting:

For viewing both a like, hard- ly my minde ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes bee your lips,

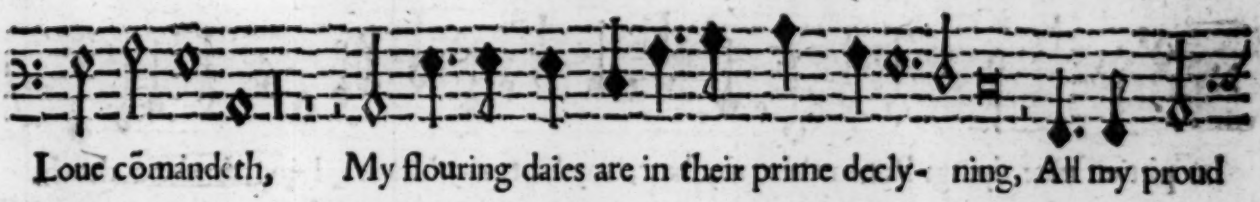
whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||: For

viewing both a like, hard- ly my minde ſuppoſes, whether the Roſes bee your lippes,

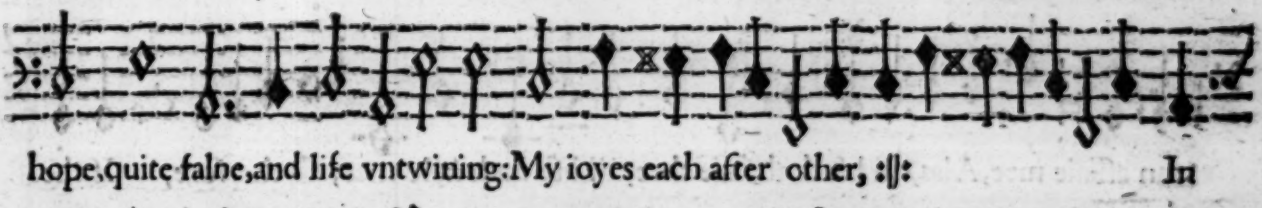
whether the Roſes be your lips, or your lips the Roſes. :||:



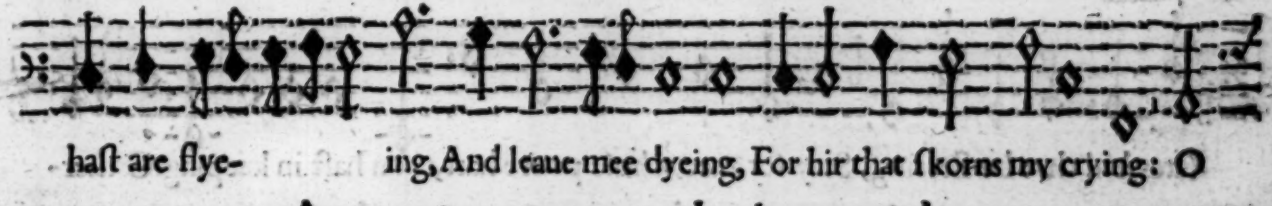
ALas, what a wretched life is this, Nay, what a death, Wher the tyrant



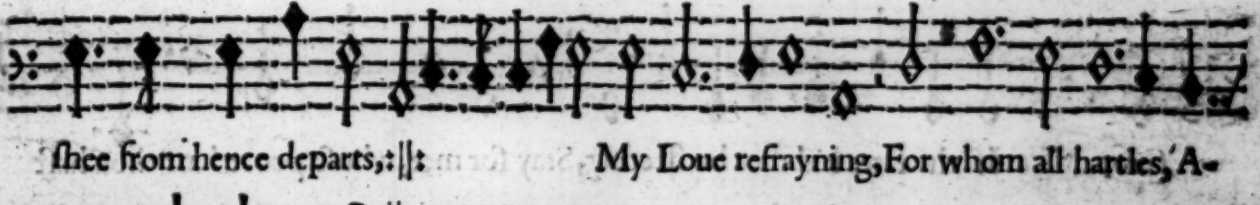
Loue cõmandeth, My flouring daies are in their prime decly- ning, All my proud



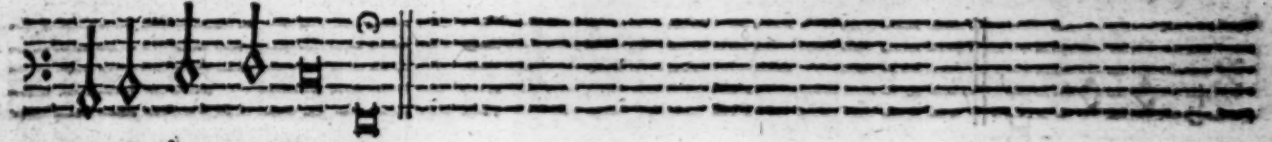
hope quite falne, and life vntwining: My ioyes each after other, :‖: In



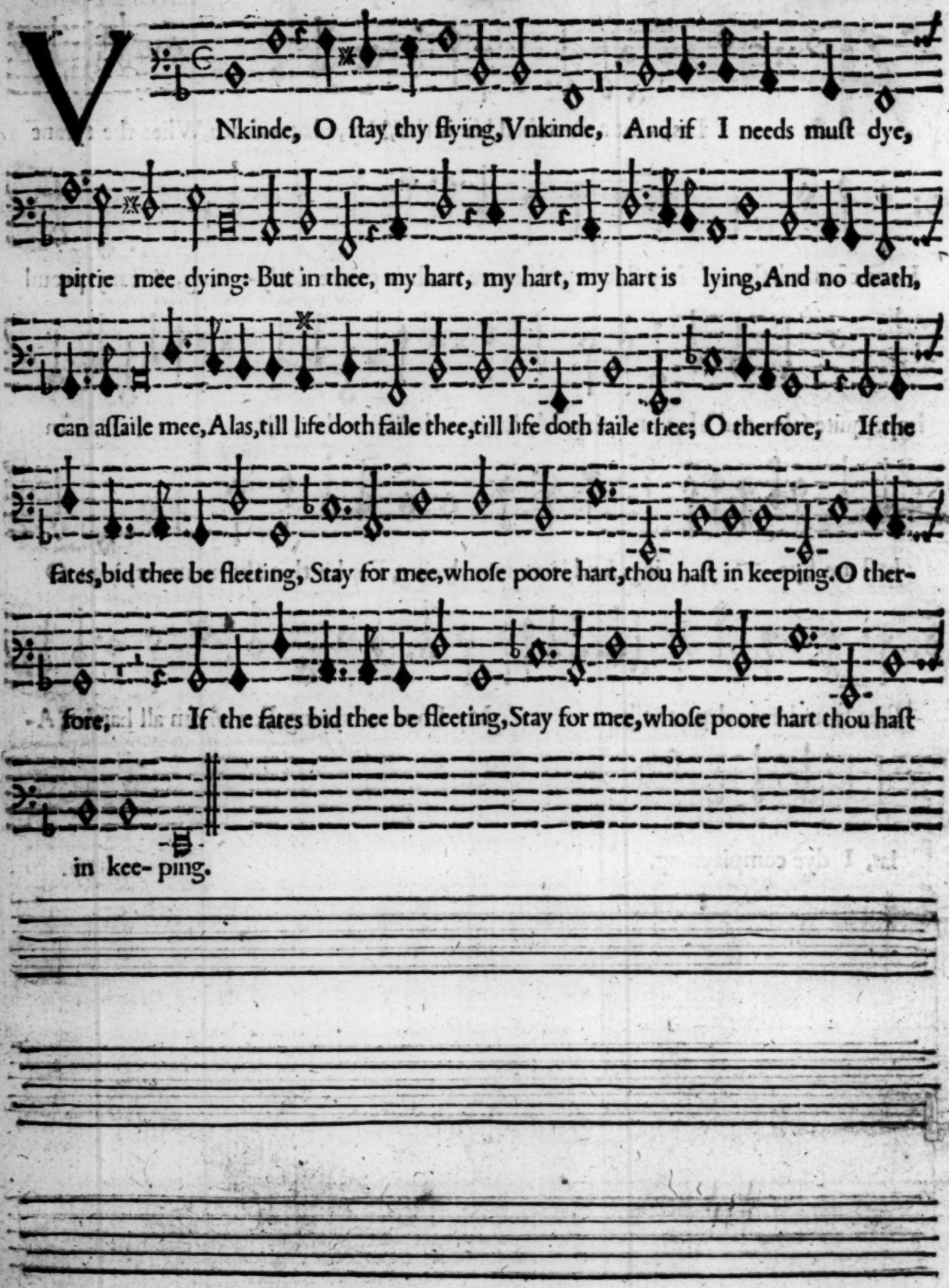
haſt are flye- ing, And leaue mee dyeing, For hir that ſkorns my crying: O

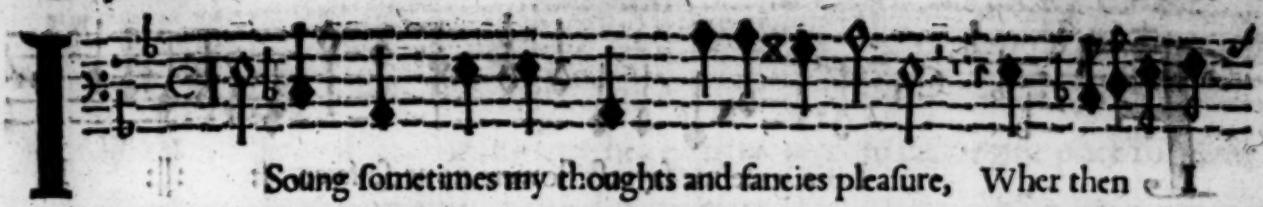


ſhee from hence departs, :‖: My Loue refrayning, For whom all hartles, A-

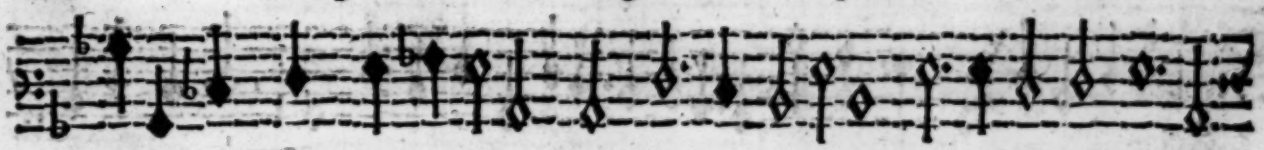


las, I dye complayning.

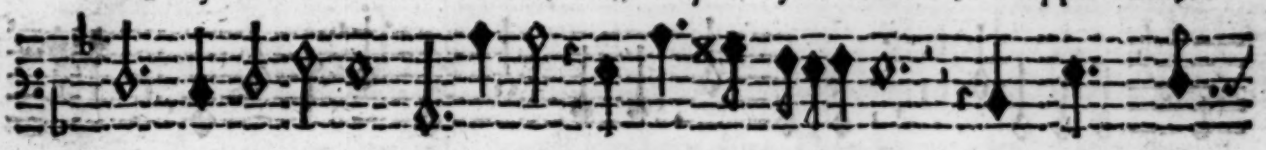

VNkinde, O ſtay thy flying, Vnkinde, And if I needs muſt dye,
pittie mee dying: But in thee, my hart, my hart, my hart is lying, And no death,
can aſſaile mee, Alas, till life doth faile thee, till life doth faile thee; O therfore, If the
fates, bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart, thou haſt in keeping. O ther-
fore, If the fates bid thee be fleeting, Stay for mee, whoſe poore hart thou haſt
in kee- ping.



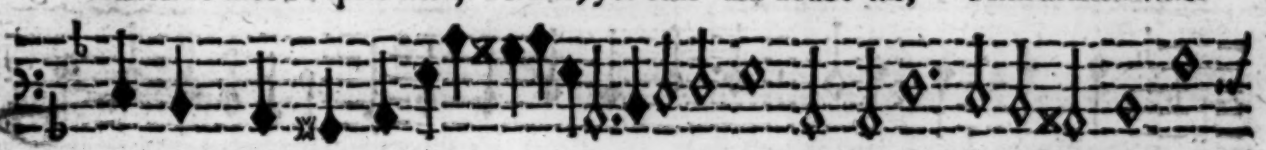
I Soung ſometimes my thoughts and fancies pleaſure, Wher then I



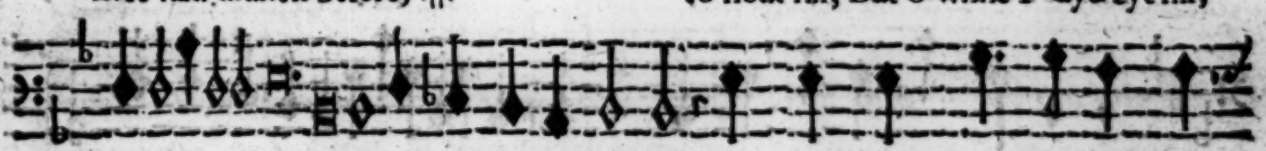
liſt, or tyme ſeru'd beſt & leaſure, While *Daphne* dyd inuite mee, To ſupper once, &



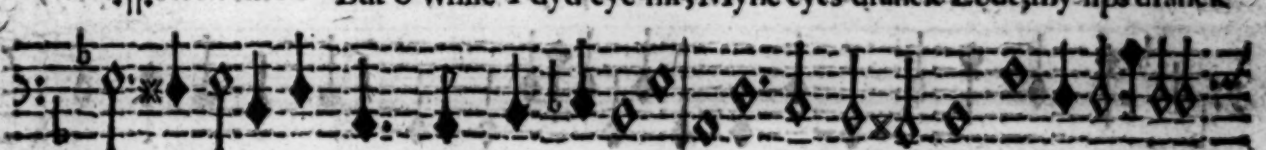
dranck to mee to ſpite mee; I ſmild, yet ſtill did doubt hir, And dranck wher



ſhee had dranck before, :||: to flout hir; But ô while I dyd eye hir,

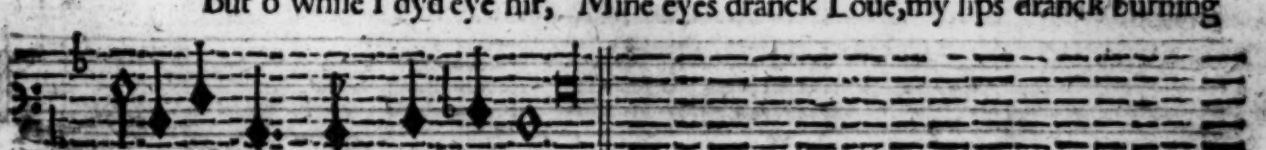


:||: But ô while I dyd eye hir, Myne eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck

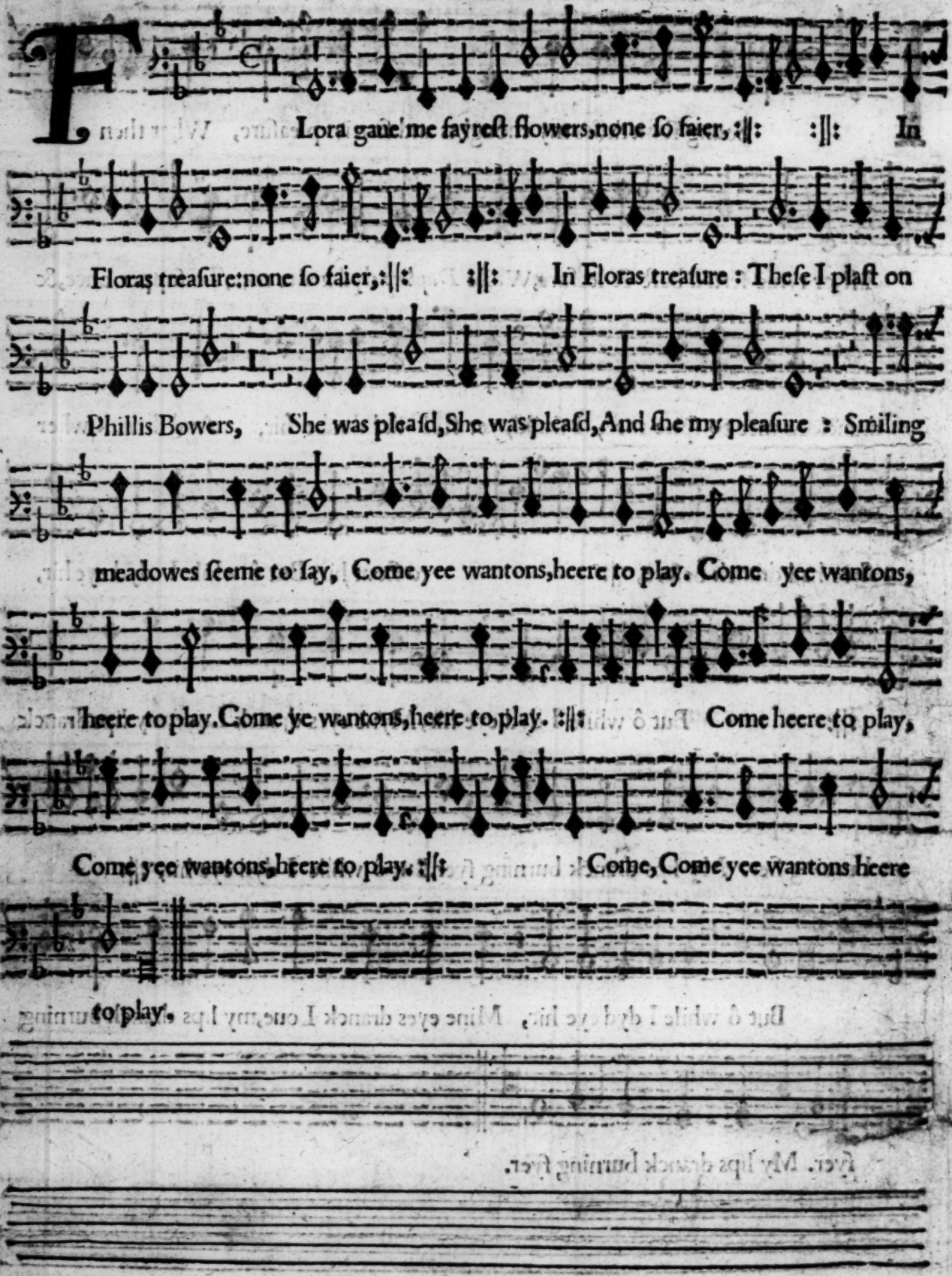


burning fier. My lips dranck burning fyer. But ô while I dyd eye hir, :||:

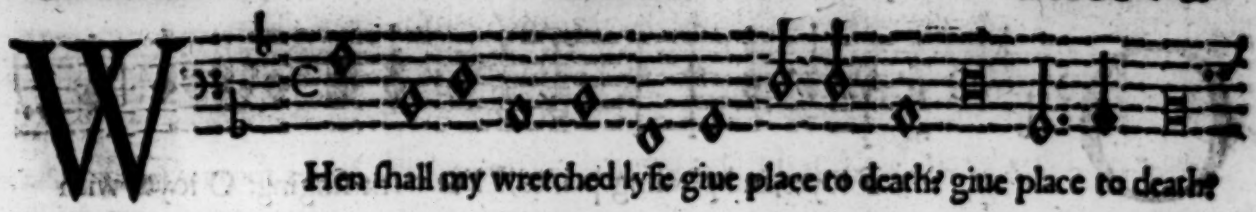
But ô while I dyd eye hir, Mine eyes dranck Loue, my lips dranck burning



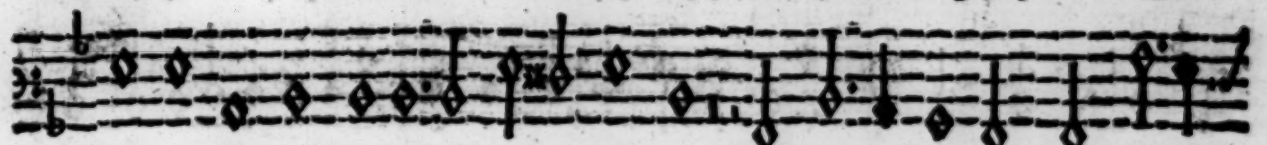
fyer. My lips dranck burning fyer.



Heere endeth the Songs of 5. parts.



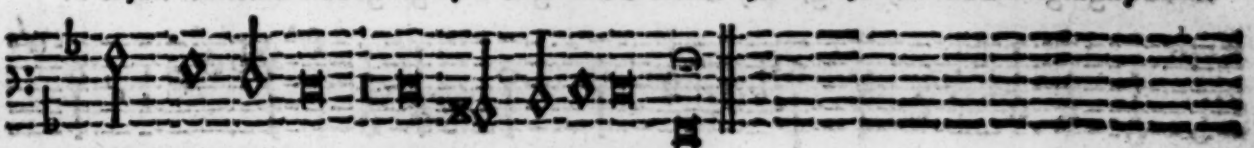
When ſhall my wretched lyfe giue place to death? giue place to death?



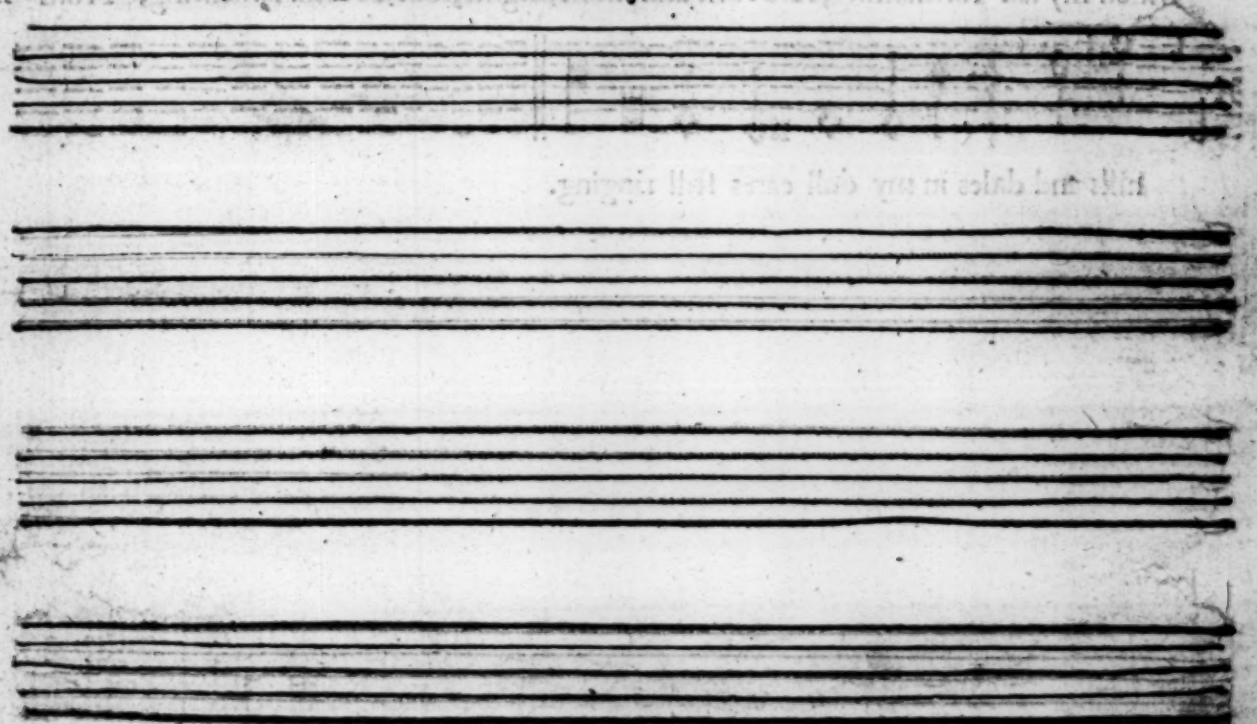
That my ſad cares may be inforc'd to leaue mee: Come ſaddeſt ſhadow, Come ſaddeſt

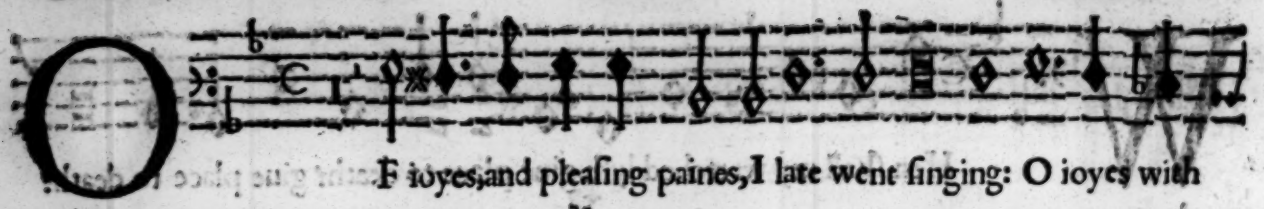
ſhadow, ſtop my vitall breath, For I am thine, Then let not care bereaue thee, Of

thy ſad thrall: But with thy fatall dart, Kill care, & mee, While care lies at my hart.



Kill Care, and mee, While care lies at my hart.

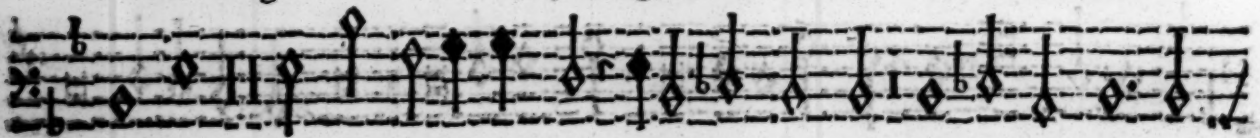




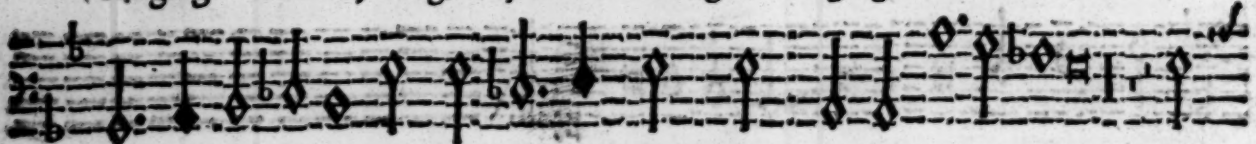
O Ioyes, and pleasing paines, I late went singing: O ioyes with

paines; ô paines with ioyes cõsenting: And litle thought as then of now repenting: &

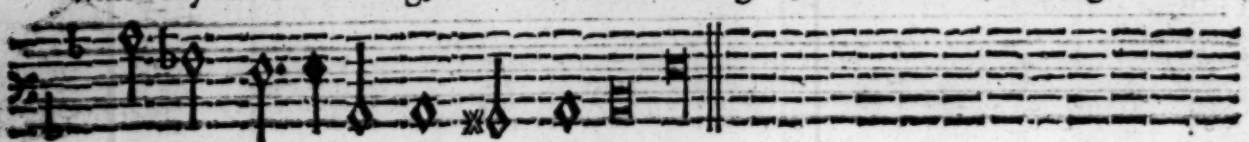
little thought as then of now repenting: But now, think of my then sweet bitter



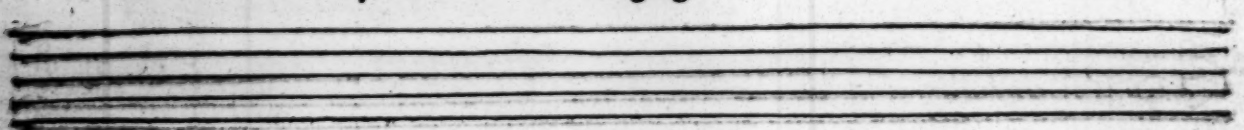
stinging: All day long, I my hands Alas goe wringing, The balefull notes of

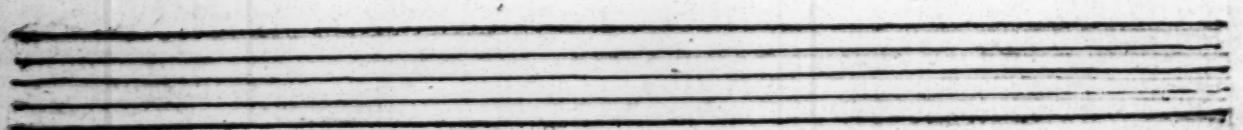


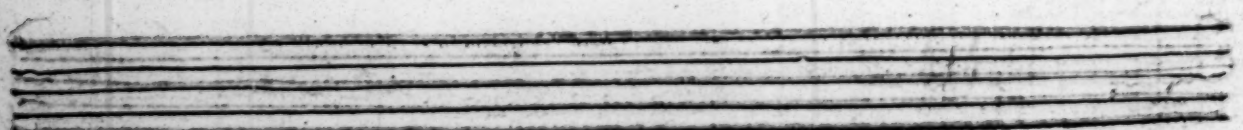
which my sad tormenting, Are ruth and mone, frights, sobs, & loud lamenting, From

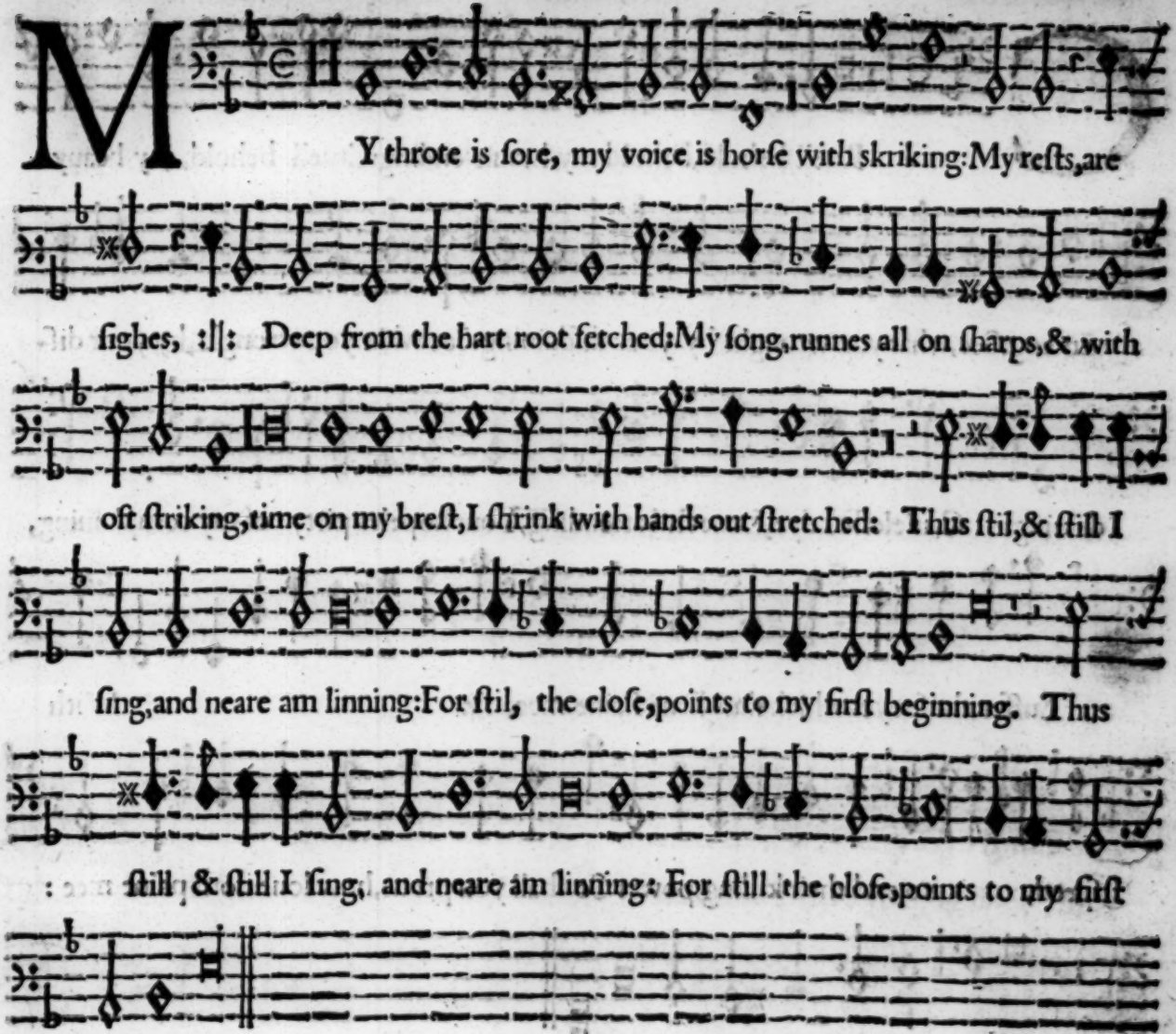


hills and dales in my dull eares still ringing.

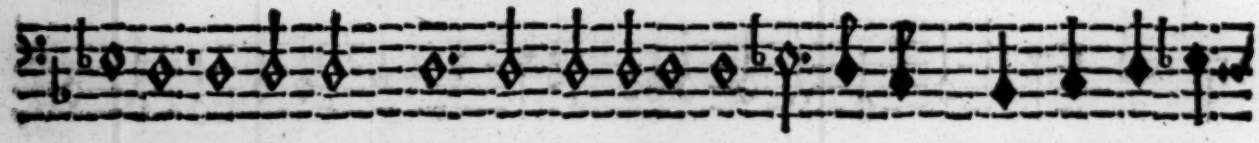






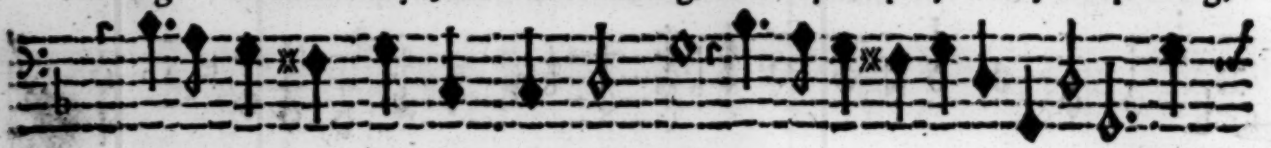

MY throte is ſore, my voice is horſe with skriking: My reſts, are
ſighes, :||: Deep from the hart root fetched: My ſong, runnes all on ſharps, & with
oft ſtriking, time on my breſt, I ſhrink with hands out ſtretched: Thus ſtil, & ſtill I
ſing, and neare am linning: For ſtil, the cloſe, points to my firſt beginning. Thus
: ſtill & ſtill I ſing, and neare am linning: For ſtill the cloſe, points to my firſt
beeginning.

Cruell behold, behold my heauie ending: Cruell behold, my heauy

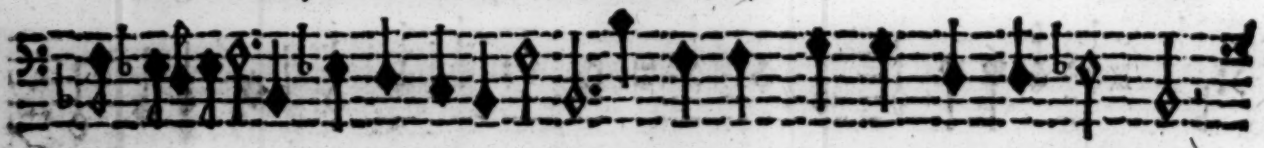


ending: See, what you wrought by your disdaining: See what you wrought, by your dis-

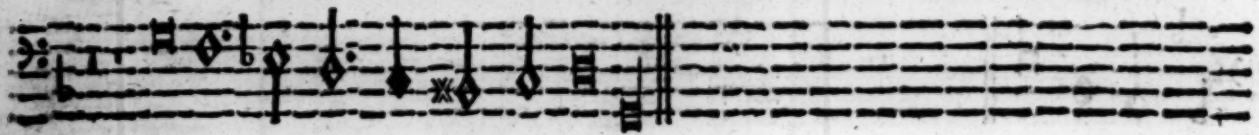
daining: Causeleſſe I dye, Loue ſtill attending, Your hopeles pitty of my complaining,



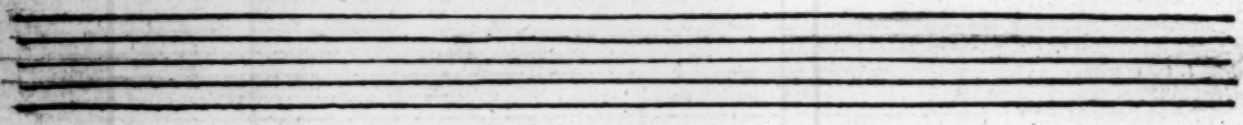
Suffer thoſe eyes which thus haue ſlaine mee, :||: With

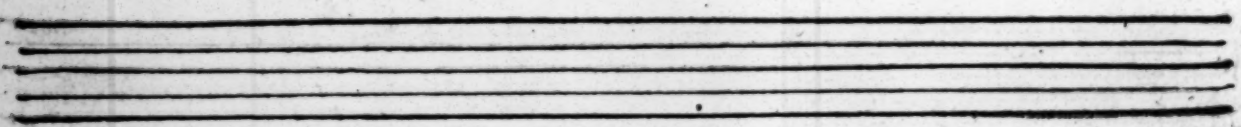


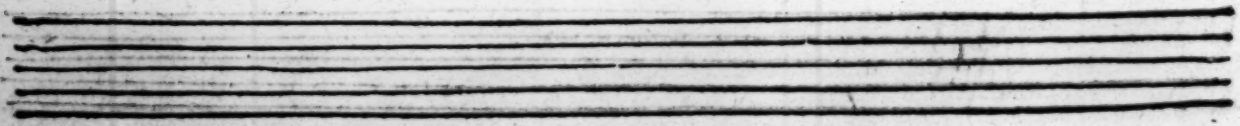
ſpeed, to end their killing power: So ſhall you proue, how loue doth paine mee:

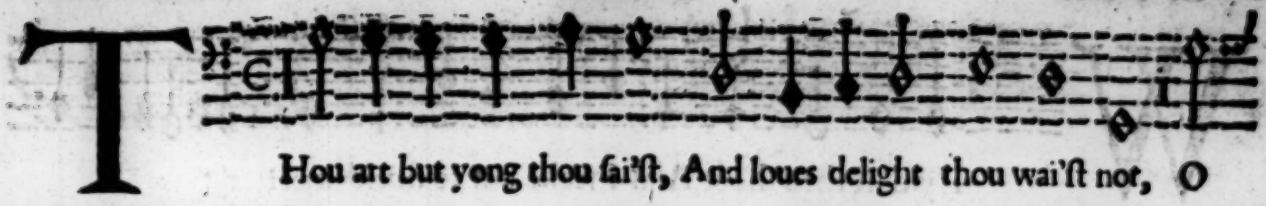


And ſee mee dye, mee dye, ſtill yoẅer.



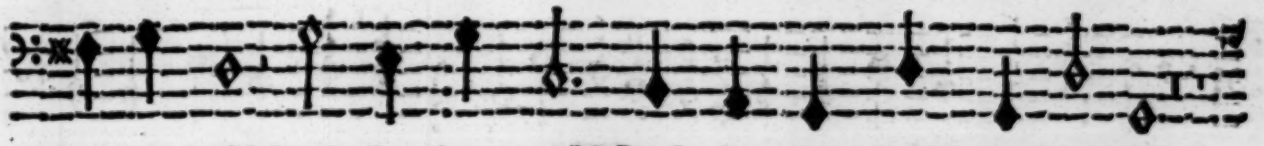






THou art but yong thou ſai'ſt, And loues delight thou wai'ſt not, O

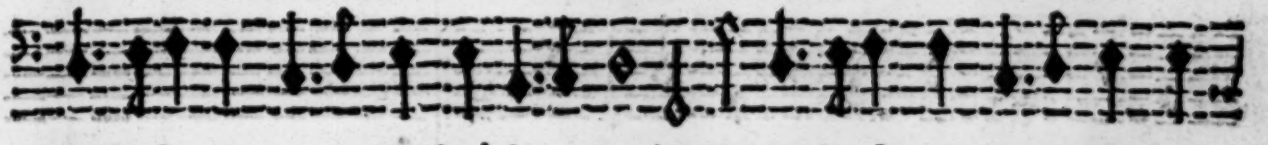
take time while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not, O take time



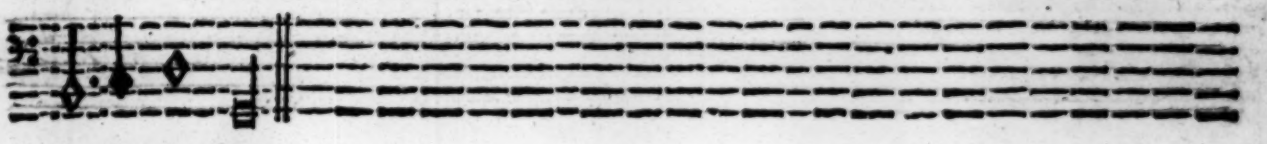
while thou mai'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt, Leaſt when thou would'ſt thou mai'ſt not,

If Loue ſhall then aſſaile thee, A dou- ble double anguiſh, will torment thee: And

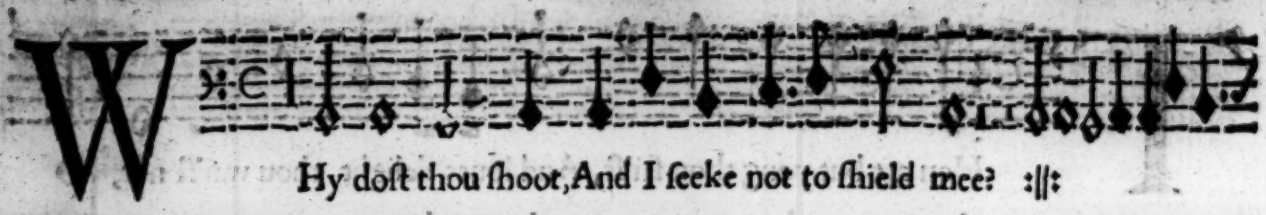
thou wilt wiſh, (But wiſhes all will fayle thee,) O mee, that I were yong againe; O



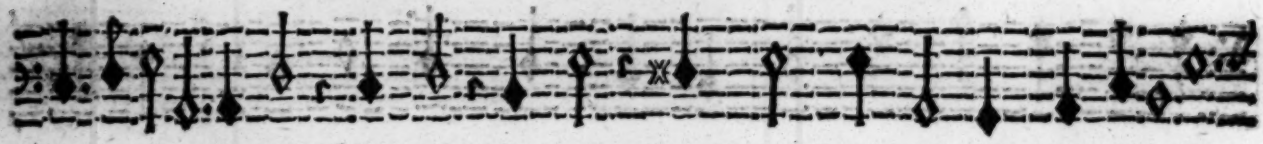
mee, that I were yong againe; And ſo repent thee. O mee, that I were yong againe; And



ſo repent thee.



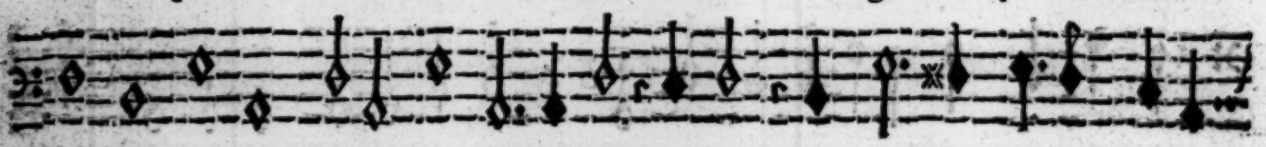
WHy doſt thou ſhoot, And I ſeeke not to ſhield mee? :||:



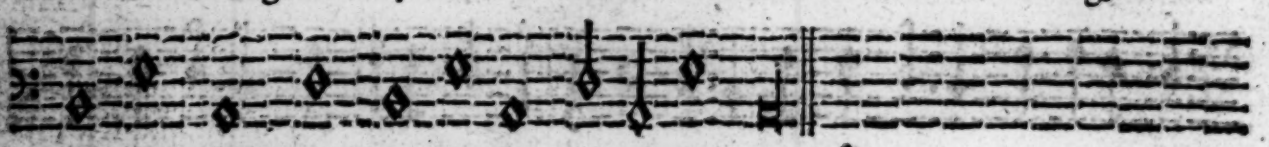
I yeeld (ſweet Loue) I yeeld, (ſweet Loue) Spare then my wounded liuer,

And doe not make my hart, thy ar- rows quiuer, And do not make my hart, thy

arrowes quiuer, O hold; O hold; What needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee? What



needs this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee, O hold, O hold, What needs this ſhooting, when I



yeeld mee? What needes this ſhooting, when I yeeld mee?

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